



CURRENT OPINION

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A·REVIEW·OF·THE·WORLD

PRESIDENT WILSON DRAWS A NEW MAP FOR THE EUROPEAN NATIONS

He Defines the Principles
that Must Dominate in the
Readjustments of Europe

AT last there begins to emerge from this world-war the clear vision of possible results commensurate with the frightful price that has been and is to be paid. A new phrase has lately been coming to the fore that indicates the principle that seems likely to run more or less consistently through the whole readjustment of the affairs of nations. The phrase is, "the self-determination of the peoples." The principle it embodies can be clearly discerned in the struggle made by the Bolshevik delegates at Brest-Litovsk. It has given a touch of sublimity to that struggle and has evidently confused and irritated the Germans, who, ready to treat with an almost helpless foe, are surprised to find him, panoplied in nothing but a great idea, standing like a conqueror and laying down terms with an air of unlimited confidence. The same principle runs through the speech of Lloyd George last month to the Trade-Union Conference in London. It has vitalized all the utterances of President Wilson on the subject of the war, but was never before so clearly defined as in the address to Congress three days after the British Prime Minister had spoken. It stands out admirably clear and still more widely applied in the message sent a few days later by the British labor party to the Russian people. It has brought about an almost incredible degree of unity between such divergent factors as the Bolsheviks of Russia, the Socialists of France and England and Italy, the governing factors of all those countries and the various factions (or what were factions) in the democracy of America. It has brought into Germany, to all appearances, the deepest and most dangerous cleavage that has been seen. The clash of ideas has,

for the first time since the war began, superseded, temporarily at least, the clash of arms, and in this newer conflict Germany shows up naked and defenseless before the world.

The Magna Charta of the Future Peace of the World.

THE address of President Wilson reads like the plans and specifications for a new world. He draws in outline a new physical map, so to speak, for Europe, following very closely the outlines given by Lloyd George, and a new moral map for the globe. One London paper calls it "the Magna Charta of future peace." According to a manifesto issued by the combined labor forces of Great Britain, "the whole international situation has been transformed by the addresses made by Lloyd George and President Wilson." Maximilian Harden has concluded that the key to peace lies in the Capitol—he probably meant the White House—at Washington. The occasion for the address by the President was furnished by the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk and their temporary suspension. Nearly one-half the address consists in an indictment of the Central Powers for their demands made upon Russia and in an expression of earnest sympathy for the Russian people and their ideals of liberty. "Their power apparently is shattered," says the President, "and yet their soul is not subservient." In Lloyd George's address there was a note of abandonment of Russia to her own fate, as a necessary result of her separate peace negotiations. Mr. Wilson hastens, not to wash his hands of Russia's troubles, but to offer help. He speaks of the voice of the Russian people to-day as "more

thrilling and more compelling than any of the many moving voices with which the troubled air of the world is filled." He does not see any more than Lloyd George sees a way in which material assistance can be rendered



SUGGESTION FOR A MONUMENT IN FRONT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

at this time. There is no division between the two on that point. But the President does see, or thinks he sees, a way to give moral assistance in setting forth anew "definitions of principles and purpose" on the part of the Allies. This he proceeds categorically to do.

Specifications for Building a New Democratic World.

IN redrawing the map of the world, President Wilson lays down "the only possible program" of the world's peace in fourteen specifications. The first four and the last one refer to the moral map, so to speak, rather than to the physical map. There must be "open covenants of peace henceforth," with no private international understandings and no secret diplomacy. There must be "absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas," except as they may be closed by international action to enforce international covenants. (On this point England is dubious but not defiant.) There must be "the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers" between nations joining in the peace covenants, and an "equality of trade conditions." (Republicans are asking if this means free trade and concluding that it probably refers only to the proposed trade-war after peace has been declared.) Then there must be "adequate guarantees" for the reduction of "national armaments" to "the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." (Apparently this applies to navies as well as to armies.) Lastly, there must be "a general association of nations" to guarantee political independence and territorial integrity to small as well as great States. (Whether this will apply to Ireland, India and the Philippines may be a matter of opinion.) The principle running through the program the President defines as "the principle of jus-

tice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another whether they be strong or weak." This appears to be identical with what Lloyd George terms "the general principle of national self-determination." It is the same principle laid down by the Russian delegates at Brest-Litovsk and apparently assented to by the Germans. The break came on the application of the principle to the Baltic provinces of Russia, which the Germans propose to retain.

Close Agreement of Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson.

ALL that is required to formulate a principle of action is the marshaling of the right words. When it comes to the application of the principle, that is another matter. The President's application and Lloyd George's application of the same general principle indicate no material differences. Mr. Wilson's first requirement is the "evacuation of all Russian territory" and Russia's "independent determination of her own political development." Belgium's restoration comes second, but is laid down as a thing that "must be." Lloyd George begins with Belgium and leaves Russia open to future consideration in the light of developments. President Wilson next declares that all French territory "should be" restored, including Alsace-Lorraine, which has been a threat to the peace of the world for fifty years. Lloyd George speaks more energetically on this subject ("we mean to stand by the French democracy to the death," etc.), but to exactly the same conclusion. Mr. Wilson next calls for "a readjustment of the frontiers of Italy" as something that "should be" effected. Lloyd George speaks of the same thing as "vital." Mr. Wilson wishes "the peoples of Austria-Hungary"—he does not say the empire—safeguarded and assured "autonomous development." Lloyd George says practically the same thing. Mr. Wilson demands the evacuation and restoration of the occupied territories of Servia, Rumania and Montenegro and "free and secure access to the sea" accorded them. Lloyd George uses the word "reparation" instead of restoration, and says nothing about access to the sea. Mr. Wilson calls for "secure sovereignty" of the Turkish portions of the Ottoman Empire, "autonomous development" of all other nationalities now under Turkish rule and the internationalization of the Dardanelles. Lloyd George takes exactly the same position, but specifies Arabia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine as "entitled to a recognition of their separate national conditions." Mr. Wilson finally calls for "an independent Polish state," to include all "indisputably Polish populations," with secure access to the sea. Lloyd George calls for "an independent Poland" but says nothing of access to the sea. In every one of his points President Wilson has followed Lloyd George closely, except that the former is definite in regard to Russia and the latter indefinite. The only two points brought out by the British premier which the President does not touch are the demand for "reparation" for injuries done to British seamen in violation of international law, and the expression of a willingness to have the fate of the German colonies decided by a conference, "with primary regard to the wishes and the interests of the native inhabitants." In this connection it is worth noticing that the British labor party accepts the principle of "complete

self-determination" for India and the other British dependencies, this to be attained, however, not at a bound, but "by more rapid development of self-government."

Unity of the Allies on Terms of Future Peace.

THIS accord between the peace-terms (or war-terms as some prefer to call them) of the President and the British Prime Minister apparently extends not only to all Allied governments but to the public sentiment behind them. In England, for instance, that representative of Tory aristocracy, Secretary Balfour, notes with satisfaction that the United States has now, for the first time, entered the struggle for civilization and freedom in the world at large, and he counts that event as "one of the most important in the annals of mankind." He does not think the views of cooperation in the new world that is appearing could be more nobly set forth than in the President's address. On the other hand, the combined labor forces of England, as we have pointed out, hail his address "one of the classic utterances of Allied statesmanship during the war," and Albert Thomas, the Socialist leader of France, is loud in approbation. Strange to say, the most severe criticism of the address comes from the English Socialist, Henry M. Hyndman, who protests that in recognizing the Bolshevik government of Russia (which, by the way, he does not do) the President is "strengthening the hand of autocratic despotism." The *London Times* is fearful that in his lofty flights of idealism the President has assumed "that the reign of righteousness is already within our reach," and reserves its approval of his program for freedom of the seas and the abolition of secret diplomacy until such time as the league of nations becomes an actuality. The *London Chronicle* and *Graphic* also shy at freedom of the seas; but the former says of the address as a whole that "it would have been difficult to have framed a more moving ap-

peal." The *London News* thinks the term "freedom of the seas" has been invested with "wholly imaginary terrors" and sees no objections to the Wilson program in regard to that subject. The *Telegraph* sees the foun-



OVERBALANCED

—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World*

dations of unity "well and truly laid on both sides of the Atlantic." The *Giornale d'Italia* applauds the address and calls Wilson "one of the greatest statesmen of our epoch." German (censored) views, as cabled to this side from neutral countries, indicate anything but delight. "The world," says the semi-official *Kölnische Zeitung*, "will be divided anew not according to empty, sanctimonious, humbugging phrases but upon that most ancient principle of might." The *Mittag-Zeitung* sees no reason for discussing the Lloyd George and Wilson program, because "our sword will answer them." The *Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger* calls it "a peace program of hypocrisy," and speaks of Wilson's "unbounded impudence."

Smashing Our Historic Policy of Non-Intervention in Europe.

IN America practically all comment, with the exception of some expressions of apprehension about free trade, is favorable to the President's address, and most of it is enthusiastically so. Even the complete departure in our historic policy, as manifest at the Hague conferences and the Congo convention, of keeping aloof from all political entanglements in the Old World, while noted as epoch-making, is not adversely criticized. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* fears that parts of the Wilson program, while desirable, are Utopian—those pertaining to secret diplomacy, reduction of armaments and adjustment of colonial claims. The *Chicago Tribune* speaks of his "unsurpassed candor, breadth and force," and its only criticism is that we could not doubt the response to his appeal "if America were as far advanced as she ought to be toward the effective application of her great powers." The *Springfield Republican* notes that "as a harmonizer of discordant elements on war issues" Mr. Wilson has done astonishing work and easily surpassed Lloyd George. It says:



FRIGHTFULNESS AT HOME

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*

"If these expressions of war aims are part of a great diplomatic battle with Germany on the one hand, and part of a necessary process of freshly integrating the forces of public opinion at home on the other hand, the President appears certainly in the rôle of the master artist. He gets the pacifist, altho he openly supports the French claim to Alsace-Lorraine as founded in justice. He gets the militarist, altho he declares squarely for the reduction of armaments and an international league of peace. Altho he wages the 'capitalists' war,' he gets the east-side Socialist, to a degree at least, by referring with kindly sympathy to those wandering and pathetically wretched tribes of the political desert, the Russian proletariat and their bolsheviks."

The N. Y. *Times* restrains itself with some effort from the use of superlatives. It says that "no appeal to the opinions of mankind upon matters of great moment ever called forth a more prompt and assenting response," and thinks "it would be hard to take exception to any form of eulogy, however enthusiastic." The *Boston Transcript* notes that we have certainly "said farewell to our traditional policy of non-intervention in European affairs" and yet "no clear voice is raised against it." The N. Y. *Evening Post* sees in the President's proposals "a sort of Grand Charter for the liberty and democracy of the ages to come," tho it sees "special danger and doubt" in the proposal concerning Alsace-Lorraine. The N. Y. *Tribune* thinks the address "beyond praise":

"It will live as one of the great documents in American history and one of the permanent contributions of America to world liberty. . . . In a single speech he has transformed the whole character and broken with all the tradition of American policy. He has carried the United States back to Europe; he has established an American world policy and ideal of international policy throughout the civilized world."

If the railroads should decide not to haul non-essentials, a lot of people will have to stay at home or walk.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

Applause Even from the Pacifist Group of American Socialists.

FROM the Socialists in this country comes unwonted applause. Morris Hillquit, for instance, writes as follows in the N. Y. *American*:

"I think President Wilson's speech is by far the most definite and complete yet made by any spokesman for the Allies. It is also most significant and promising from the point of view of a speedy world's peace and from the point of view of world democracy.

"President Wilson's speech is more liberal, more conciliatory and more advanced even than the speech of Lloyd George, and practically agrees in all substantial points with the program of the Russian Socialist Government. It also fully coincides with the program of the Reichstag majority in Germany, as formulated last July, and with the position now taken by the Socialists of Germany and the Liberal party of England.

"It is, on the whole, a full and true expression of the aspirations of all democratic movements in this war."

The N. Y. *Call*, organ of the Socialist party, rejoices that Wilson "takes no stock in the venomous charges of treachery against the Russian representatives" at Brest-Litovsk, and comments on the address in these words:

"We most certainly believe him sincere in what he says about revolutionary Russia; that he is playing absolutely square and has not the faintest intention of deceiving anybody in this message. Whether he is or is not the 'greatest living statesman' we cannot decipher, but we are positive that he is not a diplomatic fox, as these [capitalistic] organs would represent him by their continued slanders on men and measures that he has pronounced sincere and thoroly democratic.

"It is time right now to silently drop this vituperation of the Bolsheviks. They are not reached by it, but it does react on the President of these United States."

Nearly everybody nowadays appears to be in favor of government ownership of something if it belongs to somebody else.—N. Y. *World*.

IS THE ADMINISTRATION STAGGERING UNDER THE BURDENS ASSUMED?

WITH President Wilson thrust by events into the position of "Prime Minister of the World," as one foreigner aptly phrased it; with his secretary of the treasury, in addition to his other duties, presiding over the banking system of the nation and controlling the operation of the railroad system; with the secretary of war engaged in expanding an army, in a few months' time, from 9,524 officers and 202,510 men to 110,856 officers and 1,428,650 men; with the secretary of the navy burdened with a similar task, his ordnance department alone having to handle an expenditure increased from \$3,000,000 to \$560,000,000; with the department of justice busy in all parts of the country trailing German spies and circumventing conspiracies to burn and bomb anything burnable and bombable; with a shipping board expected to beat the world-record in building ships, a food commissioner expected to control all our food supplies and keep not only America but most of Europe from going hungry, and a fuel commissioner who is charged with control of the production and dis-

Congressional Inquiries and the Garfield Order Suspending Industries Jar the Whole Country

tribution of coal and other fuel to meet an unprecedented demand,—with all these duties, and then some added to the normal duties of the Administration in running the nation, it is not surprising that Congress finds signs of overstrained capacity in some of the departments. In the storm of criticism evoked by the Congressional inquiries last month and the cyclone of protests evoked by the Garfield order suspending industry, there are two silver linings that appear on the clouds. One is that there is almost no suggestion of dishonesty, disloyalty or graft on the part of the public officials handling billions of dollars. The other is the splendid efficiency with which the navy department seems to have handled its great task thus far.

Many Blunders But no Signs of Graft.

ON the question of honesty we find the *Deseret News*, organ of Senator Reed Smoot, saying that while there has been too much red tape, too little driving

power, too great circumlocution, "there is no suggestion of lack of patriotism and certainly no question of the honesty of the bureaus and officials whose work is under examination." The *Providence Journal*, one of the most vigorous critics of Washington, while it regards the Secretary of War, Baker, as "shockingly unfit" for his work, lacking in will-power, "a confirmed pacifist" who has surrounded himself with men too much like himself, asserts that he is "an honest man, an upright citizen, a patriotic American, an able lawyer and a man capable quite likely of distinguishing himself in any other place." Another outspoken critic, the *Chicago Evening Post*, which thinks that we must recognize that President Wilson, "tho a great statesman, is not a great administrator," goes on to speak of "the inefficient but unquestionably loyal service of Daniels and Baker." There have been some intimations of selfish motives in the work of one or more members of the Council of National Defense, but they seem to have flared up and gone out for want of combustible material. There is some suspicion that the chief of the army ordnance bureau was unduly influenced at times by personal prejudices, and a disquieting report is given of his personal interference to save a pro-German conspirator from confinement; but nothing seems to have developed from that. The fact remains that, with many billions of dollars to be laid out in rush orders for all kinds of supplies, with opportunity for unlimited graft, even the most strenuous critics of the Administration have made no charges of corruption or dirty work. As for the navy, the investigating committee concludes that its ordnance bureau, under Rear-Admiral Earle, the bureau of construction and repairs, under Rear-Admiral Taylor, and the bureau of steam engineering, under Rear-Admiral Griffin, merit the highest praise. The progress in building 424 war vessels, exclusive of submarine chasers—the largest program ever undertaken by any navy—is "phenomenal." More than 1,100 vessels have been equipped with arms and armament in ten months' time, something like 800 vessels have been converted into war craft, and our force in foreign waters has been kept in "a high state of efficiency," all because the naval bureaus, under the much-pounded Mr. Daniels, "did not wait for the outbreak of war, but began making extensive preparations, began accumulating stores on a large scale, and took other important military steps before the actual outbreak of war."

**Secretary Baker Seems Satisfied,
But No One Else Is.**

IN the war department the story is very different. Even there the worst shortcomings, while not explained away, are in a measure explained. There has been a serious lack of winter clothing because 300,000 more men were called to the camps than the first program called for. Presumably the exigencies on the other side, due to Russia and Italy, caused the sudden expansion. Other shortages are explained by the hurry call from France for American troops, who had to have large reserve supplies of all kinds. Apparently the French and British had more munitions than men and the original policy of our army was changed to meet this hurry call; but the change necessitated the purchase of ordnance from England and France. The army officers assert—and there seems to be little contradiction—that whatever defects there have been in our camps here at home, we have sent troops to the other side as rapid-

ly as they could be transported and they have lacked nothing they needed in arms, equipment and food supplies. "If on April 6," says the *N. Y. World*, "we had had 2,000,000 trained and disciplined troops, equipped to the last button, we should probably have had no more men in France than we have now. There has not been a day since the declaration of war that our soldier power has not surpassed transport power." The questions whether we should have ordered Lewis rapid-fire guns (the navy has thousands of them for the marines and reports them satisfactory) or waited for the admittedly superior Browning guns, and whether we should have used the Enfield rifles with inferior ammunition or waited to modify them for a much superior ammunition, are questions of judgment that will excite endless dispute. But the results of the inquiries in Washington have been to convince not only the committees but business men and the press in general that the war department has shown a woful lack of foresight, coordination, and "balance." Even such a friendly paper as the *N. Y. Evening Post* says: "The whole tone of Mr. Baker's testimony is so complacent because so few blunders have been made as to make one question whether he even realizes what is staring him in the face."

**The Vicious Circle That Produced
the Garfield Order.**

BUT vigorous as was the storm of criticism that last month assailed Secretary Baker and his chief of ordnance, General Crozier (since "promoted" to another position and succeeded by General Wheeler), that storm was speedily swallowed up in one of more cyclonic character caused by the order of the fuel administrator, Dr. Garfield. That order, suspending the operation of all but certain exempted industries—such as munition works, ship-building, food-products—in all States east of the Mississippi for five successive days (really three and a half working days) and nine consecutive Mondays, was due to a vicious circle in transportation that was weeks or even months in process of formation. The most vital part America is playing in the war is in her shipments. The ships cannot leave our ports without bunker coal. The bunker coal cannot be got to the ships without cars. The supply of cars cannot be kept up at the mines unless the terminals and sidings are kept clear. The terminals and sidings cannot be kept clear unless the cargoes are loaded on the ships and sent on their way. So there we get to the beginning of the circle again. When the Garfield order was issued hundreds of ships in American ports (213 in New York alone) were held up for coal. At the same time thousands of coal-miners were idle or working on part time waiting for cars. Into a situation already growing difficult by reason of a freight congestion that was overstraining the power of the railroads, Jack Frost put his careless fingers. Chicago had the worst snow-storm and blizzard it has seen in 36 years, followed quickly by a second one. New York City had the coldest weather it has had since the weather bureau began to keep official records. The cold extended all the way to Florida. For three days traffic was held up in Illinois and elsewhere. Hundreds of barges of coal were frozen in the ice in Staten Island Sound, the Kill *van Kull* and other places. In the endeavors to smash through the ice, something like forty thousand tons of coal were sent to the bottom in

wrecked barges and sixty per cent. of the tugs were disabled. Every ton of coal in transit was frozen and had to be attacked with pickaxes, crowbars and steam jets. And in Europe the war was going right on and the ships were coming in every day and the congestion becoming steadily worse.

Vitriolic Assaults Upon the Fuel Administrator.

THE Garfield order came sudden and peremptory, like the explosion of a bomb and with much the same psychologic effect. Wholly unprepared for it, industries were given only twenty-four hours to adjust themselves to five days of enforced idleness, and a good part of that time was spent in hurling anathemas, wiring protests, making inquiries no one could answer and consulting lawyers. Never before have we seen a public official subjected to such vehement and general denunciation. The U. S. Senate, after hearing Dr. Garfield's explanations of the necessity for the order, by a vote of 50 to 19 passed a resolution urging a delay of five days. While it was still deliberating, the order was sent out. The N. Y. *World*, which comes the nearest of any paper to being an administration organ, in an editorial entitled "Get Rid of Garfield," declared his course to be "the first American defeat in the war—a defeat that cannot fail to be disastrous," and its publisher, Don Seitz, termed the act one of "incredible insanity." The N. Y. *Times*, another strong supporter

of the administration usually, declared that "an invasion of the United States by German armies and the capture of cities could hardly be more calamitous in its effects upon our industries and our trade or upon the spirit of the nation." The N. Y. *Evening Post*, another pro-administration journal, had the most vitriolic editorial we have seen in it since the days of Godkin. It called the order "open and abject confession of flat failure," and said:

"Men of experience in the coal trade gave repeated warnings to the Administration, we are informed, as long ago as last June and July, that there was danger of such a crisis as has been precipitated upon the country. But they were smilingly disregarded. The talk now is of the blizzard having deranged all plans. But the real blizzard struck the Administration last summer, and buried it under drifts of ignorance, complacency, and short-sightedness. Unusual cold weather is now offered as the excuse. But the official mind of Washington was frozen up first of all."

As we write this, the order is in force, general obedience is reported and more moderate counsels are being heard. President Wilson has issued a statement declaring the order was necessary. "It is to be presumed," says the *Springfield Republican*, "that the authorities know what they are about," and it injects into the storm of denunciation a few words of praise for Garfield, whose spirit of fairness and discrimination indicates that he "has not lost his head."

WAR BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS TO PROHIBITION AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Congress Registers a Tremendous Change of Public Sentiment in Two Years

ASIDE entirely from the merits of the two questions involved, the proposed amendments to the federal Constitution present a notable change in our fundamental law and a still more notable change in the Democratic party's attitude toward that law. The old doctrine of States' rights—shorn by the Civil War of the right of secession—has remained the theoretical corner-

stone of that party. Yet never has the doctrine received such jolts as it has received under the Wilson administration. The application of a federal income-tax in a time of peace was an invasion of a field before reserved to the States. The formation of the federal reserve bank was probably the greatest step ever taken in this country toward centralization. The powers of the interstate commerce commission have been very considerably enlarged and now the entire railroad system of the country is placed directly in the hands of the government for operation during the war, with more than a little uneasiness as to whether that operation will cease when the war ceases. Now comes the action of a Democratic Congress in throwing open to invasion the police power and the franchise power of the States. And this enumeration takes no account of President Wilson's recommendation to Congress several years ago of a federal primary law which would have placed the polling places of the country, in all congressional and presidential elections, under the control of federal agents, nor of strictly war legislation such as that establishing the shipping board and food and fuel control.

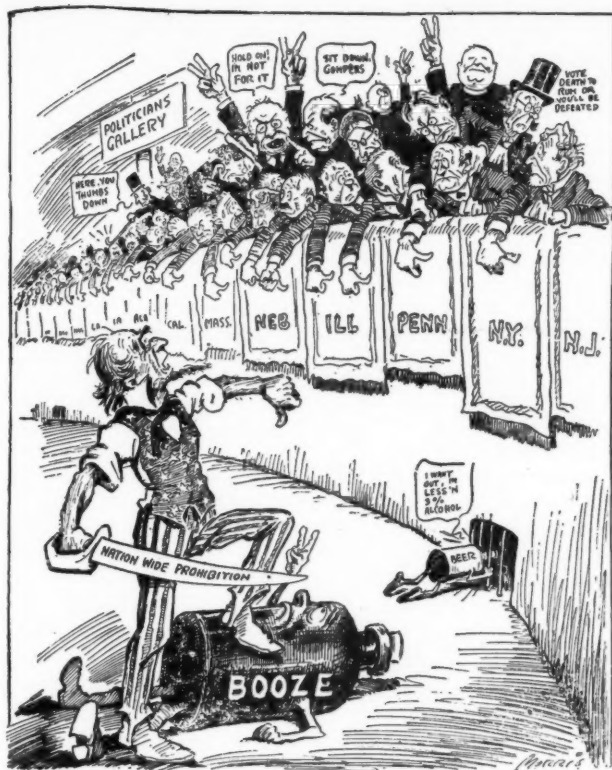
Parties in Congress Cut Up by the Amendment Fights.

FOR the last half-century the prohibition and woman-suffrage agitations have gone forward, in all but the Southern States, hand in hand. Last month Congress, by a vote of 228 to 128 in the lower house and of 47 to 8 in the upper, submitted a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, sale, transportation, exportation and importation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, going farther even than the bone-dry



THE NEW PRUSSIANISM

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*



THE GLADIATOR

—Morris in N. Y. Mail

State legislation, which usually forbids not the manufacture but the "manufacture for sale" of such liquors. A few days later the lower house of Congress, by a bare two-thirds majority (277 to 136), submitted the amendment that will render it illegal for any State to deny or abridge the right to vote to any citizen of the United States on account of sex. Only two Northern States—Ohio and Massachusetts—cast a majority of their congressional vote against the suffrage amendment. Only two Southern States—Kentucky and Tennessee—cast a majority in favor. On both amendments the vote cut across party lines. On Prohibition, 141 Democrats voted in favor, 64 against; 137 Republicans voted in favor, 62 against; the independents divided 4 and 2. On Woman Suffrage, 103 Democrats were for, 101 against; 165 Republicans were for, only 33 against. Of course each amendment must now be ratified by three States out of four—36 in all. If the vote on ratification follows the lead of that in the House of Representatives, the Prohibition amendment will come through with flying colors, but on the Woman Suffrage amendment the result will be about as close as it can be. Twelve States cast a congressional majority against it and two States—Florida and Vermont—split their vote evenly. The failure of thirteen States to ratify either amendment will kill it. But while the Prohibition amendment is given but seven years the woman suffrage amendment is given unlimited time for ratification.

A Victory Accelerated by the War.

IN each case, the victory in Congress is attributed in large measure to the influence of the war. "It is probable," says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "that, but for the war, the Prohibition amendment could not have

been got through the House at the present time." The *Providence Journal* also sees the war as "a mighty accelerating force." Even two years ago, says the N. Y. *Tribune*, it would have been visionary to expect Congress to favor such an amendment. It adds:

"Our point of view has changed enormously since 1914. The obvious explanation of the change is the pressure of war conditions. War efficiency and the liquor traffic have been treated in all belligerent countries as irreconcilable enemies. . . . Congress clearly responded to public opinion in submitting the amendment. And its success or failure will depend on the extent to which the people of the States associate it with a thoroughgoing prosecution of the war and with the necessities of after-the-war reorganization."

Mr. Roosevelt came out in favor of the amendment on the ground that the same reasons that call for abstinence on the part of soldiers and sailors call for abstinence on the part of those at work on railroads and in factories, mines and shipyards. According to the *Chicago Evening Post*, every effort will be made by the opponents of Prohibition to defer a final verdict until after the war is over, in the belief that sentiment will sag then. A similar view is taken of the influence of the war upon the success of Woman Suffrage. A day or two before the amendment came to a vote President Wilson reversed his former attitude that the subject is one for the States to determine. Not only reversing his own attitude but ignoring the plank in the national Democratic platform, he said to a congressional delegation:

"While I have not felt free to volunteer my advice to Congress in this matter, since I am asked by your delega-



THE MORNING AFTER

—Cesare in N. Y. *Evening Post*

tion to do so, I do not hesitate to say that I am heartily in favor of the amendment, and that I hope sincerely it will be passed as a matter of justice to the women of America and the world. It is a war measure as deeply as it is a peace measure."

Our crusade for world-wide democracy, said the Washington *Herald* earnestly, must fail without the aid of the women: "Any vision of human liberty which excludes freedom of women is indecently camouflaged. Any war policy which demands of women their all and denies them equal partnership is inconsistent, tyrannical and vicious, anything but democratic. Our democracy comes into the court of the Almighty with unclean hands; the best part of our democracy is not free and equal." In casting up the debits and credits of this great war, it appears, therefore, quite possible that we shall have to reckon in as one result the enfranchisement of women and the outlawing of the liquor traffic for all time.

Threats of a Force Bill as a Result of Prohibition.

BUT the task still remaining before the prohibition forces, the Baltimore *American* thinks, is a colossal one. The tactics of its foes, as so far indicated, will be to cause as much delay as possible in reaching a verdict, and to lay especial emphasis upon the constitutional issue involved in the invasion of the police power of the State. The N. Y. *Times*, attributing the result in Congress chiefly to the attitude of the Southern Representatives (tho it admits that a majority of those from the four most populous States of the Union—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio—voted for the amendment), asks: "Why does the South want to force Prohibition upon the whites of the North? Are State rights dead as a doornail in their ancient home? Even if they are, is it not wise to look to the future?" It goes on to give a warning that they may have to pay for their support of Prohibition with a force bill, enacted in the resentment which the North "justly" feels for "the avowed sectional purpose" underlying the recent tax bills. Its thought seems to be that disgusted Northern Democrats, as a result of Prohibition, will help elect a Republican Congress which will put through the force bill. The N. Y. *World* also utters the same warning to the South. "The spirit long ago defeated in force bills," it says significantly, "is still alive." It sees dire results for the whole Union following upon the heels of Woman Suffrage and national prohibition, especially the latter. The "disruption of the Democratic Party" is one of the results. It sees "a deadly assault upon the basic principles of the Republic," followed, if successful, by "the destruction of the States" and the failure of the Republic! We quote again:

"With the police powers of the States weakened or destroyed, as is contemplated by this amendment, not much will be left of the American system of government. The centralizers will not stop with the liquor traffic. Many other occupations and customs to which they may object will call for correction, and Commonwealths once secure in their own sovereignty limited only by the obligations of unions will be harried and raided like conquered territories.

"Here is a momentous question for dry States no less than wet States. Prohibition is the smallest part of it. Is the Republic of republics, by the deliberate act of its own

supreme members, to confess failure? If so, let us change the name of it to the United Provinces of America."

Contemplating a Dry Country With Dry Eyes.

THE abandon with which the N. Y. *World* has flung itself into the fight against prohibition is all the more observable because of the calmness with which the press in general contemplates what most of them consider the inevitable approach of bone-dry prohibition. The Chicago *Tribune*, for one, sees little cause for sadness. It says:

"No speculation as to the part which alcohol may be designed to play in human affairs considers the American saloon as defensible. It is established and maintained for hard, rapid drinking, for quick intoxication and misuse of money and health to the deterioration of character and family conditions.

"Whatever desirable warmth alcohol might, in proper circumstances, put in human geniality loses consideration and value in the blaze a saloon makes of human assets and prospects.

"We do not like statutory prohibition as a substitute for character. We do not believe in the doctrine of unlimited custodial prevention as a substitute for self-restraint. But alcohol has worked altogether in the direction of excesses in the United States, and if the United States goes dry it will have eliminated some damaging factors whether it has proved the perfectibility of the race or not."

The Springfield *Republican* is another influential journal that views the probable aridity of the future with dry eyes. It remarks:

"No one should be blind to the significance of what has happened, from the social and moral point of view. America is besotted enough and wayward enough in many ways to make the man who loves his country heavy at heart with the solicitude he must feel for its future; but when we can observe a progressive development of right instincts and aspirations for the moral advancement of the nation, let us be quick to recognize it. Better a sober nation than a drunken nation; better a people sensitive to the blight of the liquor trade than a people sunk in sodden indifference to what the liquor trade drags in its train."

The extent of this change in public sentiment is the theme of an editorial in the *American Issue*, organ of the Anti-Saloon League, which runs as follows:

"We wonder if all the friends of prohibition realize the importance of that vote in Congress last week, submitting a national prohibition amendment to the States. The vote in the House last week and in the Senate last summer shows the force of public sentiment and that sentiment has been piled up within comparatively few years.

"It has not been many years ago that saloons were operated in the basement of the Capitol building at Washington, and it was not uncommon for some Senators and Representatives to be so intoxicated they could not attend to public business. In those days a dry measure of any kind stood, as much show in Congress as a snowball on a pavement with the thermometer 100 degrees in the shade. Prohibition was considered a joke and a prohibitionist was a crank, a fanatic, and an imbecile all in one.

"It is different now. With 27 States dry, with all classes of men and women except those directly interested in liquor lined up against the saloon, with the drinking man discriminated against, the old order has gone. The change is so great it is difficult to comprehend it."

Kaiser Bill will find a pot of trouble at each end of the Rainbow Division.—Washington Post.

The Germans continue to indicate that in their opinion a lootless peace would be a bootless peace.—Omaha World-Herald.

NATURE OF THE APPROACHING POLITICAL STRUGGLE IN PARIS

The Waning Prestige of Clemenceau and the Discovery of Caillaux's Treachery Are Leading to a French Realignment

SHOULD that most distinguished of living French Socialists, Albert Thomas, desire to become Prime Minister at Paris, he has but to say the word. This statement, says the Milan *Avanti*, is a summing up of the political situation. M. Thomas, however, as his intentions are discerned by the *Humanité* (Paris), a Socialist organ, does not wish to be Prime Minister just yet. He will await the outcome of the effort to revive the project of the Stockholm conference, now more than ever dear to the Socialists of Europe. Nor does M. Thomas wish, by assuming office now, to involve himself in the mystery of the Caillaux case, which rami-fies in all directions. Finally, just as there is, according to the *Temps*, a conspiracy to make a separate peace with Germany, so, as the *Humanité* thinks, there is a scheme to overturn the republic itself and set up a monarchy. The Royalists have seen in the war a precious occasion for winning the support of the imperial German government, the plot involving the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine as well as of the Bourbons. The insinuation is vaguely made in the organs of extreme anti-clerical republicanism. Papers like the *Gaulois* retort that the radicals, the Socialists and the anti-clericals have been caught conspiring in Switzerland for a separate peace with the Central Powers. The affairs and the treasons have thus become so many that quite a list of cases is kept standing in some of the newspapers. Clemenceau, in the words of the *Débats*, rides the storm knowing he is doomed. There are portents of a political crash in the air.

The French Ministry in the Throes of Dissolution.

NOTHING like a ministry in the usual sense exists in Paris, in the opinion of the *Petite République*, for Clemenceau is despot and his associates are his clerks. The minister of foreign affairs is an old member of Clemenceau's journalist kindergarten. The portfolio of the interior is held by the rich industrialist who was Clemenceau's candidate for the presidency against Poincaré. Two other ministers are not even in parliament, having been ordered to take office by Clemenceau. Nobody in the cabinet can speak, think or act, laments the *Gaulois*, without leave from the "tiger" (Clemenceau). There are two points of view from which Clemenceau envisages all questions. First, the war is against the Vatican and monarchy as much as against the imperial German government. In the next place there can be but one end—victory. Mere utterance of the word peace sets him in a rage, says the *Humanité*, and he has forbidden the members of his ministry to use it at all. He is ruling France with a rod of iron, attending to every detail of administration himself notwithstanding his seventy-six years. It can not be said that he makes a favorable impression upon the newspapers of either his own country or those of others.

What Clemenceau Says He Is Fighting For.

PERSISTENT as have been the efforts of Clemenceau to keep in step with the Allies, the manifest divergence between Tory London and democratic Washington caught him, as the London *Express* says,

unawares. He said to the Chamber of Deputies: "The war aims for which we are fighting are victory." "Good rhetoric," observes the London *Westminster Gazette*, "but we doubt if it is in reality quite satisfactory for the purpose. It is as much as if, when you asked the price of a watch, the shopman told you it would cost you money. That you knew when you put the question, as we all know that this country will not consent to nor consider any peace which does not leave Prussian militarism defeated. But what is victory?" The next step of M. Clemenceau was his repudiation of the idea of a league of nations to enforce peace. Not only does he seem to scout the general idea of a league of nations, but he would not enter one to which Germany was a party. English dailies are not at all surprised that the French Socialists—the most formidable single political party in France—went into opposition under Clemenceau and have remained there. The three or four persons calling themselves Socialists who sit in the Clemenceau kindergarten are not recognized by the followers of Thomas.

Extraordinary Genius of Caillaux for Mystification.

ONE consequence of the misfortunes of the Clemenceau ministry is a distinct impulse among the French in the direction of peace. This fact may be blinked, says the London *Chronicle*, but blinking would not alter it. Here we have an explanation of the fiasco behind the tragedy of the Caillaux case. Caillaux has been accused of every conceivable treason, all imaginable conspiracies. The tale of his alleged misdeeds lends him the glamor of a hero in a Spanish drama of the cape and sword. The former Prime Minister has striven to detach Italy from the Allies. He has tried to enter into a pact with the enemy. He has conspired to form a league of France with the Central Powers. Rome is aching with the scandal. The *Action Française* (Paris) is full of it. There is no "affair" from that of the *Bonnet rouge* to that of the peace letter from Germany in which the name of Caillaux is not to the fore. The *Figaro*, whose editor was shot by one of the wives of M. Caillaux, says the charges against him are frightful as well as convincing, whereas the Socialist leader Sembat says in the *Humanité* that the evidence against Caillaux is an insult to the intelligence. The official charges are that this former Prime Minister had illicit communication with the enemy. He began this with an effort to keep Italy out of the war. When she came in, Caillaux strove to detach her from the cause.

Mysteries of Public Opinion in France.

WHATEVER be the outcome of the Caillaux case, whether the former Premier be vindicated or shot for treason, says the London *Times*, the affair will profoundly affect the course and outcome of the war. The censored despatches from Paris may suggest that the scandal is "disposed of" for the present. That will be only Clemenceau's way of putting off an evil day. His fall must ensue. Will Caillaux, arrested for treason, succeed him? The idea has been put forth. It is well known that Caillaux expected to be Premier

when Briand fell and to make the peace. Thinking that, Caillaux in Rome urged Italy to prepare for a separate peace with Germany, "which would give astoundingly good terms to Italy and France" and all the war would be paid for by Russia and the Balkans.

It is feared that, when Russia finally finds herself she will not know what it is that she has discovered.—*Kansas City Star*.

Serbia would disappear and so would Rumania. Finally, after the conclusion of peace, France would enter into an alliance with Germany, Italy and Spain against Great Britain and Russia. "The greatest emotion" was caused in Rome by these projects of M. Caillaux.

Siberia might get good and even for generations of oppression by exiling political prisoners to Petrograd.—*New York Telegraph*

DIPLOMATIC EFFECT OF UPHEAVAL IN THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE

EVEN should Arthur James Balfour retain for some time to come his titular dignity as head of the foreign office, his sway over the diplomacy of his country will be ended. Mr. Balfour, to the delight of the *London News*, is a figurehead. The policies for which he, the representative of the aristocracy, has always stood, have gone with Sir George Buchanan, the anti-Bolshevik ambassador at Petrograd, and Sir Francis Bertie, the old-school ambassador at Paris. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, whose experiences in Washington while Lord Northcliffe was here win him the open sympathy of the Liberal London press, was let down gently. Even Sir Rennell Rodd, who has for the past four years striven, as ambassador in Rome, to make headway against the obscurantism of his official superiors, who made a special trip to London in a final effort to open the eyes of the clique represented by the conservative *London Post*, may be involved in the general eclipse of a superannuated school. No effort to conceal its chagrin at the turn of affairs is made by the organ of the Tories. It openly proclaims its distrust of Lord Reading. It is amazed that a man of his antecedents should be conspicuous in English public life at all. The honors newly thrust upon him, the conspicuous post he is to fill in this country, literally dumbfound the famous organ of the territorial aristocracy, which speaks for the element just swept out of the foreign office. Thus:

"He [Lord Reading] has no doubt the natural acuteness possessed by very many of his class and race; but something more is needed when we are dealing with the liabilities of a nation. We may be at a disadvantage in considering this question, for we frankly distrust, and always have distrusted, Lord Reading; but we rest our argument not on any ground of personal prejudice but on the issue of principle. Lord Reading is not responsible for finance. If those who are responsible are not fit for their job, let Lord Reading by all means replace them. But let us know where we are. Do not let us have a gentleman—however able—in charge of our finance one day and our justice the next. It is not sound business.

"We take it that these financial pilgrimages are the explanation of the honors showered upon Lord Reading. Yesterday he was a Viscount, to-day he is an Earl; to-morrow he may be a Duke. We confess it is almost enough to make people turn Republicans."

Origin of the Diplomatic Crash in London.

FOR a comprehension of the revolution of last month in British diplomacy, it is necessary, according to the liberal press—papers like *The Westminster Gazette* and its school—to hark back to Mr. Balfour's famous expedition to this country. That mission is now gener-

English Ambassadors are Now Expected to "Make the World Safe For Democracy"

ally interpreted in London as a failure. Mr. Balfour did not fail to reveal himself, we read, in a capacity long described by the *London News* as "a very dangerous enemy of democracy." The personal charm of Mr. Balfour, his felicity in the exploitation of phrases and the ability with which he could negotiate difficulties, profoundly impressed Washington. His complete ignorance, however, of the fact that the old order had passed away, his inability to grasp the fact that "democracy" meant anything different from what he had been accustomed to all his life, filled Americans in power at Washington with amazement. He proved, as the *Manchester Guardian* is forced to infer, that the British foreign office is back in the days of the Napoleonic wars. Mr. Balfour may not have inspired the *London Post's* assertion that Englishmen are not fighting for "democracy" but for "their king and country," but he exhibited a conception of the meaning of the war which dumbfounded many influential Americans. Lord Reading, on the other hand, as he developed his views in political circles here, undid much of the mischief unconsciously wrought by the delightful if egregious Balfour.

How London Newspaper Opinion Should be Interpreted.

IN any interpretation of London newspaper comment on the British diplomatic sensation, it must be remembered that the whole affair has revived the quarrel of the "cocoa press" with the "Jingo press," of the Northcliffe press with the "organs of the old gang" of Asquith Liberals. This means that while such influential dailies as the *London Times*, the *London Dispatch* and the *Glasgow Record* dwell upon the great success of Lord Northcliffe in this country, the *London News*, the *Manchester Guardian* and others of that faction intimate that Lord Northcliffe had to leave the United States on very short notice after making an offensive ass of himself. On the whole, however, the diplomatic revolution in England is accepted by most newspapers, including the *London Telegraph*, the *London Globe*, the *London Express* and the *London Pall Mall*, as a timely readjustment of a system left over from Victorian days. The British foreign office had seen in the great war, as the *Manchester Guardian* explains, a contest between two imperial ambitions, that of the Curzons, Cromers and Milners in England, and that of the Bülow, von Moltkes in Germany. The effect on the French had been most demoralizing. The reactionaries of France had been able to organize a Ribot combination and to throttle all expression of old-time radicalism.

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GERMANY AT THE CLIMAX OF HER CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

THE entry of von Payer, leader of the progressive people's party, into the Bundesrat precipitated the constitutional crisis in Germany concerning which so many forecasts fill the press of Paris. The Prussian "reforms" have had the effect of compromising the control of the Hohenzollerns over the Bundesrat and this loss of constitutional balance facilitates the task of the Reichstag in gaining control of imperial foreign policy. Such is the reading of the crisis in the London *Westminster Gazette* as well as in the Paris *Débats*. The situation is summed up by the leader of Germany's conservatives, Herr von Heydebrand: "The majority parties in the Reichstag have taken advantage of the gravity of the imperial crisis to demand constitutional innovations." He is striving to effect a combination of the conservatives and the Roman Catholic Center with the national liberals in a final effort to stay the rising tide of a democracy which contemplates suffrage for women as well as men in Prussia. Prussia being the keystone of the German imperial constitutional edifice, as the *Figaro* says, the democratization of that country's institutions would make an end of the medieval Germany which it holds responsible for the war. The issue is thought to be summed up most clearly in the remarks of the independent Socialist, Herr Stroebel, when, in an excited debate, he told the Abgeordnetenhaus:

"Foreign countries have a right to demand democratic guarantees from Germany. Military history before the war as well as the ultimatum to Serbia—which, by the way, met with opposition in exalted German circles at the time—shows that democratization is necessary. Foreign nations can have no faith in the German government so long as it finds its support in the present ruling classes. The German people certainly did not want war. The vast majority of the German army to-day would certainly vote for peace by agreement without annexation and without indemnities. The German nation is not satisfied to remain the pariah of the civilized world one moment longer. The German nation wishes to make peace with humanity and in the conclusion of that peace it wishes to act in the capacity of a free people dealing directly with the other free peoples of the world.

"Whether the war is to be carried on and for how long is not a matter to be decided by the general staff. It is a matter for the people and the people's representatives."

Belief in a Democratic Germany Growing Strong.

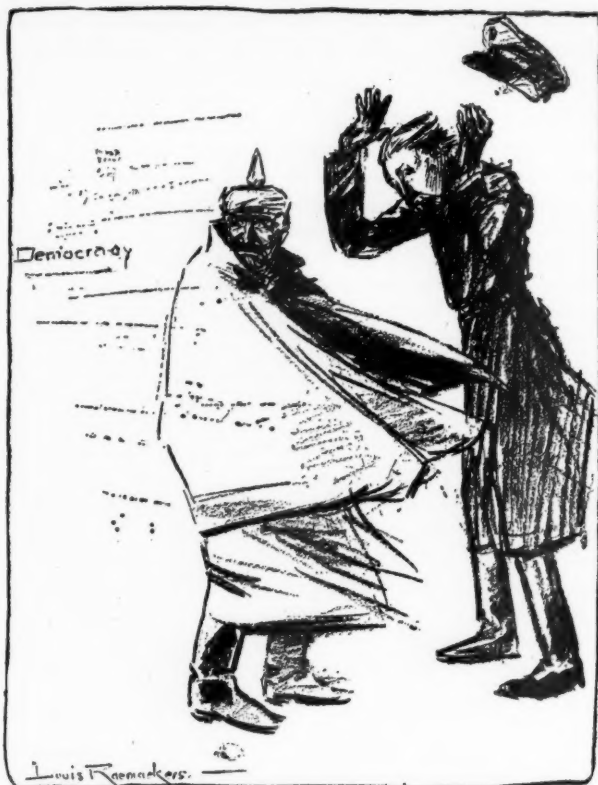
THE plan to put the German people off with a substitute for democracy, as the Paris *Débats* terms it, has been abandoned at Berlin by all but the territorial aristocrats of Prussia. On this point there is a practical agreement among the newspapers of Europe, altho Liberal organs like the Manchester *Guardian* are perhaps more optimistic regarding the immediate future than are Tory dailies like the London *Post*. It is true, adds the *Temps*, organ of the French foreign office and a close student of the political situation at Berlin, that the choice of Count von Hertling as Chancellor was a personal act of Emperor William's. It was not inspired by the Bundesrat. It resulted from no concert with the Reichstag. Hertling, nevertheless, has taken pains to point out that his accession to power, entailing the ap-

The Passing of the Imperial Germany which Began the World-War and the Appearance of a New Germany Are Made Evident

pointment to high position of certain political leaders, marked the entry of the empire into the path of democracy. His Bavarian organs call it the opening of a new era. The Swiss dailies which in the fashion of the *Gazette de Lausanne* interpret the "new" Germany seem disposed to echo the view. The agents of Germany at Berne, influencing the neutral world as much as possible, dwell upon the "democratization" embodied in von Hertling's sway. There has been much beating of tom-toms regarding the cordial cooperation between von Hertling and the majority in the Reichstag. All this, we are assured in the *Débats*, is for the benefit of President Wilson, for whom there is at Berlin an ostentatious avowal of disdain which deceives nobody. And what, asks the *Temps*, are the "reforms"? The Chancellor agreed to a suffrage bill for Prussia, abolition of the censorship of political opinion, removal of restrictions upon freedom of association, and the establishment of a labor bureau. He promised, moreover, to maintain the terms of the famous nineteenth of July resolution of the Reichstag on the subject of Germany's foreign relations.

Playing a Junker Trick Upon the German People.

NO Prussian Junker had the slightest notion of allowing Count von Hertling to redeem his pledges of reform in either Prussia or Germany as a whole. Pessimistic as this theory of the Chancellor's accession to office is, it finds support in almost the whole French press. True, admits the *Temps*, for instance, the suffrage reform bill was laid before the Prussian Landtag as long ago as last November. It did, indeed, grant a more liberal suffrage in some respects for the lower house but it made the upper house of the Prussian parliament a citadel of Junkerism. Clause by clause the measure has been amended in debate until the Socialists (they are few in the Prussian lower house) created a violent scene, in which charges of treason were freely hurled. The course of the Chancellor on that occasion prompted the severe criticism of him for which the *Vorwärts* was suppressed. He intensified the feeling against him by ignoring the Reichstag's July peace policy. He talked like a man who had never heard of peace without annexations and without indemnities. Herr Haase, the most untamed Socialist in the Reichstag, made this complaint and it is reiterated in much Socialist press comment. The Chancellor has, to be sure, referred to the reply of the Central Powers to the peace plea of the Pope. That reply, according to him, must not be deemed a sort of blank check, to be filled in at any time. Hertling, in fact, echoed the assertion of Count Czernin, the mouthpiece of the Austro-Hungarian reactionaries, to the effect that, in consequence of their military "successes," the Central Powers are about to revise their war aims. Count von Hertling filled the air of Berlin with threats against Italy. Of peace, of conciliation, of disarmament, not a word. Then came the reported collapse of the peace negotiations with the Bolsheviks. The whole situation was transformed in an instant, a development which the Manchester *Guardian*, from the beginning friendly to Lenin, had definitely predicted.



IF THIS DRAFT CONTINUES, WE ARE LIKELY TO CATCH A
BAD COLD

—Raemaekers in N. Y. American

Count von Hertling Made to Look Foolish.

WHEN the conferences at Brest-Litovsk were first arranged, the Manchester *Guardian* foretold the impending fiasco. It has adhered to the view that Lenin is no tool of German militarism. It took seriously the view of Trotzky that a failure of the Prussian militarists to meet the Bolsheviks half way at least would bring on the German crisis once more in the worst of its many phases. The situation was bound to take on, it thinks, aspects rendering the position of von Hertling intolerable and untenable. The design of the Prussian Junker is simplicity itself. There is to be a succession of Chancellors, each conceding much in words and nothing in reality. The one obstacle to this policy is the Austrian pressure for peace. It is a pressure too great to be ignored. It might have had the effect of modifying the attitude of Berlin but for the prestige of Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who threaten to resign at the first triumph of the civilian element over the military. Hindenburg and Ludendorff, according to the Paris *Temps*, keep Hertling firm whenever he shows signs of yielding to parliamentary pressure. Ever since the fall of von Bethmann-Hollweg the struggle between the Reichstag and the general staff has raged. The Reichstag majority has not forgotten the part played by the military magnates in the fall of the former chancellor and in the choice of his successor. Hindenburg, Ludendorff & Co. are; to the Paris press, the right wing of Pan-Germanism. That press admits, however, that the fall of Michaelis was a blow to the firm. Hertling strove to hold a balance until the Bolsheviks disclosed the essential weakness of his position.

The Socialists Come to the Front in Berlin.

SO carefully is Berlin censored that no European newspaper ventures to affirm positively that Ludendorff has offered his resignation. There is a story to that effect. There is a report that Count von Hertling wanted to resign last month. The question of the Russian peace had made it obvious that the military magnates must surrender, if not in the immediate future then at the next check in the field. Hindenburg is in no position to survive a reverse on any front. All this is the matured view of the *Débats* as well as of the radical French press. The popular and democratic groups in the Reichstag have reached the conclusion that no peace of any kind is possible while the militarists dictate a policy to the Chancellor. This is the note of all comment in the Socialist *Vorwärts*. It has been resurrecting all sorts of maxims to the same effect from the memoirs of Bismarck. Soldiers, he said, do the fighting while the statesmen do the administering and the negotiating. It is the business of German statesmen to be as eager for peace as are the German soldiers for war. When the Socialist organ was censored and then suppressed after a series of these utterances, there was another uproar in the Reichstag, which has now become, as the Berlin *Vossische* says, more explosive than most German shells.

War on the Military Magnates by the Reichstag.

THE latest of the parliamentary scenes at Berlin resulted from the Socialist determination to divorce the army command from all control over German diplomacy. David, Cohn and Haase, deemed by the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* the firebrands of the Reichstag, attacked Hindenburg and Ludendorff in terms which the German newspapers were forbidden to reproduce.



CAN DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

It seems clear from what is said in the Swiss dailies that the extreme Socialists, supported by the moderate Scheidemann, insisted upon having the conduct of German diplomacy taken out of the hands of the "great headquarters." This is the very thing, says the *Paris Figaro*, which Hertling is not strong enough to do. Only the Bundesrat could effect so extraordinary a revolution in all imperial German practice. The military were having things pretty much their own way until the introduction of democratic elements into the Bundesrat the other day—men of the type of von Payer. He is working with the national liberal so recently put into the Prussian ministry—Professor Friedberg—who, in turn, is supported by the industrial magnates of the Rhenish provinces, through their spokesman, Herr Dernburg. The great aim of all these men is the transformation of the Bundesrat into an elective Senate. This, as the London *Westminster Gazette* observes, means the extinction of the military monarchy in Prussia, which would render the democratization of Germany inevitable. That this is so may be seen in the panic of the conservative *Kreuz-Zeitung*, in the dismay of the South German clerical conservative *Bayerische Kurier*, in the satisfaction of the radical *Frankfurter Zeitung* and in the democratic prophecies of the progressive Berlin *Tageblatt*. If the Chancellor should go, it is beyond all doubt that his successor will be unable to assume office without conversing with the leaders of the majority parties in the Reichstag, without, as the *Kölnische Zeitung* says, observing the essential usages of the parliamentary system. The imperial Germany which began the world war, to conclude with the view of the Manchester *Guardian*, has passed away. A new



THE MANICURIST

—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

Germany is coming into being in the secret sessions of the Bundesrat. Its closed doors must soon open and the character of the Chancellor who succeeds von Hertling will tell the whole story.

The German Government does not disguise the fact that it thinks a great deal more of the Bolsheviki in Petrograd than of the Bolsheviki in Berlin.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

Germany's desire for a separate peace with Russia appears to be actuated largely by a desire for a separate piece of Russia.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA IN THE MAZES OF SECRET DIPLOMACY

IN the event of a collapse of the Lenin government at Petrograd, the chancelleries of the western European powers will "recognize" a strong man. Who the strong man is remains undisclosed in the columns of the newspapers abroad which supply details of the plan itself. There are three or four of these strong men in the vicinity of Petrograd. They are ready to assume direction of a government. They will give any reasonable pledge of loyalty to the allies of Russia. President Wilson, if we may believe the London *Post*, was invited weeks ago to make himself a party to this scheme. The names of various individuals in Russia were laid before him—"men possessed of courage, resolution, honesty and ability." Mr. Wilson was to pick the savior of Russia. That savior would be supported by London, Paris, Rome and Tokyo. Liberal loans would do the rest. President Wilson, it seems, assuming the accuracy of the tale as published abroad, would have nothing to do with the plan. In no long time he was publicly affirming a decree of sympathy with Russia's revolutionary leaders which took the western European world by surprise. Lenin, it was declared in the extreme Socialist organs of which the Milan *Avanti* is a type, had

An Account of Lenin's Efforts to Strengthen and to Uphold the Bolshevik Régime

scored heavily. All the Socialist organs abroad are convinced that a systematic effort has been made by the French and British governments to poison the American mind against the Bolsheviki. They act upon the assumption that the world's proletariat will soon declare for a world peace, says the Italian daily, and that makes Jingoes everywhere conspire. It congratulates Mr. Wilson upon being too clever to be taken in.

Prospects of the Bolshevik at Petrograd.

LENIN, in the opinion of the Manchester *Guardian*, has been immensely helped by charges that he was long ago bought with German gold. This idea is not entertained by the radicals at Petrograd, whether they be his followers or not. Nor is it accurate to say that Lenin's personal influence has waned. On the contrary, says this observer, many of the Socialists belonging to other parties have become Maximalists. Besides this, Lenin has won over the peasants to a very large extent. "At the time when Lenin was stated in the press of Allied countries to be in Germany, he was, in fact, carrying on a propaganda among the Russian



THE JUDAS KISS!

—Carter in Philadelphia Press

peasants which succeeded only too well." The policy of the Allied governments and the language of the most important section of the Allied press are, too, among the chief causes of the successes of the Bolsheviki. "Most of the leading papers in Allied countries showed hostility to the revolution from the moment it became evident that it was not merely a movement for establishing a constitutional monarchy but a Socialist and republican revolution." It should be said to the credit of President Wilson, we read, that he saw the imbecility of this Allied attitude from the first and refused to connect himself with propositions of the most fantastic nature with a view to interference with Petrograd. In the end, the Entente had to reverse itself and even to withdraw its ambassadors. It will be remembered that before the revolution the French and British newspapers were not permitted to say one word in criticism of the Czar's government. When the Czar was overthrown this censorship was relaxed. Organs of reaction like the *London Post* were allowed to vilify the revolutionaries, to attack their system and to exaggerate their blunders into crimes. The alleged intemperance of the *Paris Temps* is also cited as evidence that French opinion was systematically poisoned on the subject of events at Petrograd. The ambassadors of France and England exerted unwise pressure. In short, to sum up the views of dailies like the Manchester organ and the *London News*, London and Paris really played the German game in Russia with the inevitable consequence. "But we are all," comments the radical *London Chronicle*, "wiser now."

Germany Saves Russia for the Allies.

IF the German peace envoys with whom the Bolsheviki were in contact had been more conciliatory, confesses the *London Post*, a tremendous blow might have been

dealt to the diplomacy of the Allies. In spite of intimations from the political groups represented by such German dailies as the *Vorwärts* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the German officers sent as envoys to the Bolsheviki insisted upon holding Russian soil. The Petrograd *Pravda*, speaking for the Bolsheviki, had this to say:

"We know that it is only in words that the German imperialist clique is prepared to recognize the peace program of the Russian revolution. The organ of the German Socialist patriots, the *Vorwärts*, insists that the Berlin government in its relations with Russia pursues no aims of conquest and that the German Government would break with anyone pursuing such aims. That program has been discussed in the whole of the German press on the assumption of the independence of Poland, Courland and Lithuania, in conformity with the principle of the free development of peoples.

"At the outbreak of the war the German Government put forth as one of its aims the deliverance of the subjects of an oppressed Czarism. That was pharisaical. The German Government, itself oppressing Poles and Danes, and refusing to admit the principle of free development before for the German working classes, could not play the part of liberator even as regarded Czarism, so closely related to Hohenzollern semi-absolutism. It would be brazen irony if the representatives of German imperialism pretended to make the freedom of Poland, Courland and Lithuania one of their cares. The Russian revolution will give the countries in question, as well as Finland and the Ukraine, the possibility of freely deciding their relation to Russia. If those peoples want separation from Russia, not a single Russian soldier or workman will lift a finger to oppose their decision by violence. How would the Hindenburgs and their like decide whether peoples wanted to separate from Russia or not? If those peoples have the free right of development they will themselves decide the question of their independence. The German Government has no right to interfere in their decision or to claim independence for them. If it does, the imperial German Government uses such words as 'independence' and 'free development' as a mask for a forced separation of those peoples from Russia in order that they may become the vassals of Hohenzollern imperialism."



ZERO!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World

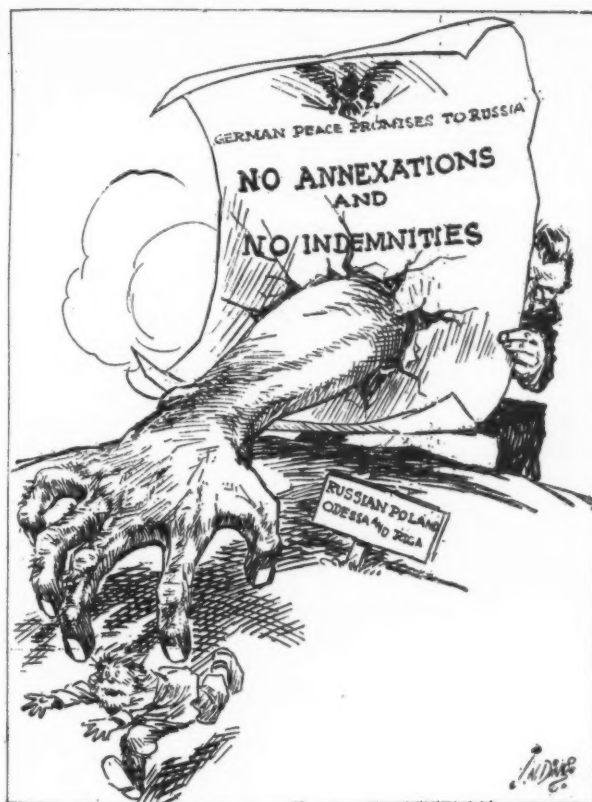
Lenin Defies the Socialist Forces of Scheidemann.

IN the course of the negotiations for a resumption of the unfortunate Stockholm conference, there occurred a difference of opinion between Lenin and Scheidemann which may have important consequences. The story, as reported in the *Humanité*, is that Trotzky and Lenin, not always a unit in policy, disagreed as to the minority and majority Socialists of Germany. Trotzky wanted to throw the weight of Bolshevik influence to the minority under Liebknecht and Haase. Lenin thought Scheidemann ought to be given a chance either to break with the imperialists in the Reichstag or to declare himself a proletarian internationalist of the Russian school. It ended in a mysterious trip to Stockholm by Scheidemann, during which he talked with Branting. When he got back to Berlin, Scheidemann began to talk in a fashion that made quotation of his remarks impossible in Germany, altho versions of what he said got abroad into Switzerland and Italy. In the Russian press the report is that Scheidemann has actually broken with the imperial government in Berlin. He sent Lenin, by way of Stockholm, an assurance that if the Imperial German government did not accept a peace with Petrograd upon a "no annexation" basis there would be a crash in Berlin. Here we have the explanation of Trotzky's confident attitude, says the *Giornale d'Italia*. There is another reason for the confidence of Lenin. He has his agents in all countries. There is scarcely a revolutionary movement in all Europe which does not in some fashion, direct or indirect, report to Lenin. He admits to his intimates that these agents of revolution abroad act "extra-legally." He may attach too much importance to what he learns from these sources; but the fact still remains that the Bolsheviks, or so the Italian organ thinks, have means of ascertaining what the proletariat in all lands are thinking and doing. When Lenin proclaims his belief that a great social revolution is imminent in Germany, his opinion is not to be dismissed lightly. The revolt of Scheidemann may be the first gun.



THE BREAKING POINT

—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World*



ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER

—Darling in N. Y. *Tribune*

The Alleged Despotic Practices of the Bolsheviks.

THE dealings of Lenin and his cabinet with the constituent assembly that is to frame Russia's republican constitution are represented in the western European press as starkly despotic. This is the only body emerging from a general election throughout the whole land. Lenin and his followers, says the *Paris Gaulois*, are afraid of the assembly because they do not control it. They are afraid the assembly will organize itself outside of the Bolshevik party and undertake an independent career as a law-making representative Congress. As the delegates came one by one into Petrograd Lenin had them shepherded and sounded. The result not being quite to his satisfaction, the Bolsheviks threatened to disperse the delegates, or at least to declare some seats vacant and have new elections held. These tales and others like them are affirmed in the Socialist organs abroad to be misrepresentations or misunderstandings. The Russian dailies controlled by the Bolsheviks insist that the "bourgeoisie," led by the Cadet party under Milyoukoff, prepared for the gathering of the constituent assembly by secretly organizing a counter-revolution. Korniloff, Kaledin and Dutoff in the Ural and Don regions raised the flag of civil war against the Soviets or councils of soldiers and workers. The *Pravda* (Petrograd) gives details to indicate that the Cadet party undertook to involve the Cossacks in a sanguinary adventure. In the Ural district the Cadet bourgeoisie is supporting the counter-revolutionary rebellion with money and stores. "Thus civil war has been declared directly on the initiative and by the direction of the Cadet party, which is uniting all the counter-

revolutionary elements in the country." This enterprise, "which directly menaces the question of peace and all the conquests of the revolution," is being conducted under the patronage and leadership of Milyoukoff's Cadets masquerading as delegations to the constituent assembly. These elements work behind closed doors, declares Lenin's organ, for they must hide until the moment of the success of their conspiracy.

Lenin's Vexation at the Conduct of the Cadets.

LENIN, it must be remembered, is officially president of a provisional government calling itself "the council of the people's commissaries." This body resolved that the constituent assembly should meet when four hundred delegates had reached the capital. The idea that Lenin does not want the delegates to meet and organize is, his organ says, "malicious calumny." It is like the rest of the stream of falsehood circulated in those reactionary western European organs which Lenin and his associates profess in the *Pravda* to despise. The bourgeoisie, it explains, could not wait patiently for the legitimate convocation of the people's

representatives. "Some dozen persons calling themselves deputies but not presenting their papers forced the doors of the Tauride palace with the aid of a few thousand bourgeois, bureaucrats and experts in sabotage." It was Milyoukoff's doing, we read, that Milyoukoff of whom all Petrograd is tired, the puffed-up professor, says the scornful newspaper, who posed as George Washington and is revealed as Tartuffe. He had those doors broken in for the sake of imparting aspects of legitimacy to the rising of the counter-revolutionaries. He wished to spread through the world an idea that the voices of a few bourgeois were the voices of the constituent assembly:

"The council of the commissaries notifies all the people of this conspiracy. All the conquests of the people, including a speedy peace, are at stake. The least irresolution on the part of the people may bring about a fall of the Soviets, the defeat of the question of peace, the collapse of reforms relating to land and a new autocracy of land owners and capitalists. The Cadets are a revolutionary and rebellious organization of the enemies of the people who produce. Cost what it may this revolt of the bourgeoisie will be suppressed."

Russia's reds appear to be giving the people the blues.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

The Cossacks, who were to do the rescue act for Russia, have become infected with the back-home feeling like the regular fellows.—Pittsburgh *Dispatch*.

It appears now that the original Maximalist was little Oliver Twist.—Boston *Herald*.

Uncle Sam recognizes the fact that there is a Bolshevik government in Russia, but he refuses to recognize it.—Deseret *Evening News*.

WHAT OF THE WORKERS WOUNDED IN WAR?

By WILLIAM C. GORGAS

Surgeon-General, United States Army

The restoration to working and social capability of American soldiers and sailors who are disabled in the war presents a problem the solution of which is of the gravest importance and concern to the nation. General Gorgas, in this article written for CURRENT OPINION, tells what the Government is doing to establish hospital and industrial training schools and to mobilize the industries with a view to meeting this swiftly approaching situation. Nearly a thousand members of the National Association of Manufacturers, representing great industries in every section of the country, are cooperating with the Government to grapple with this mighty task.—EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE immediate problem before the United States of America is the winning of the war. This means the loyal support and the willing cooperation of every citizen and a full appreciation of the necessity of pulling with the "team," doing what the duly-constituted authorities would like to have done regardless of individual wishes, desires or opinions. The war is bringing us at least one great blessing. It is making all classes work together; to know each other better and to appreciate each other's work and point of view. Recently at the dedication of a recreation hall at the National Army Camp, at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, the Bishop of Natchez said: "We will have to thank the Kaiser for one thing—the unity that he has brought about in the United States; Democrats and Republicans, Protestant, Catholic and Jew, North and South, have found that they have no important differences and are now working in close harmony."

With the winning of the war are many associated problems. One of the most difficult will be the treatment of the crippled soldier. The country will soon face the work of placing partially disabled soldiers back into civil life. We have come to realize that it is the

responsibility of the government which they have served to return them as near as possible to the point they would have reached had they not entered the military service. If possible, they should be put into better positions of employment. In many cases they will be. This will be the task of the doctors and the vocational education men.

The medical man is playing a larger part in this war than ever before. He is recognized as one of the many important factors in winning battles. Germany considers the loss of a doctor killed in the service equal to the loss of hundreds of soldiers. But the doctor's scope in this war is greater than the mere healing of wounds. He, assisted by specialists in trade and commercial education, must see that the soldier is made able to work and to be self-supporting.

This rehabilitating of injured soldiers and fitting them to become wage-earners probably will be accomplished through (first) the usual curative treatment, special and general; (second) suitable measures to bring the injured parts back into use; (third) occupational therapy, or bedside occupations of a useful and interesting character; (fourth) actual introduction into

a school or factory for the final vocational training. *During the entire period the patient is to remain under military control.*

General hospitals will be established in various parts of the United States. Upon the arrival of the patient, he will be treated by the best-known methods, under the direction of medical officers especially qualified in this work. While everything is being done to restore the injured parts to normal use, the process of instruction in trade, technical and agricultural education will also be begun. The details of this part of the treatment will vary, according to the nature of the injury. In general, the purpose is to teach the soldier how to use an artificial limb or to adjust himself to his injury.

Rehabilitation, to be thoroly successful, will begin in France at the time the wounded soldier first sits up in bed.

Further educational work will be started in the United States as soon as the men are placed in the hos-

pitals here. Present plans, however, contemplate that vocational training shall be begun in the hospitals, but that it shall be continued in existing schools, colleges and industrial plants. The Surgeon-General's Office is receiving splendid offers of cooperation from manufacturers, school authorities and others all over the country, who are willing and anxious to take into their plants or institutions these disabled men and place at their disposal all the facilities for reeducation that they have.

The men in the United States Army have been taken from all professions and occupations. Many of those injured will be able to go back to their old occupations without reeducation. Others can go after a little time. A large proportion of the army has been taken from agricultural pursuits. It is desirable that as many as possible return to farming. This will be very difficult to bring about if they have to return as mere farm laborers. Few farm owners and operators will feel that they can afford to employ a man with one arm or with one leg. They will feel that the great variety of farm operations necessarily performed by the farm laborer would make his employment unprofitable.

Homesteads On Public Lands for Disabled Soldiers.

THE disabled men must be given an opportunity to return to the land as farm owners. The other Allied nations are developing plans by which this may be accomplished. Canada is giving disabled and re-educated soldiers homesteads on public lands. It has been suggested that the United States Government purchase available farm lands in many different parts of the country in tracts of several hundred acres, divide them into suitable farms, provide the necessary permanent improvements and sell the farms to discharged soldiers under some long-term payment plan similar to the Danish "Small Holdings Act" or the Irish "Congested Districts Act." Under both of these, annual payments are made by the purchasers at the end of each year covering interest and a fixed amount on the principal. Usually no payment is required until the end of the third year. In the Irish plan "Agricultural Overseers" are employed for each group of approximately two hundred farmers. Their work is primarily of an advisory nature. If a similar plan were followed by the United States Government, such agricultural advisors would continue the agricultural education begun with the disabled soldiers in the hospitals. Under the Irish plan, the farmers are loaned Government money to purchase the necessary equipment, machinery and stock to begin farming. The United States Government can well afford to do this also.



AN ARMY DOCTOR WHO WILL PUT OUR DISABLED SOLDIERS BACK ON
THEIR FEET

Surgeon-General Gorgas faces one of the biggest tasks of the war in undertaking to reconstruct the victims of trench warfare and fit them to reenter the industrial ranks.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE BUSIEST MAN IN THE CABINET SHOULDERS A NEW AND GIGANTIC TASK

UPON the shoulders of one man in Washington has fallen a mantle of responsibility heavier in many respects than that which cloaks the President. To discharge efficiently the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank System, chairman of the Federal War Loan Board and chairman of the International High Commission, would seem to require a ten-man brain-power, nerve energy and physical endurance, as measured by ordinary standards. Add to them the duties now devolving upon Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo as Director-General of Railroads and, asserts the *New York Sun*, the result is "a twenty or a fifty-man-

power job which McAdoo has undertaken; an untried experiment, an unmeasured work of organization, of coordination, of application of special knowledge to countless problems of policy and detail involved in the unification, operation and financing of 257,000 miles of railroad for the period of the war. And the multitude of expert and loyal helpers at his command cannot take from his shoulders an ounce of the enormous load he has assumed in addition to his exacting functions as Secretary of the Treasury."

Secretary McAdoo, at the age of fifty-five, looks to Burton J. Hendrick rather young and inexperienced for gigantic responsibilities. He might be

Why Secretary McAdoo Has Been Given Command of all The American Railroads

mistaken for a man of forty. He is as tall and slender, says Hendrick, in the *World's Work*, as he was twenty years ago when he began to scheme and dream of connecting New York and New Jersey by tunnel under the Hudson. Advancing years have not written their traces in any enlargement of girth; his figure is "as lithe, as well held together, as erect and graceful as a girl's." The silken, dark brown hair is scantily touched with gray; the indentations in his face are not the wrinkles of years but the natural corrugations he has carried from boyhood. Furthermore, we read, his predominant trait is loveliness:

"As head of the tunnel company in New York, McAdoo had several thousand men under his control; his ideas of discipline were especially vigorous; yet he never had the slightest trouble with his employees. It was not until McAdoo appeared that the capacious New York traveling public ever entertained any sentiment but hatred for a transit magnate; yet everybody had a good word for McAdoo. Even when he increased his rate of fare from five to seven cents, his patrons seemed to enjoy paying the increased amount. This general attitude of affection is not necessarily based upon any surface characteristics. McAdoo has certain traits that, in other people, might occasionally offend. He is quick-tempered; he will fly into anger at a clerk who makes a mistake in a public document, and reprimand him in words more forcible than polite. His quickness and incisiveness of speech at times amount almost to curttness; he finds no pleasure, one may be sure, in associating with fools. His whole public life has shown that he is aggressive and even pugnacious. He entered into the full enjoyment of battle in his struggle against the transit monopolists of New York; he has expressed himself with a painful and undiplomatic directness in his differences with the great men of Wall Street. He never makes the slightest attempt to cultivate popularity. Yet there is a touch of genius in his personality which charms and disarms all critics. It is impossible to remain in his presence for a few minutes without realizing that one is face to face with an exceptional man. Nearly all who write upon McAdoo feel called upon to discover a physical resemblance to Lincoln. As a matter of fact, the only point of similarity is found in the eyes—deep, dark, indefinitely haunting and slightly melancholy. They suggest real kindness of heart, genuine loyalty to friends, sympathy, faithfulness to all the



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THE WAR HAS ADDED SEVERAL FEET TO HIS STATURE AS A STATESMAN
William Gibbs McAdoo, in addition to being Secretary of the Treasury, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank System, Chairman of the Federal War Loan Board and Chairman of the International High Commission, has tackled a ten-man-power job as Director-General of Railroads. He is being mentioned for the Presidency.

conventional relations of life, honesty and sincerity—in a word, the characteristics for which one human being instinctively loves another."

In addition to these less easily defined qualities, the Secretary of the Treasury has more outstanding traits. He is a master executive. He is capable of long periods of uninterrupted work, and has a tremendous capacity for detail. He displayed everywhere this latter quality when building his Hudson River tunnels; from the day he first conceived the idea his was the mind that directed all the operations; neither abstruse financial nor engineering problems had the slightest terrors for him.

"One day an enormous crowd collected in Church street, New York, with eyes upturned toward a dizzy spectre several hundred feet up in the air. A large steel girder attached to a chain was making an ascent to the twenty-second story of the Hudson Terminal Building, then in its skeleton stage. Standing on this girder, with hand clasping the chain, stood McAdoo. He was making a personal inspection of his building—the only way, as things then stood, in which he could do so. Slowly he made the ascent; once arrived at the top, he picked his way about the fragmentary floor, stepping gingerly from crossbeam to crossbeam—a single inadvertent move would have plunged him to the pavement below.

"You'd better take the hod elevator

down,' said the foreman; 'on the way down you're apt to get the "zoop."'

"What's that?"

"A drop that makes you feel like your stomach and nerves had fallen into your shoes."

"“Zoop” or no “zoop,”” said McAdoo, 'I'm going down the way I came up.' On the return trip he did not have the girder to stand on. He placed his foot in the hook at the end of the chain and gave the signal. One of the workmen joined McAdoo and threw his arm around him as a protection. 'You go ay-way from heah,' said McAdoo. He preferred to make the trip all alone and did so."

The fighting qualities of McAdoo are aptly illustrated by an incident which occurred at this period of his career. In New York transit circles he was an interloper, an upstart, a man who had arrogantly encroached upon territory long since preempted by Thomas F. Ryan, William C. Whitney, P. A. B. Widener, August Belmont and others.

"They decided to take the usual means to call him off, and so one day McAdoo was invited to lunch with Herbert H. Vreeland, president of the Metropolitan Street Railway.

"Well, what are we here for?" said Vreeland, after preliminary courtesies. 'I happen to be your guest,' replied McAdoo. 'I suppose you know why you wanted to meet me.'

"Yes," answered Vreeland. 'It's about your tunnel. How much will you sell the whole thing for?' In a few words McAdoo informed his friend that his com-

pany was not for sale at any price. Vreeland opened wide his eyes. 'Why, McAdoo,' he said, 'you don't suppose for a moment that we are going to let you build that tunnel, do you?'

"I didn't know you had anything to do about it," replied this innocent young lawyer from Tennessee. 'I will withdraw my application to the Rapid Transit Commission and present it to the Metropolitan Street Railway.'

"Oh, I don't quite mean that," said Vreeland. 'Only no one we have ever opposed has yet succeeded in building a railroad in this town.' McAdoo rose abruptly from the half-eaten luncheon. 'We'll prove your rule by becoming the exception,' he declared. 'I am going to build that line, Vreeland, whether you people like it or not.' And he did, the only after the strongest opposition."

Prior to his advent in the Treasury Department, banks all over the country, especially the large banks in New York, had had free use of many millions of government deposits for many years. In less than a generation, McAdoo figured, the government had lost \$33,000,000; the thing was not only bad morals, it was bad business. There seemed no reason why these banks should not pay interest on government deposits; they paid interest on deposits made by other governments. He got busy, and as a result of this single act has been saving the American people more than \$1,000,000 a year—an operation as simple as finding money.

LENIN: THE MAN OF MANY MYSTERIES IN THE PLOTTING AT PETROGRAD

LENIN is no Jew. Not a drop of Hebrew blood is discoverable in his ancestry for generations, if the personal history of the man be told truthfully in the *Rome Avanti*. That Socialist organ is his eulogist, of course, its impressions of a mild, spiritualized and magnetic Lenin contrasting vividly with the subtle villain incarnate to the London *Post* in this same Vladimir Ulianoff Lenin. This man from nowhere, as the British organ calls him, has as many biographies as he has names. He has been plain Ulianoff, Zederbaum, Rudovitch, Gratschky. His homes have been all over the continent of Europe. Nevertheless, says the organ of Italian Socialism, Lenin—his rightful name, the Ulianoff hyphenated with Lenin in some signatures being a tribute to his mother—is a true Russian, the son of a man banished in his time for his political opinions. Lenin's brother was executed for treason in the old Romanoff days.

Lenin himself, in the character sketches published abroad, appears to have been born in or near Moscow for-

ty-five years ago, being a trifle older than Trotsky. Lenin, like Trotsky, got part of his education at the great university in Odessa. Trotsky and Lenin—by no means in such accord as recent despatches suggest—are as the poles apart in aspect. Lenin on the maternal side inherits the melancholy and reserve of the "Great Russian" stock from which his mother sprang. She transmitted to Lenin, the *Avanti* says, his vigorous frame, his broad shoulders, his brown hair, light in youth and now reenforced with a beard worn long. The steel-dark-blue of the eye, the width of the brow and the repose of manner lend Lenin off the platform the blinking gravity of the traditional German professorial type, particularly since he took to the occasional wearing of horned spectacles. He is unlike Bolsheviki in general in his habit of carrying a light cane. In his bigness—lacking fat—Lenin impresses all as fine-looking. The chin, now masked by the beard, is strong and the jaw firm with a pronounced Adam's apple. Lenin looks well in a beard, but he has gone as shaven as a priest, espe-

He is Much More of a Fine Gentleman Than Some Suspect

cially when in flight from the old spy police.

Lenin's capacity to influence the young, especially those of generous instincts and intellectual keenness, is conceded by the European newspaper correspondents who draw such hostile portraits of him in the *Paris Temps* and the London *Times*. Krylenko, the luckless Bolshevik commander, is a conspicuous example. From the time he appeared at the university in Petrograd until he went over to the Bolsheviki, Krylenko swore by Lenin. So did Zinovieff, another scion of an old house, flighty and fantastic, heir to a great landed property and now a convert to "the ideas." So did Tetcher, the unhappy man put in prison by the English when he appeared in London as "Ambassador" from the Bolsheviki. He is the son of a former Mayor of Moscow, wealthy in his own right, educated, a bureaucrat with a bright future; but Lenin made him a revolutionary. This strange capacity of Lenin's to throw the spell of his own magnetism over the ardent souls of inexperienced idealists is one source

of his power. The *Avanti* must go for a parallel as far back as Socrates, who was charged with corrupting the youth of his native city just as Lenin was held responsible, ten years before the war, when a brilliant student in the military academy horrified a rich and prominent family by throwing up his commission in the army and joining the revolutionists.

It is predicted by the knowing that Lenin will disappear as mysteriously as he arose. He has a genius for disappearance, turning up in out of the way places in Galicia, in Switzerland, in San Remo, in Portugal. He lives under an assumed name upon a revenue said by his foes to come from the Germans; but his friends point to the fortune left him by a wealthy lady not so many years ago. The wife of Lenin is said to have been an heiress. His followers would see that he did not starve and they have money sometimes. That was shown when the enthusiastic Krylenko followed Lenin in his banishment to Galicia. When in exile Lenin, according to the European journals, settles down in a little house in the country with his wife and his one servant. In no long time he gathers a library of revolutionary literature around him.



THE CHARACTER KNOWN IN EUROPE
AS "THE" BOLSHEVIK

Some biographers say that Vladimir Ulianoff Lenin, otherwise Nikolai Lenin, was born in Moscow, where his youth was passed and where his father was a well-known priest of the orthodox church. He first met Trotsky, it seems, while both were Siberian exiles. In some pictures Lenin has only a chin beard and looks bald.

Pen, ink and paper provide him with materials for the improvisation of a code. He has become so skilled in this specialty, says the Paris *Gaulois*, that the most innocent letter imaginable from his pen, asking about the welfare of some dear friend in Moscow, may conceal information of a vital nature with reference to the latest conspiracy. Lenin takes good care not to attract the attention of the neighbors. He is in appearance a simple German, engaged in teaching his native tongue to pupils from Lemberg or Cracow. At Zakopane, in Galicia, he went about in a black velvet coat, occasionally followed by a dog. Lenin is very fond of animals and he is a great foe of vivisection, about which he has written more than one article in the radical press of Europe. One fact confirming the impression that he is German is his fondness for sausage, which he took cold at Zakopane, washing the links down with the beer of the district. He moved into Lemberg one winter and gave a series of lectures on Karl Marx. In warm weather he prefers the country. He has a little garden back of the house in which he lives, whenever possible, for the sake of the Mendelian experiments with peas and beans to which he is devoted. One night the Austrian police raided a back garden of Lenin's and unearthed a box of compromising documents where the vegetables were growing experimentally.

When Lenin becomes fairly comfortable in a place of exile he is an active contributor to revolutionary sheets of every shade of opinion. His motto was the familiar one: "Toilers of all lands, unite!" His doctrine was that the workers must seize power and hold it against the world in arms. He sympathized with the policy of repudiating all debts once the government fell into proletarian hands. He championed the view that no Socialist state should enforce a contract between private individuals. This, he contended, would bring the capitalist civilization in ruins to the ground and build a foundation for the new order. These doctrines circulated in many countries in pamphlet form. Lenin writes a clear, cold style in three languages. There is not the slightest suggestion of his platform manner in his balanced and sometimes dry prose, unrelieved by metaphor, but full of illustrative anecdote. He has a remarkable grasp of revolutionary Socialism, concedes the hostile London *Post*. He draws a wealth of illustration from history to prove the feasibility of revolution; but his arguments are usually driven home by analogies drawn from science. While a student at the Petrograd University, where Krylenko and Techicherin fell under his influence, he excelled in the work of the biological

laboratory, but Lenin took no regular course of any kind. He would wander from one seat of learning to another and organize the student rebellions which several years ago were such a feature of Russian intellectual life. Some of his followers at this period of Lenin's career included the sons of men in the diplomatic service as well as descendants of the most ancient national heroes.

On the platform, facing an audience of soldiers and peasants, the slow Lenin is to the French observer a transformed man. With eyes of lighting, a tongue of flame and words that burn, he talks of the enemy. There is a whole Lenin vocabulary, our contemporary notes, by which the follower of Lenin can be detected as he talks. By "the enemy" Lenin means the bourgeois. By "emancipation" he means the abolition of production for private profit, the end of "affaires," as the French say, or "business," as the Anglo-Saxons put it. Lenin has very little use for the Anglo-Saxon race because, as he contends, it set the example of commercialism, which Germany followed in the last century. The only remedy economically is Marxian. In the political sphere there must be direct law-making by the people and direct elections even of the highest army officers. In impressing these views upon an audience, Lenin, we read, begins in an unexpectedly pleasing voice, loud and clear as a bell, earnest in tone. He uses very simple words always. He saws the air with a forefinger at first; but as he proceeds he suggests the leader of a French orchestra, so numerous are his gestures, so easy his bendings from the waist. In the excitement of the peroration he runs his hands over his big head and chin. He promises land in the name of the revolution, bread in the name of the revolution, boots and shoes in the name of the revolution. His best oratorical effect results from a sardonic laugh at the expense of capitalistic government.

A favorite idea with Lenin, frequently advanced in his Petrograd career, is that there are too many old men in positions of supreme responsibility. His most dramatic effect before the council of soldiers and workers was won in a crisis on a vote that might have overthrown him. He bade the delegates in thunder tones to look into the first mirror they saw. The faces reflected would be those of young men. What, on the other hand, would be the color of the hair of the rulers opposed to the great social revolution? Gray. The revolution is youth, hope, the future. Against it are ranged the gray-haired rulers of men without ideals. "Will you have an old men's war or a young men's peace?" The hit was immense.

A MASTER BUILDER WHO SUPPLIES UNCLE SAM WITH 12 MOTOR TRUCKS AN HOUR

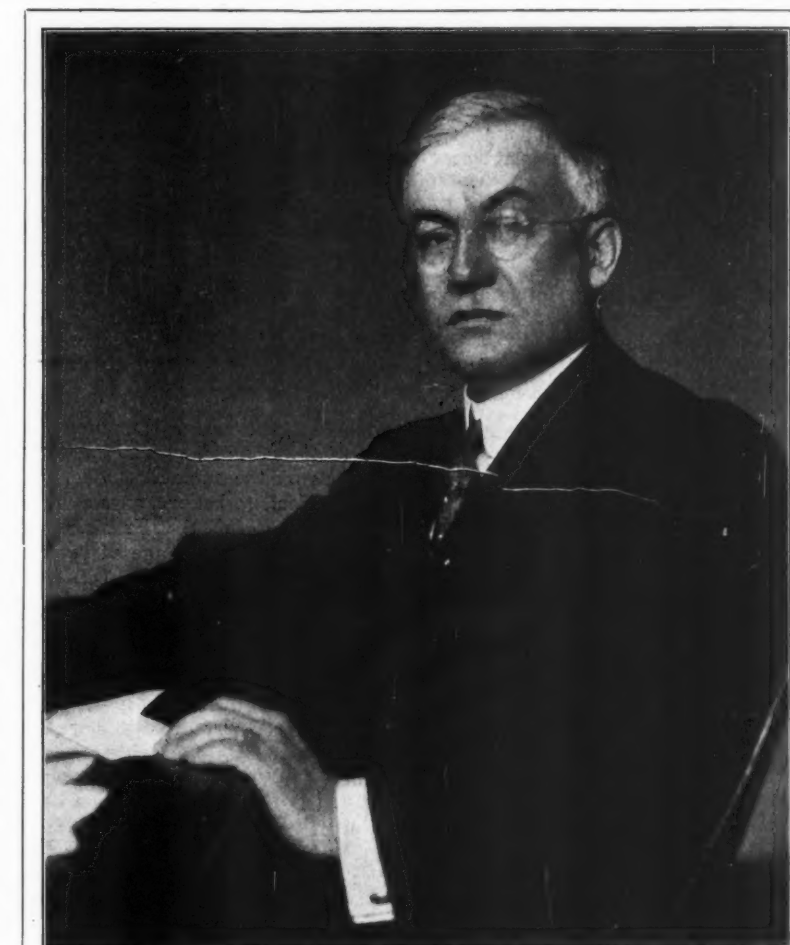
His Name is Christian Girl and Eleven Years Ago He was a Postman in Cleveland

SECRETARY BAKER wired an ex-postman—a man who carried the tan bag on the streets of Cleveland for eight years—to come to Washington. "Can you see to it that the army gets all the motor trucks it can use?" asked the Secretary of War. "Yes," replied the ex-postman (who, incidentally, had also been a minister of the gospel, a street sweeper and driver of a milk wagon); "but I won't do any work myself."

That was last August. In forty-eight hours he had wound up his personal affairs and within ten days had founded an office and a nation-wide organization. Through this organization the U. S. Army is now getting three-ton motor trucks at the rate of a dozen an hour. The name of the former postman is Christian Girl—an unforgettable name. It is the name of a man, we read, who does the seemingly impossible in a quiet, sane, eminently possible way. Developing a perfect hailstorm of motor trucks is only an incident in his career. Samuel Crowther, a writer in *Leslie's*, reviews it as the career of one of the "men who are winning the war," and tells us furthermore that Christian Girl, tho a postman only eleven years ago, is now, at forty-two, the head of a \$35,000,000 enterprise of his own creation, and is rich beyond further desire. Add to this that his health has always been frail, that he cares nothing for money, does not measure success in terms of dollars and hopes to die poor, and you have in epitome a career that surpasses any Horatio Alger ever could have conceived.

In choosing another right-hand man to help win the war, Secretary Baker, we are assured, was not engaged in guesswork. He first asked the motor car men whom they would recommend for the job; and they unanimously selected Girl as the one who could best keep all of them in line and working to capacity. Nevertheless this sketch in *Leslie's* is the first of him that has ever been written. Apropos of his labor-shirking reply to the Secretary of War, we are told that his aversion to hard work is a business policy and not a personal disposition—it is "a faculty cultivated after many years of as hard work as any human being ever went through." For:

"He came up through every stage of manual labor. His parents were of German descent and settled near Elkhart, Indiana, where Christian was born in 1875. They baptized him 'Christian' because they were religious people and no one in the community found the combination of Christian and Girl in the least



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HE "HATES TO WORK," BUT NEVERTHELESS IS WORKING WONDERS FOR THE GOVERNMENT

Christian Girl, ex-postman and preacher, has given up the direction of his \$35,000,000 business in order to show the War Department how to get motor cars for the army in record time.

out of the way; many of the older Christians had precious little humor at the best and none at all when it came to designating their children. The boy was decidedly delicate. Being frail, he took to study and at eighteen was ordained in the Methodist Church as a preacher. . . . Two years of the cloth convinced Girl that he would rather do something else than preach; besides, his eyes, never strong, had been injured in his avid reading and they as well as his general health began to fail."

So the young parson went to Cleveland. He had no money and needed a job quickly. He found one carrying water at a dollar a day to the workers on an office building. That job did not last long and soon he was up against it again. In his own words:

"I had the choice of four routes—to beg, steal, starve or work. And I may say that the chance of starving was rather better than that of working. The year 1896 was one of wide unemployment. For a time I was a street sweeper, then

drove a laundry wagon. The boss and I had different ideas of how a horse should be treated and at the end of the first week he handed me my wages of six dollars and remarked that he thought he could go on very well without me. The next three months found me as a coachman at \$10 a month and board—working for a man who is now one of my honored business friends. The winter found me out of work again."

Having no special training of any kind, only the rough jobs were open to the young man. He had no qualifications for the fancy places. Knowing horses well, he sought around the stables for anything that might be offered. He met with a wholesale milkman who needed a driver. The wage at the beginning was \$7, but gradually it went up to \$9 because Girl, so the boss said, was the best driver he had ever had. Having more than milk-wagon ambitions, however, he was always on the lookout for something better. Learning that one

might become a postman by passing an examination, he took the first test that offered and was appointed a substitute. Later he became a full postman. Even then:

"I had no intention of remaining a postman. In fact I think few of the men who entered about my time had any idea that they would always carry mail. But they soon became afraid to take a step into the unknown. That is what keeps men back—the fear of taking a chance.

The chance to work in steel came in the person of one McIntyre—a carriage-spring maker who had de-

vised a spring for automobiles. Girl had \$100 in cash; his partner had no money. They spent \$50 in incorporation fees for the Perfection Spring Company, which in ten years grew into what is now the Standard Parts Company, with thirteen plants and a \$35,000,000 capitalization.

Rather slight, of average height, with tired eyes and just a suggestion of languor, Girl, we are told, is not physically compelling. But "he has great personal force and charm; he talks slowly, easily, with a certain diffidence, and, before you know it,

you believe in him. It is exactly that quiet, soothingly-convincing manner that carried his company and his associates through stormy years to success." Supplying Uncle Sam with twelve motor trucks an hour, he has only one car himself, which he uses mainly in going to and from his office. We are led to conclude that the man is a dreamer, an idealist in the business world; and the fact that his ideals have been profitable interests him only because he would doubt their soundness were it not possible to take them into the world of work.

VON PAYER: THE STATESMAN WHO HAS BEEN A Radical Leader TOLD TO MAKE GERMANY DEMOCRATIC Who is Reshaping the German Constitution

THE recent appointment of Herr Friedrich von Payer to the Bundesrat caused a political sensation throughout Germany. He had but a little while before been given the office of Vice-Chancellor, a concession to the progressive element in the Reichstag, from which the Junkers, as the radical *Frankfurter Zeitung* understands this episode, long rebelled. Payer is the incorrigible democrat of German parliamentary life. He has all the distinctions which, to the Socialist *Vorwärts*, make a public character distasteful. He is a professor. He is a lawyer. He is a politician of the opportunist school. He is a survivor of the Bismarckian era. He is bourgeois. Nor is he less undesirable to the organ of the court party, the monarchist *Kreuz-Zeitung*. He said indiscreet things on the subject of militarism in his younger days as a member of the lower branch of the Württemberg diet, over which he long presided. In the Reichstag he larded his many speeches with quotations from Gladstone. He mentioned authorities new and strange—Jefferson and Lincoln. The allusions were not relished in those days; but now, when democracy is in the air, they help. Friedrich von Payer is deemed one of the high authorities upon American political history, which he studied in the pages of von Holst. He dared to defend the American constitutional system in the debates with which the Reichstag ushered in the chancellorship of the poor Michaelis.

Von Payer, the French dailies suspect, will make trouble in the Bundesrat. He has objected in public to the practice which makes its members mere automatons voting in a solid block at the order of the government represented by the individual. He would abolish the rule which casts the vote of a delegation as a unit. His entry into the Bundesrat, to those who have any insight into German imperial officialdom, observes the *Figaro*, was eloquent

in itself. Some vast subterranean upheaval had occurred, sure to have consequences on the surface.

It is difficult to believe, says a writer in the *London Mail*, that Friedrich von Payer has attained the age of seventy. The long, carefully-trimmed beard has scarcely a gray line. The face is unseamed, the forehead high and smooth, the hair well combed, the figure tall and strapping. These effects must be due to a constitutional vigor, seeing that von Payer served but a short time in the army, making the great campaign against France as a young man in the early twenties. He comes of an old professorial dynasty, as the German pedagogs say, and studied theology at Blaubeuren, going later to Tübingen. He specialized in the theology of Luther and seemed destined for the pulpit until he met the lovely Alwine Schöninger. The romance was pretty, involving rich and stern parents who wanted no child of theirs immured in a country hovel among mountains while the father of the growing family dragged out a wretched poverty as a mendicant pastor. Payer gave up his theology with a sigh and turned to the law. He was an object of suspicion even then with his liberal views, his bold defense of advanced ideas, especially of universal suffrage.

Not long after the completion of his examination and probationary periods, Friedrich von Payer, as the *London organ* has it, was famous as a defender of criminals. He earned immense fees, principally from the wealthy accused of violations of criminal law. His celebrated cases include, according to a French account, the young lady who murdered one of her sisters and married the grieving fiancé to console him. He has saved bankrupt financiers from prison. He understands the "crime of passion" and he has defended a widow accused of poisoning her husband. These experiences, says the *London Mail*, admirably qualify him for his new task of defending the Hohen-

zollerns at the great bar of mankind.

As an advocate and as a deputy, Payer is impressive. He has distinction of manner. He is a wonderfully good-looking man, with a caressing voice and a capacity for treating everyone with profound respect. In his home, in the Olgastrasse, von Payer went out of his way to entertain visiting Americans. Nothing made him happier than a visit from a distinguished American lawyer. The greatest living German democrat is a great admirer of the American bar, of its procedure, its learning, its respect for the constitutional. In a lecture before his professional brethren, von Payer once urged the introduction into Germany of the federal judiciary system with such modifications as his country's institutions necessitate.

Those who look at von Payer from the German standpoint alone accuse him of a lack of leadership. Under his sway, the progressive group in the Reichstag has become a devitalized, supernumerary clique, representing highly respectable constituencies of the rotten-boro order, profiting from the gerrymander of an outworn law. This is the burden of the complaints against him in the *Vorwärts*. He is correct in the legal sense, but dried out, mummified, a splendid old man of the last century, wonderfully well preserved—that is all. His stock phrases indicate as much, such as, "let us proceed with due regard for precedent and order." He learns his speeches by rote, even to the figures, and delivers them beautifully, like a boy speaking a piece in school. He is out of his element in the rough and tumble of debate; but he is without an equal in trapping a witness into contradictions.

As a member of the Reichstag, in which he has sat for the past twenty-seven years, von Payer set his face against duelling in the army. Students of German life, observes the French daily, need not be reminded of the courage this implies.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"WHY MARRY?"—A SEARCHING SATIRE OF AMERICAN MARRIAGE

PERHAPS the most intelligent and searching satire on social institutions ever written by an American—such is the verdict of the *New York Times* on Jesse Lynch Williams's comedy entitled "Why Marry?" which, under the direction of the Selwyns, has recently found its way to the New York stage. Presented by a brilliant cast headed by Nat Goodwin, this iconoclastic comedy has taught the metropolitan critics that Shaw is not the only dramatist who can amuse modern audiences with philosophic satire or rivet the attention by the brilliance of closely-woven and well-patterned dialog. Altho Mr. Williams's comedy was first published* in 1914 by Charles Scribner's Sons (to whom we are indebted for our excerpts), it has taken no less than three years to find its way to the American stage.

"Why Marry?" recalls Shaw's "Getting Married." But, as the *N. Y. Evening Post* points out, the spirit of the attack is different and the atmosphere is as American as that of Mr. Shaw's play was British. It depends largely upon lively discussion for its dramatic interest, tho it is not devoid of plot or intense moments. The scene is the terrace of a country-house "not far away"; the time, a "September week-end" not long ago. Our interest centers about the sister of the proprietor, a modern young woman of the most "advanced" ideas. She is "interested in" a young scientist eminent in the type of work conducted by such establishments as the Rockefeller Institute. This Ernest has discovered a serum to save babies. Helen has helped him. But in the eyes of John, her brother, "who thinks it is womanly for women to be as men want them to be," and of Lucy, his "old-fashioned wife," these two young people, for financial and social reasons, should not wed. The situation is emphasized by the engagement of a younger sister, Jean, to Rex Baker, an ill-matched but approved union.

Then there is Uncle Everett, a distinguished jurist, who approves of divorce, and Cousin Theodore, a happily married clergyman. We are soon permitted to overhear the genially satirical views of Uncle Everett on the subject

of marriage and divorce. His wife, Aunt Julia, after twenty-five years of marriage, has gone to Reno to obtain a divorce: "Why, why do you want a divorce?" he is asked:

JOHN. (*Like a practical business man.*) But if there's no other woman, no other man—what's it all about?

JUDGE. She likes her beefsteak well done; I like mine underdone. She likes one window open—about so much (*indicates four inches*); I like all the windows open wide! She likes to stay at home; I like to travel. She loves the opera and hates the theater; I love the theater and hate the opera.

THEODORE. Stop! aren't you willing to make a few little sacrifices for each other? Haven't you character enough for that?

JUDGE. We've been making sacrifices for twenty-five years, a quarter of a century! Character enough to last us now . . . Why, I remember the first dinner we had together after we were pronounced man and wife, with a full choral service and a great many expensive flowers—quite a smart wedding, Lucy, for those simple days. "Darling," I asked my blushing bride, "do you like tutti-frutti ice-cream?" "I adore it, dearest," she murmured. I hated it, but

Jesse Lynch Williams's Brilliant Comedy Finally Finds its Way to the New York Stage

nobly sacrificed myself and gave her tutti-frutti and gained character every evening of our honeymoon! Then when we got back and began our "new life" together in our "little home," my darling gave me tutti-frutti and indigestion once a week until I nearly died!

LUCY. But why didn't you tell her?

JUDGE. I did; I did. Got chronic dyspepsia and struck! "You may adore this stuff, darling," I said, "but I hate it." "So do I, dearest," says she. "Then why in thunder have you had it all these years, sweetheart?" "For your sake, beloved!" And that tells the whole story of our married life. We have nothing in common but a love of divorce and a mutual abhorrence of tutti-frutti. "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one!" It has been the dream of our lives to get apart, and each has nobly refrained for the other's sake. And all in vain!

JOHN. Bah! All a cloak to hide his real motive. And he knows it!

JUDGE. (*After a painful pause.*) I may as well confess. (*Looks around to see if overheard. Whispers.*) For over twenty years I—I have broken my marriage vow! (*Lucy drops her eyes. Theodore aghast. John wags head.*) So has your Aunt Julia!

THEODORE. No! not that!



THOSE TELEGRAMS FROM RENO

Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin plays the rôle of a distinguished judge whose wife has gone to Reno, after twenty-five years of married life, to obtain a divorce. Uncle Everett reads to the family her telegrams of endearment, and no court of law can separate the two.

*AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED. A comedy of The New Woman, by Jesse Lynch Williams. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

JUDGE. Well, we solemnly promised to love each other until death did us part. We have broken that sacred vow! I don't love *her*; she doesn't love *me*—not in the least!

Soon the conversation turns to a discussion of Helen's love for Ernest Hamilton, the brilliant young scientist of the Baker Institute. Her brother John is opposed to Helen's wasting her beauty on a bacteriologist. Besides, he is practically penniless:

THEODORE. See here, John, Ernest Hamilton is the biggest thing you've got in the Baker Institute! One of the loveliest fellows in the world, too, and if you expect me—why did you ask us here, anyway?

JUDGE. Far as I can make out, we're here to help one of John's sisters marry a man she doesn't love and prevent the other from marrying the man she does.

JOHN. Oh, look here: I've nothing against young Hamilton. . . . I like him—proud of all he's done for the institute. Why, Mr. Baker is tickled to death about the Hamilton antitoxin. But, Theodore, this is a practical world. Your scientific friend gets just three thousand dollars a year!

JUDGE. Well, why not give the young man a raise?

JOHN. Oh, that's not a bad salary for scientists, college professors, and that sort of thing. Why, even the head of the institute himself gets less than the superintendent of my mills. No future in science.

JUDGE. Perfectly practical, Theodore. The superintendent of John's mills saves the company thousands of dollars. These bacteriologists merely save the nation thousands of babies. All our laws, written and unwritten, value private property above human life. I'm, a distinguished jurist and I always render my decisions accordingly. I'd be reversed by the United States Supreme Court if I didn't. We're all rewarded in inverse ratio to our usefulness to society, Theodore. That's why "practical men" think changes are "dangerous."

JOHN. Muck-raker!

JUDGE. It's all on a sliding scale, John. For keeping up the cost of living you and old man Baker get . . . (*Stretches arms out full length.*) Heaven only knows how much. For saving the Constitution I get . . . a good deal. (*Hands three feet apart.*) For saving in wages and operating expenses your superintendent gets so much. (*Hands two feet apart.*) For saving human life Ernest Hamilton gets that. (*Hands six inches apart.*) For saving immortal souls Theodore gets—(*Holds up two forefingers an inch apart.*) Now, if any one came along and saved the world—

THEODORE. (*Interrupts.*) They crucified Him.

While the family group is in the midst of this conference on Helen's love affair, the young woman herself appears and creates consternation by her announcement that she does not believe in the current institution of marriage. Doctor Hamilton's salary, she points out, is only enough to meet

his expenses. "The most selfish thing a girl can do," she stoutly declares, "is to marry a poor man." Finally, unable to conceal her emotion under the concerted family nagging, she breaks down: "Oh! Why can't they let me alone!" she cries. "They make what ought to be the holiest and most beautiful thing in life the most horrible and dishonest. They make me hate marriage—hate it!"

Soon Dr. Hamilton himself arrives. He is under the impression that Helen is still in Paris, and he meets the members of the family not knowing she is in the house:

JOHN. Doctor Hamilton, America kills its big men with routine. You are too valuable to the nation to lose—the trustees think you need a year abroad.

ERNEST. That's strange, I came out here to suggest that very thing. . . . Somebody has been saying kind things about me in Paris. Just had a letter from the great Metchnikoff—wants me to come over and work in the Pasteur! Chance of a lifetime! . . . You didn't have to jolly me up to consent to that!

JOHN. (*Pacing terrace with his guest, arm in arm.*) By the by, my sister is rather keen on science.

ERNEST. Best assistant I ever had. You can pile an awful lot of routine on a woman. The female of the species is more faithful than the male. . . . She's over there already. We can get right to work.

JOHN. She'll be back before you start.

ERNEST. (*Stops short.*) I didn't know that. . . . Well, what is it?

They try to explain to the excited lover that Helen cannot compromise herself by going to Paris as his assistant. He is infuriated. "It's curious," he challenges them, "but when working with women of ability one learns to respect them so much that one quite loses the habit of insulting them. Too bad how new conditions spoil fine old customs!" But of course the lovers do finally meet. Hamilton has decided to go to Paris and to leave his New York laboratory under Helen's charge:

HELEN. (*With growing scorn.*) Oh! You are all alike. You pile work upon me until I nearly drop, you play upon my interest, my sympathy—you get all you can out of me—my youth, my strength, my best! And then, just as I, too, have a chance to arrive in my profession, you, of all men, throw me over! I hate men. I hate you!

ERNEST. And I love you! (*They stare at each other in silence, the moonlight flooding Helen's face, the music coming clear.*)

HELEN. (*In an awed whisper, stepping back slowly.*) I've done it! I've done it! I knew I'd do it!

ERNEST. No. I did it. Forgive me. I had to do it.

HELEN. Oh, and this spoils everything!

ERNEST. (*Comes closer.*) No! It glorifies everything! (*He breaks loose.*) I have loved you from the first day you came and looked up at me for orders.

I didn't want you there; I didn't want any woman there. I tried to tire you out with overwork but couldn't. I tried to drive you out by rudeness, but you stayed. And that made me love you more. Oh, I love you! I love you! I love you!

HELEN. Don't; oh, don't love me!

ERNEST. (*Still closer.*) Why, I never knew there could be women like you. I thought women were merely something to be wanted and worshipped, petted and patronized. But now—why, I love everything about you: your wonderful, brave eyes that face the naked facts of life and are not ashamed; those beautiful hands that toiled so long, so well, so close to mine and not afraid, not afraid!

HELEN. You mustn't! I am afraid now! I made you say it. (*Smiling and crying.*) I have always wanted to make you say it. I have always sworn you shouldn't.

ERNEST. (*Pained.*) Because you cannot trust me, you fear me?

HELEN. Because I love you!

ERNEST. (*Overwhelmed.*) You—love—me! (*He takes her in his arms, a silent embrace with only the bland blasé moon looking on.*)

HELEN. It is because, I love you that I didn't want you to say it—only I did. It is because I love you that I went abroad—to stay, only I couldn't! I couldn't stay away! (*She holds his face in her hands.*) Oh, do you know how I love you? No! . . . you're only a man!

ERNEST. (*Kissing her rapturously.*) Every day there in the laboratory, when you in your apron—that dear apron which I stole from your locker when you left me—when you asked for orders—did you know that I wanted to say: "Love me!" Every day when you took up your work, did you never guess that I wanted to take you up in my arms?

HELEN. (*Smiling up into his face.*) Why didn't you?

ERNEST. Thank God I didn't! For while we worked there together I came to know you as few men ever know the women they desire. Woman can be more than sex, as man is more than sex. And all this makes man and woman not less but more overwhelmingly desirable and necessary to each other, and makes both things last—not for a few years, but forever! (*Sound of voices approaching from the garden. The lovers separate. It is Jean and Rex, Rex laughing, Jean dodging until caught and kissed.*)

JEAN. No, no—it's time to dress. . . . Be good, Rex—don't! (*Without seeing Helen and Ernest, they disappear into the house. Helen is suddenly changed, as if awakened from a spell of enchantment.*)

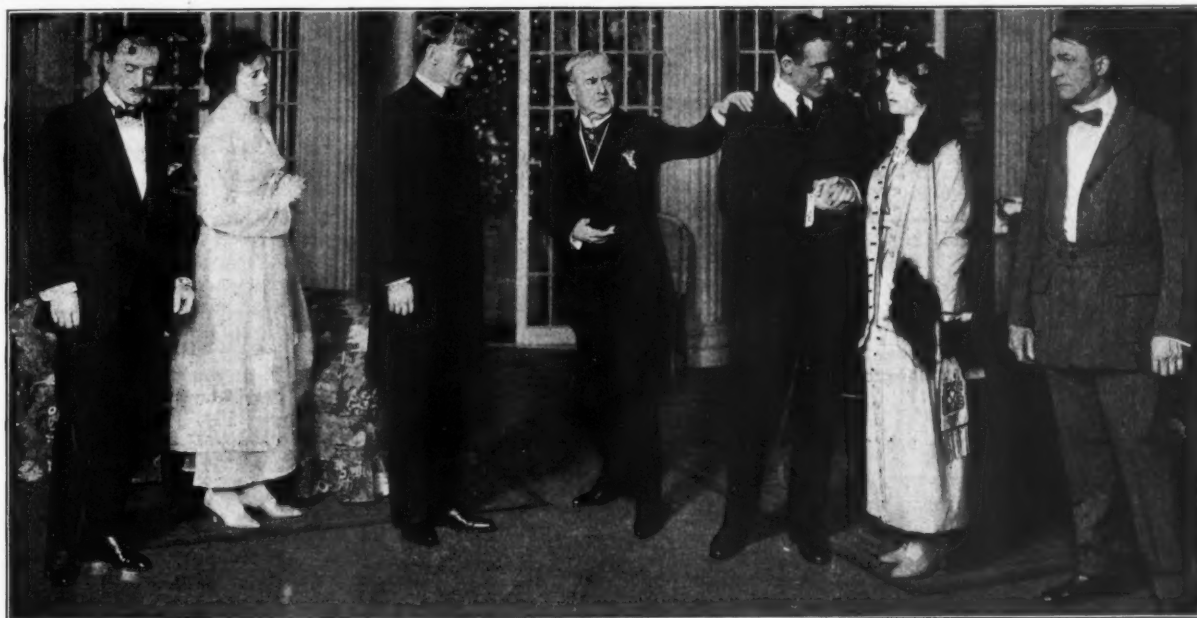
HELEN. What have we done! This is all moonlight and madness. To-morrow comes the clear light of day.

ERNEST. Ah, but we'll love each other to-morrow!

HELEN. But we cannot marry—then or any other to-morrow.

ERNEST. Can't? What nonsense!

HELEN. (*Shaking her head and restraining him.*) I have slaved for you all these months—not because I wanted to win you from your work but to help you in it. And now—after all—shall I destroy you? No! No!



"I DO NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!"

Here is one of the most amusing and amazing marriages ever portrayed in the drama. While protesting vehemently against marriage, Helen and Ernest actually and solemnly declare themselves man and wife.

ERNEST. I love you—you love me—nothing else matters.

HELEN. Everything else matters. I'm not a little débutante to be persuaded that I am needed because I am wanted! I haven't played with you; I have worked with you, and I know! Think of Theodore! Think of Lucy! And now poor little Jean. Marry you? Never!

ERNEST. You mean your career?

HELEN. (With supreme scorn.) My career? No! yours—always yours!

ERNEST. (With the same scorn and a snap of the fingers.) Then that for my career. I'll go back into private practice and make a million.

HELEN. That's just what I said you'd do. Just what you must not do! Your work is needed by the world.

ERNEST. (Wooing.) You are my world and I need you. . . . But there is no love without marriage, no marriage without money. . . . We can take it or leave it. Can we leave it? No! I can't—you can't! Come! (She steps back slowly.) Why should we sacrifice the best! Come!

HELEN. So this is what marriage means! Then I cannot marry you, Ernest!

ERNEST. You cannot do without me, Helen! (Holds out his arms.) Come! You have been in my arms once. You and I can never forget that now. We can never go back now. It's all—or nothing now. Come! (She is struggling against her passion. He stands still, with arms held out.) I shall not woo you against your will, but you are coming to me! Because, by all the powers of earth and heaven, you are mine and I am yours! Come!

(Like a homing pigeon she darts into his arms with a gasp of joy. A rapturous embrace in silence with the moonlight streaming down upon them. The music has stopped.)

The second act takes place the

following morning. We get glimpses of the scamy side of the conventional "happy" marriage, sidelights of hypocrisy in the ordinary marital relations in fashionable homes. The family, forced to make the best of circumstances they cannot control, is resigned practically to the business of announcing Helen's engagement to Dr. Hamilton. But again the views of this "new" woman prove a stumbling-block. She has had time to think things over. She has decided against the marriage ceremony, against setting up house-keeping. She wants to be Ernest's companion. She explains her decision.

HELEN. Why, think what would happen to an eager intellect like Ernest Hamilton's if he had to come back to a narrow-minded apartment or a dreary suburb every evening and eat morbid meals opposite a housewife regaling him with the social ambitions of the other commuters. Ugh! It has ruined enough brilliant men already. (Judge restrains Theodore and others who want to interrupt.) Now at the University Club he dines, at slight expense compared with keeping up a home, upon the best food in the city with some of the best scientists in the country. . . . Marriage would divorce him from all that, would transplant him from an atmosphere of ideas into an atmosphere of worries. We should be forced into the same deadly ruts as the rest of you, uncle. Do you want me to destroy a great career, Theodore?

But of course things cannot remain thus. There are innumerable objections. A scandal is brewing. Ernest, who appears on the scene after a visit to the morning service at church, is quite reconciled to marriage. His love has revealed to him some of the

beauties of religion. But the girl is adamant. She explains her point of view to him. It seems to the young scientist that her love is more holy and beautiful than he had believed. He decides still to stand at her side despite all the objections of the family; but he will not permit her to pay the price in scandal and ostracism. She refuses. He bids her good-by and leaves. She is heartbroken. The second act ends:

LUCY. With one excuse or another—he'll stay away. He'll never come back.

HELEN. (Clear and confident as if clairvoyant.) He will! He is coming now. . . . He is crossing the hall. . . . He is passing through the library. . . . He's here!

(But she doesn't turn. Ernest reappears at the door and takes in the situation at a glance.)

JOHN. (Still turned toward Helen.) He'll never look at you again, and I don't blame him! I'm a man; I know. We don't respect women who sell out so cheap.

ERNEST. You lie! (All turn, astounded. Helen runs toward Ernest with a cry of joy. John starts to block her. To John.) Stop! You're not fit to touch her. No man is.

JOHN. (With a sarcastic laugh.) Humph! I suppose that's why you ran away.

ERNEST. Yes. To protect her from myself.

JOHN. Then why come back?

ERNEST. To protect her from you! You cowards, you hypocrites! (He rushes down to Helen, puts his strong arm about her shoulder and whispers rapidly.) Just as I started, something stopped me. In a flash I saw . . . all this.

HELEN. (Clasping his arm with both hands.) I made you come! I made you see!

JOHN. (*Advances menacingly.*) By what right are you here in my home? By what right do you take my sister in your arms?

ERNEST. By a right more ancient than man-made law! I have come to the cry of my mate. I'm here to fight for the woman I love! (*Arm about Helen, defies the world. To all.*) My trip to Paris is postponed. One week from to-day gather all your family here, and in your home we'll make our declaration to the world.

JOHN. In my home! Ha! Not if I know it.

JUDGE. (*Restraining John.*) Play for time, John—he'll bring her around.

JOHN. (*To Ernest.*) Do you mean to marry her or not? Speak my language!

(*Ernest releases Helen and steps across to John.*)

ERNEST. She decides that—not you. (*All turn to Helen.*)

HELEN. Never!

JOHN. (*Shaking off Judge. To Helen.*) You'll go with this damned fanatic only over my dead body.

HELEN. (*High.*) And that will only cry aloud the thing you wish to hide from the world you fear. (*Just now Jean is seen slowly returning from the garden without Rex. Her pretty head is bent and, busy with her own sad thoughts, she is startled by the following:*)

ERNEST. There are laws to prevent marriage in some cases but none to enforce marriage on women—unless they will it.

JOHN. (*Beside himself with rage.*) Enforce! Do you think I'll ever allow a sister of mine to marry a libertine?

JEAN. (*Thinks they are discussing her, and is outraged.*) But I'm not going to marry him! My engagement is broken. (*General consternation. Sobbing, Jean runs into house.*)

JOHN. My God, what next? Lucy, don't let Rex get away! You know what he'll do—and when he sobers up, it may be too late. (*To Ernest.*) As for you, you snake, you get right out of here.

JUDGE. (*In the sudden silence.*) Now you've done it, John.

ERNEST. Oh, very well, this is your property.

HELEN. But I am not! I go, too! (*She runs to Ernest.*)

THEODORE. Don't commit this sin!

JOHN. Let her go! She's no sister of mine.

JUDGE. (*The only calm one.*) If she leaves this house now, it's all up.

JOHN. A woman who will give herself to a man without marriage is no sister of mine.

HELEN. (*About to go, turns, leaning on Ernest. To all.*) Give! . . . But if I sold myself, as you are forcing poor little Jean to do, to a libertine she does not love, who does not love her—that is not sin! That is respectability! To urge and aid her to entrap a man into marriage by playing the shameless tricks of the only trade men want women to learn—that is holy matrimony. But to give yourself of your own free will to the man you love and trust and can help, the man who loves and needs and has won the right to have you—oh, if this is sin, then let me live and die a sinner! (*She turns to Ernest, gives him a look of complete love and trust, then bursts into tears upon his*

shoulder, his arms enfolding her protectingly.)

When the curtain rises on the third act, that same evening, the agitation has not subsided. Helen remains firm in her decision to forego the marriage ceremony. From every point of view, for every conceivable reason, they try to persuade her to compromise. Even the entreaties of her lover are of no avail. Finally Ernest tells the irate brother that, in reply to a cablegram, positions await both of them in the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and that they will leave the next morning. He goes to phone for a motor, Helen to pack her trunk. Guests begin to arrive for dinner. Consternation becomes intense. Relief of one sort comes when Uncle Everett receives a telegram that his Aunt Julia is returning from Reno: "Dear boy, I can't stand it either," she has wired. "Come to me or I go to you." The play ends with a novel scene.

ERNEST. (*To all.*) That is very kind, but that is not the point. True, our mutual needs are such that we cannot live nor work apart, but our convictions are such that we cannot live and work together—in what you have the humor to call "holy wedlock." Now, Helen, the motor is waiting. (*Sensation. Gasps of amazement and horror. Some jump up from table. A chair is upset. Ernest holds Helen's wrap. General movement and murmurs.*)

JOHN. (*Barring way.*) You leave this house only over my dead body. (*Others gather around lovers.*)

JUDGE. (*To all.*) Stand back! . . . Let him among you who has a purer ideal of love, a higher conception of duty, cast the first stone. (*All stop. Silenced.*)

THEODORE. But this man and this woman would destroy marriage!

JUDGE. (*Standing beside lovers.*) No! Such as they will not destroy marriage—they will save it! They restore the vital substance while we preserve the empty shell. Everything they have said, everything they have done, proves it. The promise to love—they could not help it—they took it. I heard them. The instinct for secrecy—they felt it—we all do—but straightway they told the next of kin. (*Points to John.*) Even when insulted and driven forth from the tribe, they indignantly refused to be driven into each other's arms until you of the same blood could hear them plight their troth! Believe in marriage? Why, there never was, there never will be a more perfect tribute to true marriage than from this fearless pair you now accuse of seeking to destroy it! (*John tries to interrupt, but the Judge waves him down.*) They have been not only honorable but old-fashioned, save in the one orthodox detail of accepting the authority constituted by society for its protection and for theirs. (*To Helen and Ernest.*) But now, I'm sure, before starting on their wedding-journey—another old-fashioned convention they believe in—that, just to please us if not themselves, they will consent to be united in the bonds of holy wedlock by Cousin

Theodore who stands ready and waiting with prayer-book in hand. (*Family subsides. Everybody happy. Theodore steps up, opens prayer-book.*)

THEODORE. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God—"

HELEN. (*Suddenly loud and clear.*) Theodore! are you going to marry Rex and Jean?

JOHN. (*Impatiently.*) Of course, of course, Mr. Baker's chaplain.

ERNEST. (*Recoiling.*) Theodore! You! Are you going to stand up and tell the world that God has joined those two together—God? (*Theodore looks at John but does not deny it and says nothing.*)

HELEN. Then you will be blaspheming love—and God who made it. No, you shall not marry us.

ERNEST. (*Agreeing with Helen.*) Some things are too sacred to be profaned.

THEODORE. (*Overwhelmed.*) Profaned? . . . By the Church?

JOHN. Your love too sacred for the Church? The Church has a name for such love! The world a name for such women!

ERNEST. (*About to strike John, then shrugs.*) A rotten world! A kept Church! Come, let's get away from it all! Come! (*Helen offers her hand in farewell to Lucy, but John shields her from Helen's touch, then to Jean. Rex shields Jean from contamination, but Jean weeps.*)

JUDGE. (*Barring the way. To Ernest.*) Stop! You cannot! The very tie that binds you to this woman binds you to us and to the whole world with hoops of steel! (*The lovers are still going, Judge ascends steps, facing them.*) For the last time! before too late! Ernest! You know that in the eyes of God you are taking this woman to be your wife.

ERNEST. In the eyes of God, I do take Helen to be my wife—but—

JUDGE. You, Helen! Speak, woman, speak!

HELEN. I take Ernest to be my husband in the eyes of God, but—

JUDGE. (*Raises his hand augustly and in a voice of authority.*) Then, since you, Ernest, and you, Helen, have made this solemn declaration before God and in the presence of witnesses, I, by the authority vested in me by the laws of this State, do now pronounce you man and wife! (*Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton look at each other bewildered. Meanwhile the silence has been pierced, first by a little hysterical scream from Jean, then the others all wake up and crowd about the happy pair, congratulating them. The women who had snubbed Helen before cover her with kisses, for now she is fit for their embraces.*)

JOHN. (*To Theodore.*) Saved! Saved! Respectable at last, thank God. (*Raising his glass and hammering for attention.*) Here's to the bride and groom! (*All cheer, raise glasses, and drink.*)

ERNEST. (*When the noise dies down. As the others kiss Helen.*) A moment ago you were a bad woman. Now (*to all*) behold! she is a good woman. Marriage is wonderful. (*John and Lucy run to Judge and shake hands.*)

JUDGE. (*To John and Lucy, his wife.*) Yes, Respectability has triumphed this time, but let Society take warning and beware! beware! beware!

THE FIRST GENUINELY ALL-AMERICAN OPERATIC PRODUCTION

AN American opera, on an American subject, the text and the music written by Americans, performed by Americans, with scenery designed by an American, was produced in Chicago on December 26th. The event signalizes an epoch in American musical annals, for it is the first time, if some feeble experiments of past generations are excepted, that an all-American product has "gone across" an American grand-opera stage. Previous productions of American operas, such as Converse's "Pipe of Desire," Parker's "Mona," and DeKoven's "Canterbury Pilgrims" has all been produced by mainly foreign casts and directed by foreign conductors, and in the case of Herbert's "Natoma" the composer's foreign birth and training must be taken into account.

But "Azora," the newest American opera, is genuinely American. Its composer, Henry Hadley (who also conducted the premiere), is American by birth, ancestry and training; its librettist, David Stevens, likewise. The names of the principal singers—Anna Fitzin, Cyrena Van Gordon, Arthur Middleton, Forrest Lamont, and James Goddard—are all familiar as those of native artists.

The subject of the work is drawn from the history of aboriginal Americans, the Aztecs, whose civilization, to be sure, is more akin to that of ancient Egypt than to our own. The reviewer of the New York Times refers to the opera as "a frankly American cousin of 'Aida,'" an epithet more or less justified by the plot of the opera. It deals



A MUSICAL PATRIOT
Henry Hadley's new American opera was greeted cheerfully in Chicago.

with the love of Azora, the daughter of the Aztec emperor Montezuma, and Xalca, a Tlascalcan prince, who has been made general of the Aztec armies and who has been offered any reward he may choose for his victories. He asks for Azora, already promised to Ramatzin, and the effrontery of the Tlascalcan causes Montezuma to condemn both Xalca and Azora to death. But when the knife of the high priest, Canek, is about to pierce their hearts in the sacrifice ceremony, a shot rings out and the priests of Cortez appear. Papantzin, the sister of Montezuma,

Henry Hadley's "Azora" Sung in Chicago Arouses Patriotic Enthusiasm for American Opera

has seen in a dream these priests and the cross and the lovers, and now stands by the side of the Spanish priests, united under the symbol of the true God.

Critics received the new work cordially, if not altogether enthusiastically. The Chicago Daily News speaks of it as full of atmosphere and local color, original in thematic material as well as in scoring. Felix Borowski, of the Chicago Herald, admires especially the heroine's air, "Now Fades the Opal Sky," the dance music, and love melodies of the opening scene, while the other critics point out the continuous melodiousness of the work. The correspondent of Musical America speaks of the concerted numbers as "musical delights." "Hadley's themes throughout are exquisite," he continues, "and if the work had more action and a better text it would be a great opera."

As for the public, Mr. Karleton Hackett records in the Chicago Post that it gave Mr. Hadley "one of the most remarkable demonstrations of good-will that the Auditorium has witnessed in years." And the same writer noted with pleasure "some admixture of patriotic enthusiasm for American art as expressed in an American opera written by an American and sung by an American cast."

Altogether the occasion was, one gathers, a personal triumph for Mr. Hadley, already the most successful of serious American composers, if prizes and public hearings count for anything. "Azora" is his second opera to be performed. A third, "The Garden of Allah," has already been accepted.

THE WAR PLAYS HAVOC WITH TEUTON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

MUSIC in America is not immune from the influence of war. What happened in other belligerent countries—the proscription of enemy music, as soon as war was declared—has happened here, tho in a lesser degree. History seems to show that this national hostility to the art of an enemy nation is inevitable. It was twenty-five years after the Franco-Prussian War before Wagner was again played at the Paris Opéra, and in the meantime the emancipation of the French composer from German influences was fairly complete.

In America the anti-German feeling has vented itself in resentment against German and Austrian artists, and only indirectly in denunciation of German music. Unlike the other warring na-

tions, the United States has been slow to curtail the activities of enemy subjects, and we have therefore the spectacle of American audiences patronizing enemy artists, which was bound to raise the ire of the more aggressively patriotic.

A series of incidents has brought the question to a head. In Providence, the demand that Dr. Karl Muck, the German conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, play "The Star-Spangled Banner" was ignored, and a consequent storm of resentment closed the doors of a number of cities to the orchestra, forced the resignation (afterwards withdrawn) of Dr. Muck and for a time threatened the life of the orchestra, recognized as the finest in the world. Immediately after this, the Metropolitan Opera Company an-

Public Resentment is Focussed on Fritz Kreisler and Dr. Muck and Opera in German is Taboo

nounced its decision not to give opera in German during the war, dismissed its German singers, and is now being sued by one of them for \$50,000 for breach of contract. Next came an attack on Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, by Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, who accused him of being an enemy belligerent and giving aid to the enemy by sending money abroad. Thereupon Pittsburgh and other places refused to permit Kreisler to appear in their concert halls. The charge was denied, tho the fact that Kreisler served as an officer in the Austrian army at the outbreak of the war in 1914 was uncontrovertible. Much discussion in the public press followed this attack, and many sympathizers rallied to the side of the violinist, who himself issued a dignified statement of



HE BEGGED TO BE RELEASED

Fritz Kreisler gave up contracts amounting to some \$85,000 because of the criticism of American patriots.

his position and soon after begged to be released from contracts amounting to some \$85,000 for the present season, at the same time volunteering to carry out all his promises to play in aid of certain war charities.

These events quickly engendered others throughout the country. In Pittsburgh the Philadelphia Orchestra was not permitted to play German music (Beethoven) and the orchestra promptly decided to exclude German music from its programs altogether. The Chicago Opera has followed a policy similar to that of the Metropolitan. In Denver Mme. Alma Gluck was rebuked for singing a group of songs in German. Dr. Kunwald, conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, was arrested as an enemy alien and was promptly superseded by an American conductor.

Indications for the future point to a compromise similar to that settled upon in England. Our symphony orchestras continue to play the German classics, some of them including even the moderns; an American pianist, John Powell, gives a Schumann recital without as yet any adverse results; German songs are being sung in English, German operas of Mozart, Flotow and Liszt are performed in English, and Dr. Muck, now that he conducts our

national anthem before each concert, appears as usual. According to the *Boston Transcript*, he plays the national anthem better than anyone else. "From the first measure to the last," says the critic of that newspaper, "Dr. Muck and his men glamor the music with an eloquence by no means intrinsic. In the hearing of few has 'The Star-Spangled Banner' been played as it is now played at Symphony Hall."

But that this attitude of tolerance is by no means unanimous may be gathered from many expressions in the public press. The *Louisville Journal*, satisfied that "Captain Kreisler" has retired from professional life flatly demands that Dr. Muck also "step down and out." Other papers assume a similar attitude.

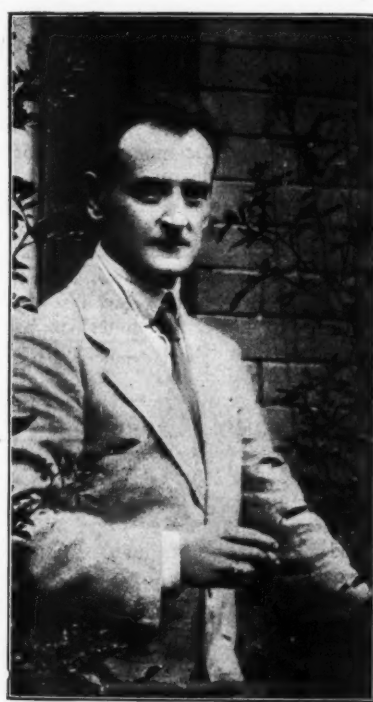
The music critic of the *New York Sun*, W. J. Henderson, after securing the opinions of a number of music lovers, concludes as follows:

"At this writing there is incontestably a deep feeling about it in the hearts of a large number of American-born people and it is impossible to foresee just how powerful the influence of this feeling may grow to be. But regrettable as it may be, there is ground for fear that sooner or later everything German in music will have to be temporarily retired and all the German interpreters or conductors permanently removed from the stage."

An article by Charles J. Rosebault, issued by the *Vigilantes*, points out in effect that the opposition to enemy music is really in the nature of retaliation, and cites a number of instances in which Germany has taken drastic action against enemy musicians, dismissing them from important posts, arresting them and interning them. With reference to Dr. Muck, Mr. Rosebault exclaims: "Imagine an American conductor in Berlin or Vienna!"

On the other hand, we have the liberal attitude of such writers as Mr. Henry T. Finck of the *New York Evening Post*, who, under the caption, "The Silly War on Music," frankly calls for the restoration of the Wagner repertory at the opera. "You cannot," he says, "in these days give a satisfactory opera season without the music dramas of our great ally Richard Wagner, arch-revolutionist and arch-enemy of Prussia." He points to London, where the people began to see that by the ban on German music "they would simply deprive themselves of harmless pleasures at a time when they are needed most, without hurting the enemy," and he advises us to take the lesson to heart, for "we surely cannot afford to show less sense of humor than the English do."

Musicians generally consider this effect of the war on music regrettable.



HE MAKES IT ELOQUENT

When Dr. Muck plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," the critics say, he endows it with a new eloquence.

However, there is one comfort to be drawn from the situation, namely, the possible encouragement of native American musical art. Already American singers are being substituted for foreigners in many places, and there is a remarkable interest in American compositions even on the part of foreign-born managers and conductors. The records of our symphony orchestras for the present season will show an unprecedented number of American works, and our two leading opera houses are staging no less than four works by Americans.

Mr. Cleofonte Campanini, manager of the Chicago Opera Company, in an article published in the *Chicago Herald*, sounds a clarion call for the recognition of American art in the present crisis. His conclusion is certainly indicative of the changed attitude of foreign musicians toward American music:

"The mailed fist of the Kaiser works but little good in the world and much evil. But if it unites Americans behind home opera, just as it has united them behind the nation's great guns, his insane quest for world authority will have had at least a slight reflection of benefit for us. 'America first' is a good slogan. Let's broaden it to include precedence for American art, whatever the nature of its manifestation. . . . Let us back American opera with the same peculiarly irresistible enthusiasm that we support anything else we believe to be worth while. It is America's opportunity. We should not let it pass."

TOY TRAGEDIES OF THE FREE-VERSE THEATER

EVERY little theater, as Stuart Walker says, has a movement all its own. But now, when dramatic developments have become so rapid, it would probably be nearer the truth to say that every little movement has a theater all its own. The latest movement to invade the rarified atmosphere of the "little theater" is that of the "new" poets—the vers-librists, under the leadership of Alfred Kreymborg. Mr. Kreymborg's "Plays for Poem-Mimes" were presented for the first time in the theater of the Artists' Guild in St. Louis, and were greeted with enthusiastic approval by a number of discriminating critics. Miss Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, was convinced by the St. Louis performance that "we have in Mr. Kreymborg a poetic and interpretive playwright of original and authentic power, a claimant for wide recognition on the American stage."

Mr. Kreymborg, we read in Reedy's *Mirror*, has really created a new dramatic form. His plays are not to be separated from his poems. They are in reality simply poems recited against a background of mimetic action. This further strengthens the impressionistic meaning of the verse. The author and producer describes them as poems to be read to the accompaniment of pantomime. Three poem-plays by Mr. Kreymborg were presented by the St. Louis group of amateurs. This production inaugurated the policy of a "one-man show" in the theater. Miss Monroe describes the poem-mimes in *Poetry*:

"It was the first performance on any stage for 'When the Willow Nods' and 'Manikin and Minikin.' The former is a monolog in free verse, a running comment half-whimsical, half-pitiful, uttered, Greek-chorus fashion, by a quiet, seated, cloaked and hooded figure, while a boy and girl act and dance out their little love-affair in pantomime. It would be impossible to overstate the beauty of Orrick Johns' interpretation of the enigmatic speaker. Mr. Johns, being a poet and having a fine voice, might be expected to read the lines simply and with full sense of rhythmic values; but only a true histrionic instinct could have kept him always in the picture, always the master of the stage.

"'Manikin and Minikin' is a dialog between two Louis Quinze ornaments on a mantel-piece, the figures beautifully dressed and posed. And 'Lima Beans,' which has been played a little East and West, is a more or less satiric farce conceived in the gayest possible whimsical spirit; and it was set and acted in the same mood."

Of the most amusing of the three plays, "Lima Beans," described as a "scherzo for marionettes," which was

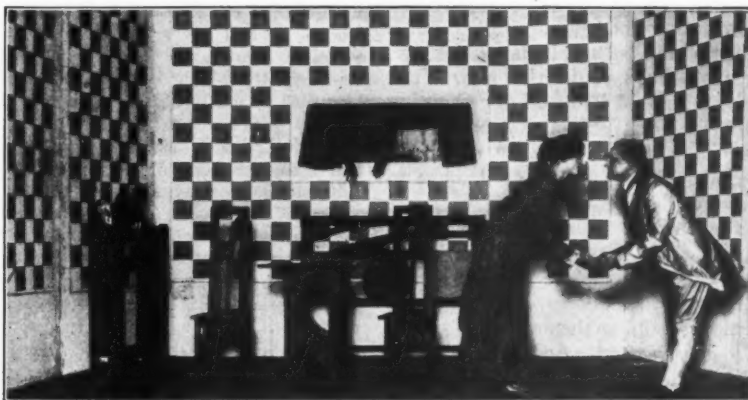
originally presented by the Provincetown Players, we find this appreciation in the St. Louis *Much Ado*:

"The huckster, no doubt with devilish intent, sells the wife string beans on the day when her lord and master had his heart set on lima beans. The tragic situation that arises out of this piece of perfidy, or perhaps, what is worse, carelessness, on the part of the diabolical huckster, forms the motive of the play. As everyone knows, it is just such rocks that the most promising marriages split on. This is a very profound drama. One hardly knows which direction to allow his sympathies to lead him. One is torn and lacerated over the sufferings of the husband, who comes home and finds string beans instead of lima beans. His eulogy of lima beans and his contempt of string beans is one of the most pretentious things in modern literature. It ranks with the well-known soliloquy of Hamlet. It reveals depth and power, but the tortured soul of the wife is no trivial

thing either. However, just when the tragedy was becoming almost too heavy to bear, the huckster returns, and this time he has lima beans, from which you can see that our author has fallen into the common error of the happy ending. The husband returns, finds the succulent lima beans have displaced the elongated and contemptible string beans, wife and he embrace ostentatiously, kiss vociferously, and live happily, no doubt, ever afterward.

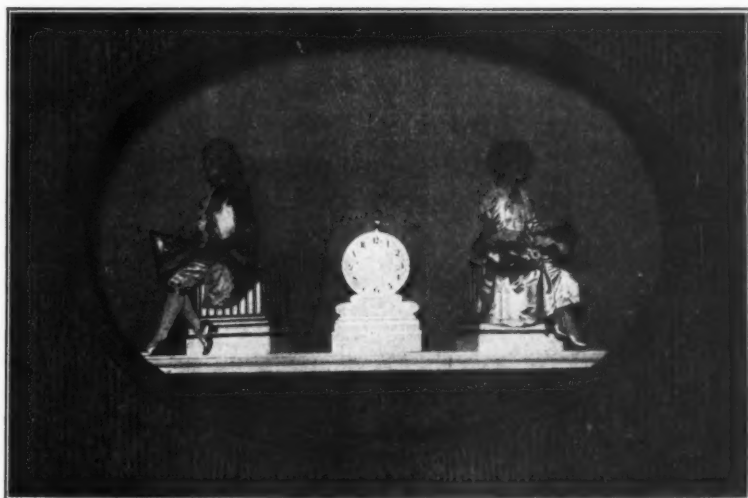
"A very quaint play, simplicity at its apotheosis, you say, nonsense, eh? Is it all those things? Try to write: nonsense play. You will find it more difficult than constructing Hedda Gabler. No, Kreymborg is an artist. One seems to get a whiff of something akin to Lewis Carroll, author of the subtlest satires, and the loveliest fun in literature."

So successful were the Poem-Mimes in St. Louis, that performances have been arranged in Chicago and other centers of modern culture.



THE MUSIC OF THE MIMES

Alfred Kreymborg has gone to music to find the inspiration of his amazingly original dramaturgy. "Lima Beans" is described as a "scherzo for marionettes."



MANIKIN AND MINIKIN

These two Watteau-like figurines on a Louis Quinze clock come to life and indulge in a dainty dialog in *vers libre*.

MOTION PICTURES

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY IN MAKING PICTURES OF THE RUSSIAN CHAOS

After Many Hairbreadth Escapes this Camera Man Returns to America with a Dramatic Tale of What's Happening

IT is a vivid picture of Russian chaos in all its ramifications that N. C. Travis, camera man, draws in memory of several harrowing months he has spent in filming the Russian army and revolution. This camera expert has been able to find no sense of patriotism at all in the Russian rank and file. Until recently Ivan Ivanovitch recognized himself as a chattel of the Czar only, with no national responsibility whatever, and fought only through fear of the Cossack big stick which the Czar wielded. There is no more Czar, therefore, the Russian revolutionist has decided for the time being, nothing to fight Germany for. Travis stood on the Nevsky Prospekt in Petrograd, filming scenes of revolution and, among others, got a picture of the custom house under fire. The mob, he says in the *New York Tribune*, amused itself all day shooting at the building, chipping holes in the beautiful structure by way of frolic, but doing not a particle of damage to the police hidden among its cornices. As for pictures of mob rule, he says that he could have ground all day at scenes of the populace looting stores, factories and residences. Freedom simply meant helping themselves to everything they wanted. As an amusing instance:

"I was filming mob scenes in a factory where workers had struck and seized the plant. A deputation waited on the proprietor.

"We now own this shop," they informed him. "But we are willing to sell it back to you for \$8,000." The owner considered. "Well," said he, "there is a bill due for machinery that has been delivered. That bill must be met at once. It is \$2,000. And next month a note falls due. That is \$1,500. Since you own the factory you must pay these obligations." The deputation withdrew and consulted. It was impossible for them to pay such sums of money. Presently they returned. "We will sell you the factory for \$500," they offered. The deal was closed.

"It is impossible to get a Russian to hurry work. If you try to hurry him a little he immediately quits. 'I have no boss,' he argues, 'why should I hurry?'"

"When I tried to get films developed, such as I obtain in a few hours in America, the Russian would not hear of producing anything under ten days or two weeks. Neither does his idea of time stretch to meet engagements. I made an appointment to meet a man at eleven o'clock in the morning. At four in the afternoon he showed up and wondered

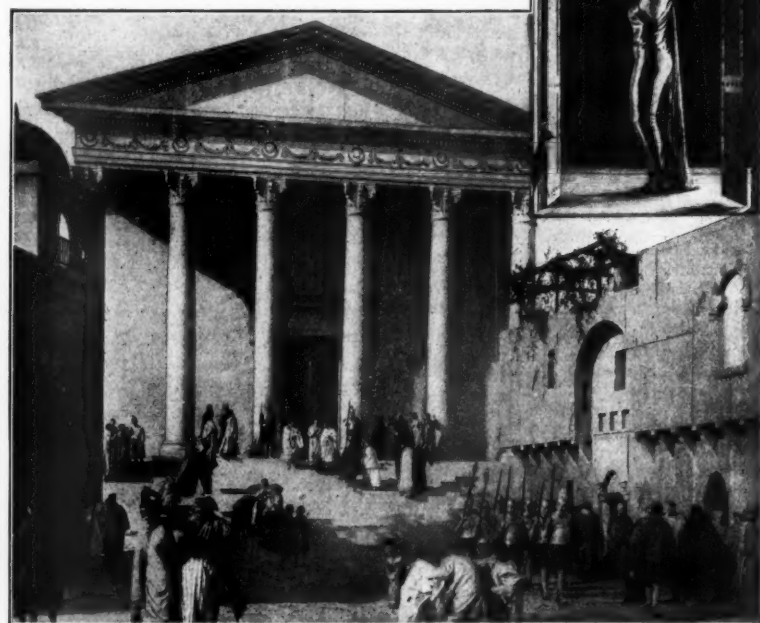
why I was not there. It was the same way when the Red Cross tried to get twenty-five thousand cans of condensed milk from Sweden for Russian babies. Sweden agreed to furnish the milk if Russia would make the cans. 'Why,' asked the Russians, 'should we make cans?' And they didn't."

On a six-thousand-mile trip on the Trans-Siberian railroad, this cameraman got pictures of German and Austrian prisoners working on farms at two rubles (sixty cents) a day, with plenty of freedom. They were satisfied and happy and earned a good deal of extra money at odd jobs and in making and selling toys.

"I met one Austrian from the Ford works in Detroit, and he told me he wished he had never left that city. The prisoners were all contented, including a crowded train-load of German lads in brand-new uniforms, whom I met at Omak. The extreme youth of these boys showed that Germany is drawing on her last resources. All along the railroad in Siberia bags of wheat were rotting for want of transportation. People went hungry in Russian cities, yet no one would hitch even one freight car to the express trains that crossed Siberia weekly. Siberia can feed the world. I took pictures of that beautiful, rolling country, covered with wheat fields and forests of

birch and spruce. I saw coal on the surface there. One need not dig two feet to get coal. But the Russian burns wood in his engines because wood is still easier to get, and so cannot obtain an even supply of steam. The railway has plenty of rolling stock, but they don't roll it. The first thing they did to the two hundred freight cars we sent over was to tear out the air-brakes and put in crude hand-brakes; and then they cut two extra doors, making three, saying that it was too dark to load freight in a car with only one door."

From Petrograd, Travis went to Minsk, near the seat of war, and made a tour of the hospitals, abetted by Korniloff, who afterward presented him with a medal for having been in the trenches. From Minsk it is forty-two miles to the first line of Russian trenches. There he found twenty-five hundred women in a sector of their own, officered by men, excepting sergeants and corporals, who were women; they ranged in age from fifteen to thirty years, were



MARY GARDEN MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE AS A SCREEN ACTRESS
The famous prima donna is furnished an artistic and elaborate vehicle in the picturization of "Thais" from the story written by Anatole France.

of sturdy Slav physique and had been accustomed to the work of men in the fields. Leaving Minsk for the trenches:

"As we approached our objective the roar of artillery became louder; shells burst about us, constant rifle fire sounded like the popping of fire-crackers amid the greater din, and from our shelter on the hill we looked down upon trench-gashed and wire-enmeshed fields, swept by searchlights, and that stretched away for a thousand miles, the honey-combed, battle-scarred ground presenting the appearance of the bed of a glacier.

"In the dark of four o'clock in the morning we crawled on our hands and knees down the zigzag of the parallel to the trenches, two hundred feet from the first-line enemy trench. We were very quiet. The least clash of metal, the least unusual sound would, we knew, be heard by the enemy's sensitive listening instruments in the ground, and would bring on us, from artillery stationed a mile and a half in the rear, an immediate rain of shells.

"Overhead, five thousand to six thousand feet, aeroplanes were dropping bombs—'pots' they call them—that burst with a rending flare. Guns shot at them, sending a ball of smoke high in the heavens, when, as the projectile in the smoke burst, a brilliant display of fireworks sprayed the night skies. It was like looking at a magnificent show. The appalling magnitude and splendor of it stunned me. I was dazed for twelve hours. Then I gradually accustomed myself to the sight and sound of warfare, and in a few days stood around in the rear of the trench amid hurtling shells and whistling bullets as unconcerned as did the rest. Miles and miles of supply wagons, drawn by horses, would come down to the front, and the drivers would stop and chat with their friends as coolly as tho death were not shrieking and whistling about them.

"One good thing about German shells is the fact that half of them don't go off. But those sinister, unexploded shells, that lie around, inspire with fear. Nobody wants to go near or touch one. The Russians, on the other hand, have a wonder-



A PETITION IS ADDRESSED TO MADAME DU BARRY AS SHE RIDES TO MEET THE KING

It has remained for Theda Bara to give us a motion-picture impersonation of the French courtesan that is artistically comparable to the famous Belasco stage creation.

ful shell. It is made in America and plows an awful hole in anything it strikes. Taking pictures in the rear is more dangerous than doing so in a first-line trench. The enemy is always shelling the rear. I never could inure myself to that awful sound—the shriek of a shell traveling through the air. It always made my blood curdle and turn cold. Then, bang! Oh, the relief of that explosion after the horror of suspense!"

In eighteen days Travis ground out seventy-five thousand feet of film, his lens poked through a hole between bags of dirt, with a view of the whole German front line. Following one Russian attack the Red Cross of each side went out on the field to pick up the dead and wounded. Suddenly his camera caught a horror of German warfare:

"The Germans snatched sheets from the stretchers they bore, disclosing machine-guns, and opened fire on doctors, nurses and orderlies at their work of mercy, mowing down women and men alike. The Allies have learned a lesson, and now, when the Red Cross goes out after a battle, both sides open fire."

The writer reports that there was no resistance to the Germans in their march on Petrograd, but after they had seized thirty miles of fertile land, ready for harvesting, they voluntarily came to a halt. "They were short of men to occupy Petrograd successfully, and contented themselves with the vast stores of provisions captured and with shutting off and diverting the Petrograd fish supply through the Archangel Sea."

WHY A KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE IS NEEDED BY SCENARIO WRITERS

SCIENCE and art (or artistic effect) appear to be as much at loggerheads in the screen drama to-day as they were in the spoken drama during its early corresponding stage of development. Critics of the movies who express impatience at much of the scientific ignorance displayed in them are reminded by David Wales, writing in the *Illustrated World*, of the famous death scene in "Othello" where Shakespeare makes the jealous Moor smother Desdemona under a pillow. It is objected that Desdemona "comes to" for a moment, declares in her love for Othello that she herself has done the

horrid deed, and then reluctantly expires. The asphyxiated seldom or never act in that way. If they did there would be little need of the pulmotor. Cinematography has returned the stage to its earlier undeveloped state—plenty of action and a great deal of scientific folly.

Herr Krupp, complains the writer in *Illustrated World*, would have torn his hair, Marconi would have had apoplexy, and Röntgen, of X-ray fame, have suffered acutely to have witnessed certain photoplays that are making a strong bid for popularity. Scientifically considered, they are beyond the pale. In one of them:

Ridiculous Mistakes are Cited to Prove the Way in Which the Intelligence of Motion-Picture Audiences is Insulted

"An enterprising American genius has constructed a gun which is to put an end to all war. Wherefore? Because it will destroy life at a distance of three to twenty-five miles without so much as a smell of powder or a fragment of shell being required. Electricity is the accommodating medium that does all the work. The American is besieged by the representatives of a certain power, now at war, which naturally wants to obtain the invention. A demonstration is made on a sheep tethered in a field. First the sheep is shown on the screen. Then we have a look at the gun—a couple of long square barrels with boxes, mirrors and other attachments. Next we see the sheep appear in the finder of the gun, just as one would see it in a camera-finder. The



NO, THIS IS NOT A PAINTING—IT'S A "SLICE OF LIFE," TAKEN FROM A MOTION PICTURE

What actors could make up to represent two characters as genuine as these Maine fishermen, photographed in a scene of the new Mae Marsh play, "The Beloved Traitor," made by the Goldwyn studios?

hero points the gun in the direction of the sheep, touches an electric button, and in the finder we see the poor sheep drop to earth, shot through and through with an electric bolt. . . .

"Let us concede that it might be possible, with telescopic lenses, to locate an object in a camera-finder three miles away. Let us concede that an electric current powerful enough to annihilate life might be projected through space. How is this force to be controlled or directed for a considerable distance? According to what all scientists know of electricity, it would radiate in all directions. If it were able to slay even at three miles, what would it not do to the operator of the gun? Think of the high-powered voltage that would strike him. Yet the film just described is one of the very latest fallacies of the movies that the public is swallowing as science."

It is when he steps into the realm of medicine, however, that the scenario writer "shows a remarkable combination of ignorance and imagination that should make the audience gasp." A millionaire is the victim of a traffic accident. An operation is prescribed. Then:

"A great specialist, who looks like a Frenchman who happens to be in the city, is called in. He comes at once, asks no questions, and looks at the patient's eyes. The diagnosis is about as brief as a pork-packer stripping a hog. Without the slightest hesitation the surgeon declares that the patient has lost the use of his limbs due to some pressure on the motor centers. The operation is performed immediately without that preparation regarded as necessary by all sur-

geons unless the situation is most critical. At the end of the third day the surgeon takes off the bandages which, despite the fact that the operation has been performed on the brain, swathe the limbs only. The patient, who has not been permitted up to this time to see the faithful nurse—he having also been made temporarily feeble-minded by his accident—gets up and walks around. The reconciliation immediately follows, and the operation of seventy hours before is forgotten. . . .

"An exceptionally good bull was presented some little time ago, based on the laboratory work that is employed in discovering the origin of a disease. The child of wealthy parents had contracted scarlet fever, and the physician on the case was hard at work tracing the source. Thoughtfully he toyed with an artificial rose of cloth, and learned that it was made in the slums. He took this rose to the laboratory, put one of the large cloth petals under the microscope, and found the germ. That was in the movies. In real life he would have found that he would have made out nothing on the microscope—except a black space. What a physician would have actually done is this: He would have put the petal in some culture medium, possibly bouillon, or agar agar. In the course of a certain number of hours a culture would have grown so that patches would appear on the surface of the culture medium. These little patches he would have gathered up with a little platinum wire, and smeared them on a glass slide. Then he would have used a stain, in order to see and diagnose them under the microscope."

To all this, the producers might reply that they were out for effects, not for details. In so answering they would be insincere, we are assured, for wherever possible they do try to be photographically true to life. If they are out for effects alone, as distinguished from details, their point of view is the wrong one, as the public is looking for actuality, and is therefore doubly deceived.

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

DU BARRY. Fox, 7 reels: To those who have been unable to understand the immense popularity of Theda Bara it is recommended to see this picture. The queen of all imperfect ladies is one of those characters that most star actresses, both on and off the screen, yearn to impersonate. Yet it has remained for Miss Bara to show us a Madame du Barry on the screen, that is artistically comparable to the stage creation which made famous the name of Leslie Carter. Many of the scenes are photographically perfect, and the accessories, the settings and the costumes are opulent.

THAIS. Goldwyn, 7 reels: The first appearance of Mary Garden as a screen actress is made auspiciously in this elaborate and restrained presentation of the life of the ancient courtesan who lost her heart and found her soul. Always recognized as one of the few prima donnas who can really act, Miss Garden's impersonation is simple and effective throughout, and reaches its greatest

heights in the later scenes. Ancient Alexandria is reproduced with impressive fidelity, and the entire picture is on a plane with the Thais traditions.

OUR NAVY. Prizma, 5 sections: This is the most complete and effective picture of American sea power that has yet been made—a picture whose patriotic influence and educational value are inestimable. The entire picture is in natural color and has all been made since we entered the war. It gives for the first time an adequate idea of the results of the hundreds of millions of dollars spent on the greatest navy in American history and the second greatest in the history of the world.

THE DEVIL-STONE. Arctcraft-Paramount, 6 reels: Geraldine Farrar forsakes the spectacle in this photoplay and appears in a modern drama in which superstition figures prominently. It is a story of the Breton coast, the devil-stone being a mag-

nificent emerald found by a fisher maiden (Miss Farrar) after a storm. She attracts the attention of the miserly owner of the fisheries, who marries her, obtains the jewel, plots to get rid of his bride and is killed by her in self-defense. After all, however, Miss Farrar shines more brilliantly in the spectacle than in the more subdued photodrama.

THE NAULAHKA. Pathé, 5 reels: A cinema version of the well-known story by Rudyard Kipling which, we are told, has been personally approved by the author. As in the original tale, the action opens in a little Colorado town whose future depends upon the railroad touching it. This is promised, if the jeweled ornament (the naulahka) is secured and presented to the wife of the railroad president. The action is then transferred to the Orient where, amid barbaric splendor, subtle intrigues lead to stirring adventures in which Yankee pluck finally triumphs.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

NEW IDEAS OF BIRD LIFE DERIVED THROUGH THE AIRSHIP

THE extent to which the airship has modified the conclusions of ornithologists, giving them in many cases paths to knowledge which the scientists of an older day never suspected, is seen by a comparison of the new knowledge with the conclusions of Gaetke. He was a renowned authority upon bird life who affirmed about a quarter of a century ago that birds migrate at a height of thirty thousand feet or more. He contended likewise that in order to maintain the necessary height and speed for long journeys, the organs of birds underwent physiological changes which actually conferred upon them the power of seeing in the dark. These observations were pronounced overbold at the time, seeing that there were no methods of verification then. The development of the airships has brought these views to the test, observes the *London Field*, and likewise permitted observation in many directions which promise to place ornithology upon an entirely new foundation. It would be too much to say that the theories of Gaetke have been established as verified facts. Nevertheless, his assertions seem in some respects, according to data recently accumulated by airmen, to have been singularly prophetic or intuitive. It seems likely that most normal bird migration takes place far above the human range of vision except in the case of the extremely small bird. Careful observations and some experiments cleverly worked out indicate that birds in both Europe and America can and sometimes do fly at amazingly high altitudes. However, owing to the difficulty of observing birds through telescopes, a rather liberal margin must be allowed for the possibility of error. An expert ornithologist writes in the columns of our contemporary:

"At times, especially with certain species, movements of considerable magnitude may be observed; but except with those which usually travel by day at low elevations, when, indeed, they are in no great hurry to depart, large movements are visible only during weather conditions which are unsuitable for migration. Birds naturally descend when nearing land after a sea crossing, and they may be driven down by contrary winds or other adverse circumstances. The statement that they always, for choice, travel against the wind leaves me cold; one has only to see how a

bird rises against the wind and flies down wind to escape danger to realize that it knows the advantage to be gained by making use of air currents. That incoming birds are often visibly fighting against a wind is to my mind evidence that they are striving thus because they had, at the time, no alternative."

Our knowledge of artificial flight has advanced by leaps and bounds during the last few years, and we can now learn much about problems which have long puzzled ornithologists:

"If we can find out how birds are such wonderful masters of the air we may glean hints which will improve the rigid machine. So far, however, I have heard of only two instances of birds actually on migration being noticed by airmen, tho I have some recollection of seeing a record of ducks at a great height. Doubtless other pilots and observers have noticed birds but have kept no record of their height nor perhaps known what species they saw.

"Before we argue that this lack of evidence suggests either that birds fly near the earth or at so great a height that they are not visible from our high-flying aircraft, we must bear in mind that only a small number of our airmen are ornithologists, or are likely to store in their brains instances of passing birds. The ordinary terrestrial traveler seldom troubles to notice birds, or knows them if he does; less frequently still is he able to say if they are on their migratory travels. Even with an airman who is a keen ornithologist there are difficulties, for his attention may well be concentrated on sterner work—keenly watching the ground below or those hawk-like rivals may attack or have to be attacked.

"One experienced airman, also a keen ornithologist, tells me of an even greater difficulty, which he thinks may explain why he has seen so few birds. 'We must not be blind to the fact,' he writes, 'that even a large machine flying a thousand feet below one, if painted brown, takes quite an appreciable effort to locate, and after looking above me into the blue the glare of the sun makes it very hard to locate objects.' How easy, then, for birds, either above or below, to pass unnoticed."

Altho this particular airman has but seldom seen birds, his observations and comments are most enlightening. He knows his birds and has noted their height in flight. At 2,500 feet he saw a carrier pigeon. At an altitude of some six thousand feet a flight of golden plovers passed him. Two other pilots flying near him at the time also saw them. An aviator not long since

Our Knowledge of Artificial Flight Advanced by the Wing Observer

was flying at 9,500 feet when he saw birds high above him. With the aid of powerful glasses he identified them as swallows. There seems little doubt that many other airmen have had similar experiences, but they have not put them on record. In the case of the golden plovers it must be noted that a heavy bombardment was in progress at the time and many machines were up at various heights with anti-aircraft shells bursting around them. It was an unpleasant belt of land to cross. This might have forced the golden plovers to rise to the great height indicated.

In America birds crossing the field of vision of telescopes were calculated to be flying at from 3,000 feet to about 15,000 feet. Similar observations in Europe give heights between 10,000 and 15,000 feet. Taking all the accumulated data together, including observations made on the ground as well as in the air, it seems to have been established within the past five years that migrating birds may fly at an altitude of at least 15,000 feet. They may go higher, but the fact has not been established as a scientific certainty as yet, despite the confident assertions of an authority here and there.

"The conclusion we may safely draw from these very varied observations is that the height at which birds travel probably differs according to the conditions prevailing at the time. We know from meteorological observation that the speed and direction of wind varies at different altitudes; this, again, the flying man now confirms from actual experience. Wind speed, my friend tells me, may at 3,000 feet be double its rate at ground level; at 6,000 feet it may be trebled, and it may also be from a very different quarter. Is it not conceivable that the bird seeks a helping wind, one which will drift it onwards in its desired direction? In an air current the bird flies in a moving medium; with a wind behind it its speed is its normal rate of progression plus the rate of the wind; against it it can fly just as easily, but will be drifted on its aerial medium. The aeroplane flying against a strong wind may remain stationary over a particular spot on the earth; it may even travel backwards.

"It has often been argued that the study of bird flight is of no value to us because we are wholly dependent upon the rigid machine; we do not fly by wing progression. Up to a point this is true, but there is much to be learnt and much that has been learnt from the bird."

MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL VINDICATIONS OF THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION

THE most widely-known exploitation of the so-called "scientific" imagination is embodied in Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." In our time, when the use of the imagination in science is made so much of by men like Sir Oliver Lodge and J. J. Thomson, it is important to consider every available test of the factor in question. It is often held that the use of the imagination in science is dangerous because of the tendency to "false" ideas. For example, the late Professor Becquerel complained that the "scientific" romances of Jules Verne filled the popular mind with sheer delusions on the whole subject of applied science. He deemed the Frenchman, in fact, the natural father of pseudo-science, one of the intellectual perils of his age. The subject has been taken up from a severely practical standpoint by that high authority on the submarine, Doctor C. H. Bedell, who has had over twenty years' experience with this type of vessel. He observes at the outset, in the *Journal* of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, that as far as the handling of a submarine is concerned, the boats of the present day are as perfect as the *Nautilus* of Jules Verne's story. They make his fancy fact.

We may even, if we so desire, make our boat so that when it is at rest submerged a man with a diving helmet

may pass from it into the sea and, entirely disconnected from the submarine or the surface, explore the ocean floor for an hour or more, as Captain Nemo of the *Nautilus* did. That such construction is not used is due to the fact that there seems to be no material need for such operations. The *Nautilus* was driven by electricity. We also use electricity when running submerged, but we obtain our electricity from storage batteries, whereas Captain Nemo obtained his from the sea. The great difference between fiction and reality in this case is that the *Nautilus* was able to go around the world with one supply of energy, while we are obliged to come to the surface after one or two hundred miles for the purpose of recharging our storage batteries.

The men on the *Nautilus* are supposed to have been able to see objects at distances up to one-half or three-quarters of a mile by the light of the sun or by powerful electric lamps. While we at this time probably have more powerful electric lamps, it is impossible for us to see any great distance through water, no matter what method of lighting is used. This is true, at least, along our shores as far out as the Gulf Stream:

"An enormous amount of sediment is continually being poured into the sea by our rivers and streams, and in addition the endless wash of the waves on our sandy shores constantly tends to maintain the turbidity of the water. I have

A Wild Dream of an Alleged Pseudo-Scientist Coming True

frequently looked through the periscope of a submarine when resting on the bottom at a depth of 50 ft. The second periscope, some five or six feet away, could easily be seen, but the bow of the boat, 75 ft. away, could not be seen. The suspended matter in the water acts exactly as does fog in the air in preventing distant vision. On account of this fact, all running when totally submerged must be by distance runs, obtained by known speed and time. Of course, in certain waters the limit of vision may be materially increased, as, for example, among the islands of the West Indies or off the coast of Southern California; yet even in such waters it is not probable that one could see more than 100 or 200 ft., and such a distance is not sufficient for purposes of navigation. Thus at one stroke we take away the greatest factor that gives such a charm to Verne's work—the major portion of the control of the submarine must be by vision above the waves."

Another interesting point to consider is that of the pressure per square inch at different depths, for in this Jules Verne slipped badly in his calculations:

"He tells about Captain Nemo forcing his boat to depths of 6000 or 7000 ft., not realizing that pressures increase nearly half a pound per square inch for each added foot of depth. At 6000 ft. the pressure is nearly 3000 lb. per sq. in., and the *Nautilus*, as described in Verne's work, would not have stood any such pressure. An illustration in the book shows a man seated before a large plate-glass window, and another man swimming in the water outside. This window must have been at least 25 ft. square, and at a depth of 200 ft. it would have to sustain a pressure of about 100 lb. per sq. in., or 175 tons on the window. At 6000 ft. the total pressure would be 5250 tons. Certainly no glass made of the form illustrated could sustain such a load. However, it makes a very pretty picture."

Another point shows the misunderstanding of Jules Verne. He states that they had to use all the enormous power of her engines to force the submarine down against the great water pressure. The greater the pressure, the greater the power required:

"This is not according to fact, for if a body is once made heavier than sea water and starts to sink, it will continue until the bottom is reached if the salt in the sea water remains a constant percentage, a condition which practically exists in the open sea. The question is frequently raised in our newspapers whether a ship sunk by collision or the like will sink to the bottom or go a certain distance and then remain poised. The question was raised at the time the *Titanic* was sunk. The solution of the question rests upon the compressibility of the material of the ship as compared with that of water. If the latter is greater than the former, and the depth is great enough, a point would



JULES VERNE IMAGINED IT. ART REALIZED IT. SCIENCE CAN IMITATE IT

Men of the *Nautilus* are seen hunting sea monsters on the floor of the ocean. The submarine does not usually indulge in vacation diversions of this type but there is nothing now physically impossible in the feat itself. The actors in this scene breathe oxygen from a concealed tank under their shirts.

be reached where the water would be as dense as the material of the ship, and there the ship would remain poised. For the purpose of calculation, let us take the extreme case of a solid steel ball dropped overboard in the open sea. Now, in general, we say that water is incompressible. As compared to a gas it is incompressible, but as compared to steel it is compressible; indeed, it is more compressible than steel. Therefore, our steel ball as it descends into the sea and is compressed has water around it that is being compressed at a more rapid rate under the increase of pressure than the steel is. If the depth, and therefore the pressure, is great enough, a point will be reached where the water will be as dense as the steel, and at that point the ball will remain suspended. A calculation based on the compressibility of steel and water shows that the required depth is about 100 miles. As the sea is only some five or six miles deep, it is evident that our steel ball will go to the bottom."

Now let us take the case of the ship that has been sunk. When she starts to go down she is heavier than the water that surrounds her. The ship as a whole is far more compressible than the steel ball and will get relatively heavier as she descends—that is, will sink faster and faster until the bottom is reached. Let us return, now, to the

submarine, in which we have a hull that is perfectly water-tight:

"Since this hull is composed of circular frames on which is mounted the hull plating, its compressibility is far greater than our steel ball; indeed, it is far greater than water. In consequence, if a submarine is so trimmed down that she is even slightly heavier than water, she will sink to the bottom. This has been conclusively proved in connection with our tests of submarines at 200 ft. Every submarine for the U. S. Government must be taken down to this depth and kept there for ten minutes. In making this test, it is the custom first to anchor the boat where the depth of the water is right, then trim the boat by admitting water into her tanks, trimming her down until she has only a few hundred pounds buoyancy, then hauling in on the anchor rope. This operation draws the boat down until the desired depth is reached. In one or two cases, in the trimming-down operation, but a small amount of reserved buoyancy was given the boat, and as the boat descended and became compressed this reserved buoyancy was lost and the boat went the rest of the way to the bottom.

"From the above it will be readily seen that Verne's statement that it took all the power of the engines of the *Nautilus* to drive her into those great depths is not correct."

Viewing the prophetic submarine of Jules Verne as a whole, in the light of practical experience with the reality, it is clear that the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" has vindicated all that is said to-day regarding the use of the imagination in science. The denunciations of Verne by contemporary scientists are seen to have been unwarranted. He did not deal in pseudo-science. He conveyed no false idea. He erred on points of detail in the application of principle. His romance is something more than "mere literature." It is a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the value of the poetical in science, a proof of the contention that the imagination of the French is essentially scientific as distinguished from the imagination of the English which is in the main poetical.

Finally, the romance goes far to justify the contention that the imagination is on the whole a more reliable faculty than the intelligence, seeing that when Verne applied his intelligence alone to the solution of a practical problem in his work he went astray but he made no essential error when he depended upon his imaginative faculty.

ANOTHER SUSPECTED CAUSE OF CANCER DISCREDITED BY HISTORY

FOR some little time past a theory that cancer is in quite definite fashion connected with the presence of forests has been discussed in the medical press, and a writer in the London *Lancet* has gone so far as to affirm that statistics prove the theory. This forest theory concerns itself likewise with the eating of meat, especially of beef. The first cause of cancer, so runs the theory, is the eating of meat, the secondary cause being the communication of the disease to the cow and its transmission to man. In order to bring about a prevalence of cancer we must have a well-wooded country in which bovine cattle are used for food. Cancer is most prevalent in the best-wooded regions of England. Cancer is said to increase with the development of forestry provided that the raising of cattle be not at the same time utterly neglected.

The difficulty with this theory, according to Doctor Harold P. Cooke, writing in London *Science Progress*, is that history disproves it. All sorts of evidence could be adduced to discredit this suspected cause of cancer, but for his purpose the conditions in ancient Greece will suffice. To begin with, cancer was a disease already well known in the age of Pericles. It has acquired importance in the writings of Hippocrates, to say nothing of Galen.

The classical world of antiquity knew much of the disease and to the Athenian public it was commonplace as a theme when Plato wrote. An examination of the evidence available—there is lots of it—shows that the conditions of the forest and cattle theory were not fulfilled when Plato wrote his "Republic":

"We are, I think, led to conclude (1) that fish and birds were consumed, albeit Plato's silence about them would suggest they were not staple items; (2) that meat in the sense of beef and mutton was not a common article of diet. These conclusions are, I think, in accordance with what we might infer *prima facie* or may read in another connection. *Prima facie* we are led to conjecture from Athens's geographical position that there at least fish would be eaten; and we know that in more primitive times 'Fish was caught plentifully on the coast, and formed the staple article of diet. Meat was rarely eaten.' Whether fish in the days of Aristotle was to any great extent still consumed is immaterial to my immediate purpose, and we need not stay here to inquire. There are, moreover, collateral

reasons—they will shortly appear in some measure—for assuming that the soil of

The Ancient Greeks Afford Us a Clue To One of the Medical Mysteries



THE CREW OF THE NAUTILUS LEAVE THE SUBMARINE TO TAKE A TRIP UPON THE OCEAN FLOOR

When Jules Verne first conceived this scene in the famous romance we have all read, he was accused of indulging in the most preposterous unreality. The men who make submarines for a living will gladly fill an order for a specimen so built as to permit a duplication of this prodigy—for it was a prodigy when Jules Verne imagined it.

Greece was but poorly adapted to flocks and herds. And its unsuitability to pasture became each year ever the greater.

"It may in this connection be objected that Plato in 'Republic,' Book III, speaks of roast, as opposed to boiled, meat as being the most convenient diet for soldiers. But a reference to this passage will show that Plato is citing the custom in Homer, whose soldiers, he says, have no fish, tho they live by the shores of the Hellespont, and are not allowed any boiled meats but only roast, which are most convenient, as not involving the carrying about with the army of pots and pans. If the passage be not wholly ironical, as the quoting of Homer suggests, Plato would appear to approve of this diet as the best or, at least, good and simple for soldiers under military training; but the passage proves nothing whatever with regard to the Greece of his day, and the omission of these meats in the passage, in which he builds up and 'fodders' his State, becomes the more curious and striking, for his citizens are to be soldiers. Again, in primitive times, we are told in a passage of Book VI of the 'Laws,' animals

were not even tasted, as, for instance, the flesh of the cow, but only cakes and fruits dipped in honey. I do not, however, conclude that in Classical Platonic times men ate daily of the flesh of the cow. Nor can anything, I think, be inferred from such passages as that in the 'Republic' about Polydamas, the pan-cratiast, and his eating *τὰ βόεια κρέα* or beef. Indeed, we may fairly conclude that the diet of Platonic times contained little beef and mutton; of later times even less. The supply of such foods could, in truth, be recruited by importation; but we have, as I presume, neither evidence nor *prima-facie* reason to suppose that such importation took place."

Doctor Cooke comes next to a kindred point. One of the highest living authorities on the subject holds that while Greece in the Homeric poems would appear to have been well wooded and forested, by the beginning of the fourth century before our era the problem of deforestation had become a serious thing indeed,—Attica, for instance, in Platonic times, being not

very far removed from what it is at the present moment in the matter of timber and trees. Doctor Cooke agrees with some parties to this controversy that there may have been more trees in Attica than some of the disputants are willing to admit. Plato, for instance, mentions yews and myrtles; but the process of deforestation was never arrested, and deforestation would involve denudation:

"What conclusion is to be drawn from these facts? That cancer was familiar in a country very largely denuded of trees, among a people that mainly subsisted on what we may call a vegetarian diet. The later the date we assign to the relevant Hippocratic writings, the more pronounced were the deforestation and the consequent shortage of pasture and herds. It would, therefore, appear from this evidence that grave suspicion, to say the least, has been thrown on the supposed universal connection of cancer either (1) with the prevalence of trees or (2) with the eating of mutton and beef."

RESULTS OF THE FIRST SYSTEMATIC CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CLOTHES-MOTH

ABOUT four years ago that well-known student of entomology and chemistry, Doctor Ralph C. Benedict, was asked by various interested parties to undertake a prolonged and systematic study of clothes-moths. The object was the accumulation of facts with a view to solving the problem of mothproofing ordinary woolen fabrics. At that time and until now the only original information available consisted of disconnected observations, mainly concerned with the case-forming clothes-moth called by entomologists *Tinea*. In connection with the study that followed, Doctor Benedict accumulated by purchase hundreds of pounds of fur and old woolen rags. The moth-larvæ were with great pains picked out of these and the rags sold back or thrown away. One lot of eighteen hundred pounds of old rags was purchased at one time. From these several thousand larvæ were picked out by boys employed for the purpose, the larvæ being placed on test cloths which had been treated with various chemicals in the hope of finding one which would prevent the ravages of moths. Two trunks filled with fur garments were obtained from the Salvation Army stores. Two hundred pounds of blown fur were purchased from a firm which prepares rabbit fur for the hatter's trade. Doctor Benedict proceeds in *Science*:

"The yellow clothes-moth, *Tineola bisselliella*, was the only moth found in all this material during a period of four years. This seems strange, especially in

view of the fact that the rag material had been shipped to New York from all parts of the country, the large bale of cloth above mentioned having come from the South and consisting of dirty cast-off clothing from that region. About three specimens of the spotted clothes-moth, *Tinea*, were caught flying about the house in the Bronx, New York City, in which the study was at first carried on, but the circumstances indicated that they were adventitious, and in no way connected with the supply of *Tineola* fur of which only a few cardboard boxes were present at that time. The conclusion would seem inevitable that in the region of New York City, at least, *Tinea* is of comparatively rare occurrence and that the extensive damage which is done in connection with the fur and woolen trades is due almost entirely to the other species. Both the black and the buffalo carpet-beetles were found invariably in each supply of moth material, but in comparatively small numbers. A much larger unidentified beetle occurred in great numbers in the supply of blown hat fur and rabbit skins which had their source in Australia."

Mature moths were found emerging from cocoons in the summer months. The females were always larger than the males, but far less active. Females soon began to lay eggs in quantity of from thirty to much more than a hundred. These were laid on small bits of woolen cloth. Hatching began in a week and the larvæ began to eat the cloth. Some started also to spin a case to live in. Others grazed about. The moth-holes usually appeared as little round apertures or as slits shaped like dumbbells. The larval stage may be completed in about ten weeks.

An Adventure Big with Hope to All Not in the Clothes-Line

The observations were at all stages thoro and lasted through four seasons. Every sort of test with chemicals and with different colors and types of cloth was made. The outcome is on the whole baffling. Still, a word of hope is forthcoming:

"Remedies intended for the flying-moth stage are worse than useless. So-called repellants such as tobacco, cedar, did not repel or harm the moth in any stage. The imago stage is the most delicate of all, but it could be placed in a small, closed tumbler with burning tobacco with no apparent injury. Cloth soaked in odoriferous substances for the purpose of repelling them was made the recipient of eggs as readily as untreated cloth. As already noted, the moth laid eggs as readily on cotton and silk as on wool, altho neither of these was used as food by the larvæ.

"Any method of attack must be directed toward the larval stage to be effective. Camphor and naphthalene in closed places kill all stages. The egg and larvæ turn from whitish to a yellowish brown in color; the larvæ cease activity almost immediately. No gaseous poisons were tried, but undoubtedly the common ones would be effective. Kerosene and gasoline fumes were not effective."

The main method of attack in this case was directed toward poisoning the larvæ through their food. The problem was to find some poison which could be placed on cloth and serve to kill larvæ feeding on it before they could do material damage:

"At the same time it must not be harmful to human beings, or if harmful in posse, must be insoluble. If baby wants

to chew mother's dress or its woolen blanket, it must be able to do so with impunity. After about four years of nearly continuous investigation, during which several chemists were cooperating, the problem was finally dropped.

"Larvæ placed in dishes with a piece

of cloth soaked in corrosive sublimate as well as other common poisons ate of the cloth as shown by the color of their alimentary canal and the feces, but lived on for weeks apparently uninjured. Some few substances were found which did appear to have some result.

"The problem still seems to be possible, but the solution is not apparent. After the substance is found, there still remains the overcoming of the objections of the tailors and clothing manufacturers, some of whom consider clothes-moths among their best friends."

NEEDLESS ALARM OVER COLOR RINGS IN THE VISION

DURING the later months of his eighty-ninth year the attention of the distinguished English ophthalmologist, Dr. R. Brudenell Carter, became directed to a circular color spectrum which appeared to surround any bright light to which his eyes were directed. Upon making inquiry of two distinguished experts in his own profession, Doctor Carter, who is now ninety years of age, found that they had been consulted in similar cases. One of the experts had such cases only among persons past eighty. The other found them in individuals less than eighty. Both said the appearance of the color rings occasioned anxiety of mind in the patients. Nothing, as far as Doctor Carter learns, has hitherto appeared in print upon the subject and he elucidates it accordingly in the columns of *London Nature*:

"If I look steadily at an ordinary electric filament light, about 10 ft. distant from my eyes, it appears to be surrounded by a vivid color circle about 2 ft. in diameter, with the red band external, the blue internal, the yellow intermediate. The band appears to be about 6 in. in width, so as to be quite clear of the light itself, from which its inner margin appears to be about 6 in. distant. If I light a wax match and hold it in my hand, the color circle around the flame appears to be about as large as a florin, while that around a full moon is very large and of very brilliant colors. The appearance is most striking when the light is near enough to be vivid, and yet distant enough to fall upon the eye in a slightly divergent pencil, a result well obtained by seeing in a mirror, at 10 ft. from my eyes, the reflection of an electric lamp 10 ft. from the mirror. This arrangement furnishes a circle about 3 ft. in diameter, both larger and better colored than if I look directly at the lamp itself.

"I do not think that the optical condition of my own eyes has any bearing upon the matter, as the presence or absence of spectacles makes no appreciable difference of luminosity or of color. . . . For the last forty years I have constantly worn fully correcting spectacles, with an increase in the lower halves of the lenses for presbyopia, as it gradually became established, and my vision is, and always has been, perfect. I watch with pleasure the evolutions of distant and lofty aeroplanes, and I read 'brilliant' type with facility.

"If a strong light is brought sufficiently near my eyes to produce active contraction of the pupils the color circle does not appear, but it springs into existence as the light is moved a few feet away and the pupils are suffered to expand. In like manner, the color circle is obliterated when I look at the moderately distant light through a pinhole-opening in a card or thin metal disc."

The facts appear to be that when the eye receives only a small pencil of nearly parallel rays, these are sufficiently refracted in the ocular media to be united in a focus upon the yellow spot. When it receives a larger pencil, the outer portions of which will be more or less divergent, these portions are not sufficiently refracted to unite upon the center, but reach the surrounding parts of the retina in the order of their refrangibility, red external, blue external, yellow intermediate. The cause of the color appearances, therefore, is diminished refracting power of some of the ocular media. It is natural to think first of the crystalline lens on account both of the complexity of its structure and of the well-known fact that it is liable not only to lose its transparency and elasticity in old age but also to acquire a yellowish or brownish tint:

"It has been assumed, but, so far as I know, without evidence, that such color changes are of almost normal occurrence in old age; and, some eighty years ago, an ingenious quack traded upon the suggestion that they were not only normal but also useful, and placed upon the market, at a high price, spectacle lenses professedly made of clear amber and supposed to be highly advantageous to old people. More recently Dr. Liebreich amused the Royal Institution by a lecture in which he maintained that the peculiarities of Turner's later coloring were due to the gradually deepening yellow of his crystalline lenses. I have, of course, removed many yellow or brown lenses in cases of senile cataract; but I know of no evidence that the healthy lens of an accurately seeing eye changes its color with age, and I believe that my own perception of all shades of color remains entirely accurate."

The vitreous body does not, Doctor Carter thinks, either display any change of color as an incident of advancing life or take any active part in refraction. His observations lead him,

A Grand Old Man of Ninety Who Is One of the Greatest Living Eye Specialists

at least in his own case, to dismiss the cornea from consideration:

"My spectrum rings are too constant, and too uniform in size, constitution, and color, to be due to a structure liable to be affected by atmospheric, secretory or compressive changes. I have kept my eyes open as long as possible, have compressed them with and through my eyelids, have rubbed the eyelids themselves, but, whatever I do, the color rings remain unaltered. In a word, I have fallen back upon the lenses themselves as the immediate causes of the phenomena, and the question that next arises is whether these phenomena justify any apprehension of diminution or loss of lenticular transparency—in other words, of cataract. I think not. I have carefully examined my own eyes by looking at various sources of light, and at white clouds, through minute slits or minute circular openings in metal discs, and I do not discover any traces of striae or opacity. . . .

"I have come to regard the color rings mainly as an accidental result of unimportant lenticular conditions, the effects of which are intensified by the use of electric light, and which may be dismissed from consideration so far as the quality or the maintenance of vision is concerned. They appear only when the gaze is directed towards the luminosity furnishing them; and they may, I think, be wholly disregarded. I shall be happy if my experience can afford relief from anxiety to any contemporary or other person to whom such rings may have caused uneasiness."

Commenting upon the facts supplied in this case, *The British Medical Journal* observes that many ocular complications are nursed by the sufferers. They result from suggestion. This suggestion is supplied by much ancient and superseded literature on the subject of the eye. Nothing is easier to bring on by an exercise of the fancy than a malady affecting the vision. The aged for the most part enjoy better sight than many of their juniors because they have sense or experience enough to dismiss as idle the superstitions on the subject of the eyes which hang over from the last century. The eye is a wonderfully strong organ and there is no reason why the aged should not enjoy sight as keen as their grandchildren's. There are authenticated cases of centenarians who read fine type with ease to the last.

PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE WAR BETWEEN SCIENCE AND THE CLASSICS

UNTIL the layman appreciates the difference between ability and efficiency he must grope blindly amid the mazes of the controversy now distracting the educational world regarding the training value of the classics as compared with that of the sciences. Efficiency is used with particular reference to the commercial results of a man's activities, his earning power in money. Ability is a term of wider application. Men of a high order of ability, of actual genius, may be of low efficiency in the commercial sense. Now the object of all education should be the development of ability, by which we mean the natural powers and gifts of the individual, whereas it has become a melancholy truth that education tends to the development of earning power of a commercially important kind. Individuals may benefit vastly by the development of their efficiency, whereas society is the gainer by their ability. The earning power of a man who leads a great army to victory is very slight, however great his ability, whereas a pawnbroker, through his efficiency of a commercial kind, may have great

earning power. We have thus two ideals of education, one directed to the efficiency of men commercially and the other directed to the development of their highest powers regardless of financial consequences. The question now arises: Will the study of the classics develop a man's abilities or his earning power less than would the devotion of his mind to the sciences? It has been too easily conceded heretofore that a man who studies Greek and Latin would find the financial result in the end less important than if he put in the same amount of time and mentality in the acquisition of something else. The truth is, according to Viscount Bryce, writing in a recent bulletin of the General Educational Board, that Latin and Greek, undoubtedly a means of developing ability in the higher sense, develop as well mere efficiency in the commercial sense. A man who knows Latin and Greek well, other things being equal, ought to make more money in the end than if he were ignorant of the classics.

The explanation is found in the fact that the classical scholar—not the mere classical scholar and nothing else but the "humanist"—is better equipped for mixing with his fellow creatures, for influencing large masses of men, for leadership. The sciences make specialists, and nothing is worse than the narrowness of specialism in science. We have to remember that even commercial success and the wealth it brings are, like everything else in the long run, the result of Thought and Will. It is by these two, Thought and Will, that individuals succeed. It is not enough to have knowledge, but one must know how to use it. A man might think hard but his thought might lack that quality of imagination and insight and sympathy without which it would judge falsely and err fatally. Things human must not be left alien to us. This is the consideration giving the classics their critical importance. Without them we are not fully human. The study of science brings efficiency, no doubt; but of itself it can not develop ability:

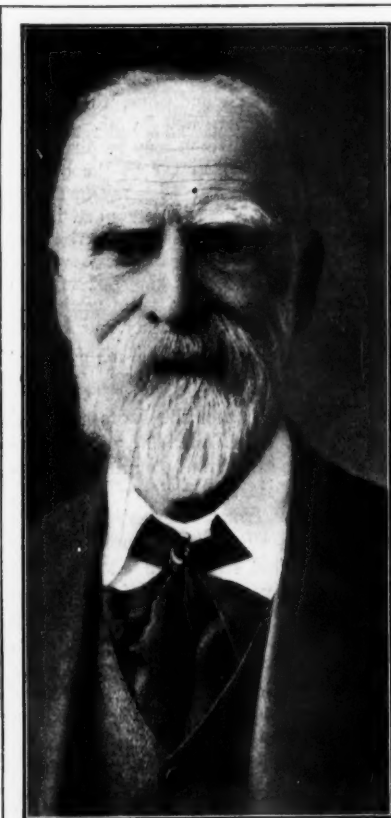
"Those students also who explore organic tissues or experiment upon ions and electrons have to describe in words and persuade with words. For dealing with men in the various relations of life, the knowledge of tissues and electrons does not help. The knowledge of human nature does help, and to that knowledge letters and history contribute. The whole world of emotion—friendship, love, all the sources of enjoyment except those which spring from the intellectual achievements of discovery—belong to the human field, even when drawn from the love of nature. To understand sines and

Why We Should Be Alarmed If We Cannot Read Greek

logarithms, to know how cells unite into tissues, and of what gaseous elements, in what proportion, atoms are combined to form water—all these things are the foundations of branches of science, each of which has the utmost practical value. But they need to be known by those only who are engaged in promoting those sciences by research or in dealing practically with their applications. One can buy and use common salt without calling it chloride of sodium. A blackberry gathered on a hedge tastes no better to the man who knows that it belongs to the extremely perplexing genus *Rubus* and is a sister species to the raspberry and the cloudberry, and has scarcely even a nodding acquaintance with the bilberry and the bearberry. None of these things, interesting as they are to the student, touches human life and feeling. Pericles and Julius Caesar would have been no fitter for the work they had to do if they had been physiologists or chemists. No one at a supreme crisis in his life can nerve himself to action, or comfort himself under a stroke of fate, by reflecting that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal. It is to poetry and philosophy, and to the examples of conduct history supplies, that we must go for stimulus or consolation."

One may distinguish broadly between two classes of knowledge, that of the world of nature and that of the world of man, between external objects, inanimate and animate, and all the products of human thought, such as forms of speech, literature, all that belongs to the sphere of abstract ideas and the record of what men have done and said. The former of these constitutes what we may call the domain of physical science, the latter the domain of the so-called humanities. Everyone in whom the passion of curiosity has been duly developed will find in either far more things he desires to know than he will ever be able to know, and that which may seem the saddest but is really the best of it is that the longer he lives the more will he desire to go on learning. How, then, is the time available for education to be allotted between these two great departments? "Setting aside the cases of those very few persons who show an altogether exceptional gift for scientific discovery, mathematical or physical, on the one hand, or for literary creation on the other, and passing by the question of the time when special training for a particular calling should begin, let us think of education as a preparation for life as a whole, so that it may fit men to draw from life the most it can give for use and for enjoyment."

The more that can be learnt in both these great departments, the realm of external nature and the realm of man,



THE CLASSICS? NEVER BE WITHOUT THEM IN THE HOUSE

He who neglects Latin and Greek, according to Viscount Bryce, whose face proves what he says, can never even look like a creature of thought and will.

so much the better. Plenty of knowledge in both is needed to produce a capable and finished mind. Those who have attained eminence in either have usually been and are to-day ready to recognize the value of the other.

The fallacy underlying this whole line of argument, according to that famed champion of the sciences against the classics, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, is the idea that we are made more "human" by the so-called humanities. The social and individual problems of life were simpler in the ancient world than in ours and they were often solved by giving play to the elemental passions of human nature. Hence the study of them affords but imperfect guidance to wise action amid the wider and more complex conditions of the modern

world. When, as in this great war, notes Doctor Eliot, modern peoples see great national governments revert to the barbarous customs and passions which were common in the ancient world, they resolve that this reversion shall not last. Certain new conceptions have attained wide recognition concerning the functions of education and concerning the study through which the educated young man may develop his natural ability and at the same time attain true efficiency, service to the community and service to himself:

"In the first place, the idea of the cultivated person, man or woman, has distinctly changed during the past thirty-five years. Cultivation a generation ago meant acquaintance with letters and the fine

arts, and some knowledge of at least two languages and literatures, and of history. The term cultivation is now much more inclusive. It includes elementary knowledge of the sciences, and it ranks high the subjects of history, government, and economics.

"Secondly, when Herbert Spencer seventy years ago said that science was the subject best worth knowing, the schoolmasters and university professors in England paid no attention to his words. The long years of comparative peace and of active manufacturing and trading which the British Empire since that date enjoyed did something to give practical effect in British education to Spencer's dictum. The present war has demonstrated its truth to all thinking men in Europe and America. It now clearly appears that science is the knowledge best worth having."

A PRESENT MISCONCEPTION REGARDING THE NEW THEORY OF MATTER

A BARRIER that undoubtedly exists to the better appreciation of the modern point of view in physics, even among those most willing to learn, declares the distinguished Professor Frederick Soddy, is the confusion between the earlier attempt and the present attempt to explain the relation between matter and electricity. We know negative electricity, he points out (in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution of Great Britain), apart from matter, as the electron. We know positive electricity apart from the electron, the hydrogen ion and the radiant helium atom, and it certainly is matter in the free or electrically uncombined condition. Positive electricity is emphatically not the mere absence of electricity, and any electrical theory of matter purporting to explain matter in terms of electricity does so by the palpable sophistry of calling two fundamentally different things by the same name. "The dualism remains whether you speak of matter and electricity, or of positive and negative electricity, and the chemist would do well to stick to his conception of matter until the physicist has got a new name for positive electricity which will not confuse it with the only kind of electricity that can exist apart from matter."

In opposition to the "simplicity" of the physicist we have the complexity of the chemist. This complexity of the chemical elements is a consequence of the condition that neither free electricity nor free matter can be studied alone except in very special cases. Our experimental knowledge of matter in quantity is necessarily confined to the complex of matter and electricity which constitutes the material world. This applies even to the so-called "free" ele-

ments of the chemist, which in reality are no more free than they are in their compounds. The difference is merely that, whereas in the latter the elements are combined with other elements, in the so-called free state they are combined with electricity:

"Looking for a moment at the broader aspects of the new ideas of atomic structure, it seems that tho a sound basis for further development has been roughed out, almost all the detail remains to be supplied. We have got to know the nucleus, but beyond the fact that it is constituted, in heavy atoms, of nuclei of helium and electrons, nothing is known. Whilst as regards the separate shells or rings of electrons which neutralize its charge and are supposed to surround it, like the shells of an onion, we really know nothing yet at all."

Physics (as distinguished from chemistry) is not, however, up against a blank wall. In striving for a theory of matter, it can make use of a messenger that can penetrate the atom, traverse regions which hitherto have been bolted and barred from human curiosity, and, on emerging, be questioned, as it has been most effectively by Rutherford, with regard to what was inside. This messenger is known as the alpha-particle:

"Sir J. J. Thomson, using the electron as the messenger, had obtained valuable information as to the number of electrons in the atom, but the massive material alpha-particle alone can disclose the material atom. It was found that, tho the vast majority of alpha-particles re-emerge, from their encounters with the atoms, practically in the same direction as they started, suffering only slight hither and thither scattering due to their collisions with the electrons in the atom, a minute proportion of them suffer very large and abrupt changes of direction. Some are swung round, emerging in the

The Chemist and the Physicist Seem to Be Talking About Different Things

opposite to their original direction. The vast majority, that get through all but undeflected, have met nothing in their passage save electrons 8,000 times lighter than themselves. The few that are violently swung out of their course must have been in collision with an exceedingly massive nucleus in the atom, occupying only an insignificant fraction of its total volume. The atomic volume is the total volume swept out by systems of electrons in orbits of revolution round the nucleus, and beyond these rings or shells guarding the nucleus it is ordinarily impossible to penetrate."



THE CLASSICS? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

Thus Charles W. Eliot, who has been everything, has seen everything and has known everything. He addresses a solemn warning to ambitious youths everywhere to keep away from Latin and Greek.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

THE KIND OF RELIGION THAT AMERICAN SOLDIERS RESPECT

THE religion of the camps, says Dr. Joseph H. Odell in *The Outlook*, is so much like religion everywhere and yet so unlike religion anywhere that it is peculiarly difficult to define. The first thing that struck him, during the course of a recent tour of investigation, was that the religion of the camps is more intimately a part of the daily life of the men there than it is in other places. A man can live in a civilian community for months and absolutely avoid any contact with organized and articulate religion; a soldier cannot live for a day in a camp or cantonment without being in touch with something closely identified with religion. The chaplain is as much a part of a regiment as the adjutant or the officer of the day. And with and behind the chaplain there are the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus. The soldier cannot move a hundred yards without seeing the buildings of one or both of these organizations. He writes his letters from the same bench that he uses in listening to a sermon; he plays games under the same roof that shelters him in receiving the Sacrament or Mass; he sees a thrilling movie in the same place in which he sings the hymns he learned in childhood.

Other distinctions fade also. The lines between the Protestant, the Catholic and the Hebrew, Dr. Odell tells us, remain, but they are never exaggerated. Among Protestants the denominational fences are entirely gone. Common sense has done in a month what committees on unity could not have accomplished in a millennium.

When he speaks of the kind of preaching to which the men respond, Dr. Odell says:

"Of course it goes without saying that the 'Dear brethren' sort of sentimentalists get scant attention. Men who are preparing to meet the machine-gun spray and stand up against gas and liquid fire are not interested in spiritual cosmetics. Curiously, also, the typical, flamboyant 'Believe or be damned' kind of evangelist, with his dogmatic theology and his shibboleth tests, makes little impression. Dr. John Timothy Stone, who is doing very effective work in Camp Grant as religious director, writes to me of his experience to this effect: 'The soldier must see the man before he sees the religion the man

is trying to present. He believes that a man should have breadth of view as to the convictions of others, but must sound no uncertain note as to his own firm belief. Naturalness in a speaker is also an essential. We find that a few earnest words put in ten or twelve minutes are of far more value than lengthy expositions or drawn-out addresses.'

"The hundreds of thousands of men in the training camps are elemental; they have been taken away or have been torn away from the elaborate artificialities of community life; they are getting ready for a very elemental thing—killing the other man or being killed by the other man. They are in no mood for the extraneous or the artificial in religion. Speakers like Sherwood Eddy, Fosdick, Grenfell, van Dyke, Cadman, and Ralph Connor reach them instantly, because they deal with the imperative things of the soul, and they recognize the kind of soul with which they have to deal. Words that are simple, direct, earnest, and freighted with a vivid and vital personal experience grip the men instantly. They are modest also, and too busy learning the elements of soldiering, digging trenches, and obeying imperative orders, to be moved by mock heroics. They do not want to be magnified and glorified into saviors of humanity—at least not yet; not till they have actually come to grips with the Hun.

"Possibly the most obvious feature of camp preaching is its practical application. It is a dynamic intended to produce an ethic. Its aim is not the discussion of a subject, but the attaining of an object. If an attempt is made to stir the emotions, it is done that the emotions may direct the will and issue in character and conduct. Hence one hears nothing about predestination, but much about prayer; little about doctrines, but a great deal about duty."

There are all kinds of men in the training camps, Dr. Odell finds, as there are everywhere else. He speaks of "men with the morals of a mud turtle and the vision of a bat." Then he says: "There are also multitudes who are spreading the contagion of a splendid manhood through the barracks. Some will come back to civil life unimproved, but they are the ones who would go to the devil on a desert island. But many, many thousands will testify in years to come that the first glimpse they ever had of the possible beauty and grandeur of life came from association with their comrades in camp." We are told further:

Words That Are Simple, Direct, Earnest, and Freighted with a Vivid and Vital Personal Experience Grip the Men Instantly

"Few people, even among our political and moral economists, realize the influence of taking a million and a half men out of our competitive system and placing them under the law of cooperation. When the men understand that their messmates are not trying to steal their jobs or get their money, they haven't the slightest objection to doing kindly and generous things for one another. The complexion of their world has changed, and they change with it. When they see that the best men in camp are not ashamed to be decent, they want to be decent too; when they find that some are not afraid to pray, they are willing to pray also. Two men went to the Y. M. C. A. director in Camp Devens and said that they were in the habit of kneeling down and saying their prayers every night at home. What ought they to do here? 'Try it out,' was the advice. They did; the second night two others in the barracks joined them; the third night a few more; gradually the number increased until considerably more than half of the men resumed the habit of childhood and knelt by their cots in prayer before turning in. A company captain in one of the cantonments the first evening his men stood at attention for retreat said, 'Men, this is a serious business we are engaged in; it is fitting that we should pray about it.' There and then this Plattsburg Reserve officer made a simple and earnest prayer for the divine blessing upon their lives and their work. The impression upon the men was described to me as tremendous. Such incidents, altho not common, indicate the general spirit of the new armies; the better men and the men of ampler early opportunities are already exercising a refining and an uplifting influence upon their less-favored fellows. Old misunderstandings and prejudices are passing away; social distinctions are giving way to a new solidarity; individual goodness, repressed for lack of an encouraging environment, is coming frankly to view."

Dr. Odell's conclusion is that "in making better men we are making finer soldiers, and in making efficient soldiers we are producing a higher type of men—healthier physically, broader mentally, and nobler spiritually." He says: "If Germany should crumble before these men can get into action, if we have lavished billions of dollars to train men for battles they will never fight, yet the money has been well spent, and I consider it the best investment in citizenship the country could have made."

THE WAR AS A PROCESS OF MORAL PURIFICATION

IN a striking interpretation of the world-war lately issued under the title, "The Victorious Faith" (Harper), Horatio W. Dresser, one of the leaders of the New Thought movement, makes the statement: "War, psychologically regarded, is a kind of beneficent illness." He goes on to argue that the militarist and the pacifist are alike incapable of meeting the deeper problems involved in war. The militarist, he intimates, is bound to fail because he relies on force and external methods, whereas the human spirit is elusive and cannot be coerced. The pacifist, he tells us, is equally superficial in the sense that he attempts to isolate peace instead of subordinating it to the larger issues of love and justice. "A world at peace without justice," he says, "is like a wife who does not resent her husband's beatings because she does not want to disturb their cheery married life." Peace at any price for the world is like the cheeriness of such a household. A man and his wife may always have that kind of harmony if they do not talk things out; but what is real, what is substantial, in such a relation? To attain peace, as Mr. Dresser understands the word, one must attain more than peace. Like happiness, it cannot be found by seeking it. It can be found indirectly through freedom of the spirit. "To obtain peace, for a person, for a universe, we must look back to causes and forward to cures."

And what, Mr. Dresser has been asked, were the causes, and what are to be the cures, in connection with the present world conflagration? He replies:

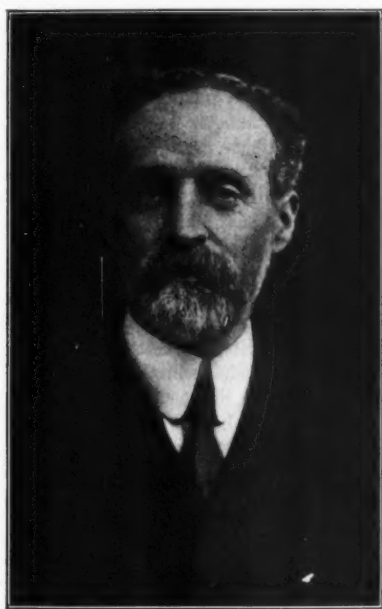
"Think of the world as a woman with nervous prostration. The woman has refused to control her emotions. She has indulged herself in worry, fear, anger, jealousy. These feelings have gradually poisoned her internally until they result externally in complete collapse. No use to hope for restored health until she faces the truth. The only chance for cure is in a change of heart.

"Now the world, ever since the olden days, has been seething with suppressed but none the less destructive activities that have at last laid it low with the worst case of universal nervous prostration ever known. It is called war. The world cannot avoid war as long as it is on the level of warfare. It is not a Christian world. While the nations preach Christianity in the abstract, in the concrete they eye each other, ready for blood. While Germany has generalized about Christian love and Christian peace, Prussianism was sharpening its ax.

"Slavery in Russia, injustice to women in England, corporation power in America—these are some of the diseases that have been at work, not in Germany alone,

but in all great nations. The back of the world has been waiting a long time for the last straw. Russia has now freed herself; America is enacting reforms; and women in England, having shown what they can do, will never again be subjected to the kind of life from which they are trying to free themselves. So much the war has done already. Before it is over it will accomplish more."

The age in which we are living, proceeds the argument, is a realistic age.



HE SAYS THAT SPIRITUAL EFFICIENCY MUST LEARN FROM MATERIAL EFFICIENCY

According to Horatio W. Dresser, the New Thought leader, we shall never have enduring peace until we have prepared for it as thoroly as militarists have prepared for war.

Old generations no longer sway us. We are not content with ancient dogmas. We force ourselves to face facts. And since the world is in this restless, inquiring mood, it required a world-breakdown to reveal what was beneath. Only thus, in Mr. Dresser's judgment, could poisonous elements be expelled. Without the external illness we cannot diagnose the inner complaint. Present-day realism tends to make the world healthier. True, it is a melancholy process to bring an individual to judgment; still more to bring a world. But exposures, unpleasant as they are, hold the only hope for cure. Since war, then, is only a reaction on a large scale against conditions seething inside, how can we think, asks Mr. Dresser, that peace is wholesome? Is headache medicine wholesome for a woman with shattered nerves? It may not exactly be wholesome, but it helps the real trouble to work itself out.

Horatio Dresser Sees the World Laid Low by Nervous Prostration, and Says that we Shall Never Have Peace until we have Psychological Health

Whether we can abolish war depends, Mr. Dresser asserts, upon whether we can learn our lesson:

"If the woman with nervous prostration first faces the fact that she has been brought low, not by her enemies, not by her environment, not by anything but herself; if she next makes a real and constant effort to change herself—then she need never have another such attack. If the world faces the fact that it was brought low, not by the mental attitude of individual toward individual and of nation toward nation—then it need never have such another attack. This war has been a fearful blow; but if it has not been fearful enough to teach the lesson, then we may have another war, and another and many others.

"If we would abolish war, we must first abolish diplomatic offices that have the power to make war; international marriages between royal houses that complicate international relations; secret intrigues of any sort. Of course for the present something depends upon the actual settlements at the end of the present war, before all smoke will be cleared away. But that is a temporary matter.

"A league for peace! Of what use is a league for peace? If Germany goes on hating England and America, then peace leagues are powerless. It is a question of psychology. Can we realize the ideal we have so glibly preached, or will it, after our bloody lesson, remain a mere theory? In the answer to that lies something more poignant than a league for peace."

The upshot of the argument is that peace-lovers who want peace will have to prepare for it as thoroly as militarists have prepared for war. Mr. Dresser concludes:

"Spiritual efficiency must learn from material efficiency. What have we, on the moral plane, to compare with the marvelous militarism of Germany? Do we stand together on anything, as the German people do? Are we a unit like the German people? To make moral efficiency, then, as effective as material efficiency—that is the problem we must work out in practical ways before we can have peace.

"The way to begin is through the individual. Most of us, like most nations, are consumed with inner conflicts. Now personal conservation is quite as important as food conservation. If we, as individuals, learn to conserve our emotions and energies, and if we learn to coordinate first ourselves and then our nation and our world, no amount of mere material ability can destroy us. . . .

"In our country, when the great war came, we were filled with that complacent optimism which is content to declare that 'All's right with the world' because 'God's in His heaven.' Worse still, we had people who not only neglected to cure evils, but declared they did not exist. We showed indifference to others less prosperous than ourselves on the theory that

the quarrels of the old world were no concern of ours. Some of the pacifists were willing to go up to the eleventh hour in sheer propagandism before they became awake to the real state of affairs. Some are not yet awake. Pacifism in its

irresolute forms is simply the latest type of this optimistic blindness to the actual state of the world.

"The trouble with pacifism is that it accepts a theory because it is pleasing or seems to hold together consistently.

"The faith, on the other hand, that will really bring us to peace, need never close our eyes to fact. And after we acknowledge facts, then must we act upon them. We must observe, listen, think, and then respond."

THE NEW REVELATION OF HEAVEN VOUCHSAFED TO CONAN DOYLE

The Famous Writer is More Concrete Than Most of His Fellow-Believers in His Portrayal of the Coming World

A RENEWAL of interest in Spiritualism as a result of the war has been noted by many commentators on the present state of world-thought. Everywhere the minds of men and women have turned to the fate of the dead and have tried to penetrate the mystery of death. Sir William Barrett, Bishop Welldon, and many other writers have written favorably of Spiritualist theories. Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond," purporting to give news of communication with his son killed in battle, has been widely discussed. Now comes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle with an extraordinarily concrete and detailed description of that "heaven" which, he is convinced, awaits all who pass from these mortal scenes.

The "new revelation" of which Sir Arthur writes, in a leading article in *The Metropolitan* (New York), is founded on information supposed to have been given by departed spirits. "The departed," he says, "all agree that passing is usually both easy and painless, and followed by an enormous reaction of peace and ease." He continues:

"In most cases I imagine that the dead man is much too preoccupied with his own amazing experience to have much thought for others. He soon finds, to his surprise, that tho he endeavors to communicate with those whom he sees, his ethereal voice and his ethereal touch are equally unable to make any impression upon those human organs which are only attuned to coarser stimuli. It is a fair subject for speculation, whether a fuller knowledge of those sight-rays which we know to exist on either side of the spectrum, or of those sounds which we can prove by the vibrations of a diaphragm to exist altho they are too high for mortal ear, may not bring us some further psychical knowledge. Setting that aside, however, let us follow the fortunes of the departing spirit. He is presently aware that there are others in the room besides those who were there in life, and among these others, who seem to him as substantial as the living, there appear familiar faces, and he finds his hand grasped or his lips kissed by those whom he had loved and lost. Then in their company, and with the help and guidance of some more radiant being who has stood by and waited for the newcomer, he passes to his own surprise through all solid obstacles and out upon his new life."

This is a definite statement and, as

Sir Arthur points out, already very different from any old theology. "The spirit is not a glorified angel or a goblin damned, but it is simply the person himself, containing all his strength and weakness, his wisdom and his folly, exactly as he has retained his personal appearance." Before entering upon his new life, we are told further, the new spirit has a period of sleep which varies in its length, sometimes hardly existing at all, at other times extending for weeks or months. Raymond, the son of Sir Oliver Lodge, is reported as saying that his lasted for six days. Mr. F. W. H. Myers, on the other hand, is reported to have said that he had a very prolonged period of unconsciousness. Having wakened from sleep, the spirit is weak, as the child is weak after earth-birth.

At this point Sir Arthur enters upon a discussion of heaven and hell:

"Hell, I may say, drops out altogether, as it has long dropped out of the thoughts of every reasonable man. This odious conception, so blasphemous in its view of the Creator, arose from the exaggerations of Oriental phrases, and may perhaps have been of service in a coarse age where men were frightened by fires, as wild beasts are scared by the travelers. Hell as a permanent place does not exist. But the idea of punishment, of purifying chastisement, in fact of Purgatory, is justified by the reports from the other side. Such punishment does not consist of gross bodily pain—there is no pain beyond—but it consists in the fact that the grossest souls are in lower spheres with a knowledge that their own deeds have placed them there, but also with the hope that expiation and the help of those above them will educate them and bring them level with the others. In this saving process the higher spirits find part of their employment. Miss Julia Ames in her beautiful posthumous book says in memorable words: 'The greatest joy of Heaven is emptying Hell.' Such a sentiment as that is certainly an advance in morality since the days when Gregory, a Father of the Church, and called a Saint, said that one of the joys of the Blessed was watching the torments of the damned."

Setting aside these probationary spheres, which should perhaps rather be looked upon as hospitals for weakly souls than as penal communities, the reports from the other world, as Sir Arthur conveys them, are pleasant and cheerful. They all agree that like goes to like, that all who love or who have

interests in common are united, that life is full of interest and of occupation, and that they would by no means desire to return.

All of this, Sir Arthur thinks, is tidings of great joy, the more impressive because supported by so many independent witnesses. "If it were an account," he says, "of glorified souls purged instantly from all human weakness and of a constant ecstasy of adoration round the throne of the all-powerful, it might well be suspected as being the mere reflection of that popular theology which all the mediums had equally received in their youth. It is, however, very different to any pre-existing system."

Departed spirits, Sir Arthur continues, all agree that life beyond is for a limited period, after which they pass on to yet other phases, but apparently there is more communication between these phases than there is between us and Spiritland.

"The lower cannot ascend, but the higher can descend at will. The life has a close analogy to that of this world at its best. It is preeminently a life of the mind, as this is of the body. Pre-occupations of food, money, pain, etc., are of the body and are gone. Music, the arts, intellectual and spiritual knowledge and progress have increased. The people are clothed, as one would expect, since there is no reason why modesty should disappear with our new forms. These new forms are the absolute reproduction of the old ones at their best, the young growing up and the old reverting until all come to the normal. People live in communities, as one would expect if like attracts like, and the male spirit still finds his true mate. Since connections still endure, and those in the same state of development kept abreast, one would expect that nations are still roughly divided, tho language is no longer a bar, since thought has become a medium of conversation."

These, roughly speaking, are the lines of the life beyond as revealed to Conan Doyle. To those who protest that the world described is too material for their liking, Sir Arthur replies:

"Well, there are many things in this world which seem different to what we desire, but they exist none the less. But when we come to examine this change of materialism and to try to construct some sort of system which would satisfy the idealists, it becomes a very difficult task. Are we to be mere wisps of gaseous hap-

piness floating about in the empyrean? That seems to be the idea. But if there is no body like our own, and if there is no character like our own, then say what you will, we have become extinct. What is it to a mother if some impersonal glorified entity is shown to her? She will say, 'That is not the son I lost; I want his yellow hair, his quick smile, his little moods that I know so well.' That is what she wants; that, I believe, is what she will have; but she will not have them by any system which cuts us away from all that reminds us of matter and takes us to a vague region of floating emotions."

Sir Arthur's account elicits comment both appreciative and derogatory. "No impartial mind," the London *Christian Commonwealth* thinks, "could fail to be impressed by Sir Arthur's confession and testimony." The same paper goes on to say:

"He regards the subject with which he dealt as 'the most important in the world,' and his sincerity and disinterestedness are beyond question. The thoroughness of his investigations and the precautions he has taken to guard against possible decep-

tion and fraud invest the witness of the creator of 'Sherlock Holmes' with more than ordinary weight. The accumulating body of evidence to the reality of psychic phenomena emanating from men of high reputation and scientific habit makes it impossible for unprejudiced people to dismiss the whole subject with a wave of the hand.

"It is no small thing that Sir Arthur's study of psychic matters, extending over a period of thirty years, has compelled him to abandon materialism and accept a spiritual interpretation of the universe."

MR. ROCKEFELLER WOULD DO AWAY WITH IMMERSION FOR BAPTISTS

A THEOLOGICAL controversy of considerable heat and of widespread significance was initiated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a recent dinner of the New York City Social Union. Mr. Rockefeller was discussing, on this occasion, the future of the Baptist Church of which he is a member. He said (as reported in the *New York Herald*):

"I think generally the Baptists fancy that baptism by immersion was established by Christ as the soul of the Church. Those who have studied these questions more deeply know that that impression is not correct. Christ was baptized and preached baptism, but he never made it part of church membership. He did not regard it as relating the believers to the Church, nor as having saving grace. Because others do not share our view in regard to immersion they are not admitted to our church. Is this Christlike? Have we any authority for such action?"

"What of the future of the Baptist Church? This is the answer which I give you: If the Baptists of to-day have the breadth, the tolerance, and the courage to lay aside all non-essentials and will stand upon the platform of the founders of the church, the Baptist Church can be the foundation upon which the Church of the Living God should be built. . . .

"What will the reborn Church be? I fancy it would be called the Church of the Living God. Its terms of admission would be love for God and an earnest desire and purpose to live the Christ life. Its ritual, its creed, its tradition would be that all are non-essential. Its test would be a life, not a creed—what a man does, not what he professes,—what he is, not what he has; its object, to promote applied religion, not theoretical religion. Thus would develop its interest in all the great problems of human life—industrial, social, and moral problems. Its first concern would be to encourage Christ-living seven days a week and fifty-two weeks a year—a belief that success therein would be the best guarantee of eternal life and a mansion in the skies. . . .

"I wish that I had the power to bring to your minds the vision as I see it. I see all denominational barriers obliterated. I see cooperation, not competition.

. . . In the smaller places, instead of a dozen dying churches struggling each against the other, I see them uniting in the Church life. I see the Church molding the thought of the world. I see the Church leading every great movement, as it should."

Two points in this address have been seized upon by the clergy, the press and the public. The first is that which relates to immersion as inessential to Baptist ritual. The second is that which has to do with Mr. Rockefeller's advocacy of what his critics call "a religious trust."

The Baptist weekly, *The Watchman-Examiner*, of New York and Boston, pronounces Mr. Rockefeller's address "in every sense revolutionary." While admitting its value as an idealistic challenge, it combats several of its conclusions and, in particular, the remarks regarding immersion. Baptism, it says in a leading article, is of supreme importance at the present time because it safeguards the very essentials of evangelical Christianity.

Mr. Rockefeller's present pastor, Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, takes the view that immersion should be a voluntary privilege. "It should not be," he says, "a matter of first importance in church-membership, but love of God and service of God should be the essential thing." The Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, declares that he agrees with what Mr. Rockefeller said about the Church of the future, but is not ready to adopt so extreme a position in the matter of immersion. A much sterner critic of Mr. Rockefeller's attitude is the Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, of the Central Baptist Church, New York, who is quoted as follows:

"A church without a creed, without a ritual and without ordinances, but only a right life as its foundation, that is his dream. Such an organization would not be a Christian Church. It would not come up to the requirements of a Jewish synagogue. It would not be a recognizable Unitarian Church. It would be founded entirely on an ethical basis. It would be

He Sees Denominational Barriers Obliterated by the War, and Advocates "a Religious Trust"

a society for ethical culture, nothing more.

"To suppose that the laity would organize such a 'church' shows a singular lack of sagacity. The laymen have always been more conservative than the preachers.

"Mr. Rockefeller's address is a subtle attack on the validity of the New Testament and the authority of Jesus Christ. An attack on the ordinances Jesus Christ established is in reality an attack on the wisdom and authority of Jesus Christ.

"Once challenge the authority of Jesus Christ as this proposition does, and there will be no stopping it. Do it and I will predict that before twenty-five years we shall have turned our backs upon all the doctrines of the Christian faith and reverted to barbarism. It is really doubtful if Mr. Rockefeller realizes what it means to overthrow the ordinances of the church."

In similar tone, the Rev. G. W. McPherson, Baptist evangelist, attacks what he regards as the heresies of Mr. Rockefeller, and advises him to seek a more congenial atmosphere:

"John D., Jr., was poisoned in his religious belief by pastors of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in this city. Among the pastors were the Rev. Dr. J. H. Johnston, an evolutionist, and the Rev. Dr. C. F. Aked, a new theology apostate. Both of these men have dropped out of the Christian ministry, or practically so. Christians don't want them. Johnston tried politics on Washington Heights and failed by being beaten, and Aked is busted to such extent that churches are not seeking him as pastor. The faults of the poison of false theology of these men are seen in the utterances of the younger Rockefeller.

"I repeat that I wish to say nothing unchristian of any man, certainly not of the Rockefellers, for whose benefactions and labors for enlisted men I entertain sincere admiration. But the matter is not giving of money. It is not ethics alone. It is sound faith and American patriotism. Besides, we must beware of young men with hobbies. Mr. Rockefeller's hobby is the trust. It is the thing in religion he wants that made his father rich in oil. It is argued there should be a trust in Protestant Christianity, at the expense, if need be, of the destruction of some of the most cherished and vital doctrines of the

Christian faith. My advice to Mr. Rockefeller is, instead of trying to break down the Baptist denomination, to get out of it and go to the liberal church where he belongs."

Lyman Abbott, the veteran editor of *The Outlook*, agrees with Mr. Rockefeller in both of his main contentions. He says:

"Mr. Rockefeller has in these brief sentences expressed the condition on which Christian unity can be attained. Churches may still continue to maintain their distinctive creeds and rituals, but they can effectively unite only by agreeing that these distinctive denominational peculiarities, which Mr. Rockefeller rightly characterizes as 'man-made,' are not essential elements in Christianity and can be safely discarded in cooperative work, precisely as State lines are discarded in the famous Rainbow Division in France.

"It is not merely the form of baptism which is not essential; there is no ceremonial which is an essential part of Christianity. It is a mistake to think of Jesus as a lawgiver who prescribed certain rules

of conduct which his disciples are obliged to obey. This Confucius did: his religion is one of obedience to moral rules. This Jesus did not; His religion is one of spontaneous life. He is not a lawgiver but a life-giver. . . .

"Circumcision is a much older rite than baptism. It was at least as explicitly commanded. There is nowhere in the Bible any direct permission to discard it. Jesus was circumcized, and never gave his followers a direction not to be circumcized. Yet when the Apostles found that circumcision was not a help but a hindrance in their ministry to the Gentiles, they discarded it. When a Council of the Churches was called to pass upon the vexed question whether one could be a Christian if he had never been circumcized, the Council answered the question in the affirmative. And the only basis of the decision was the indubitable fact that uncircumcized pagans who consecrated themselves to the New Way proved to be as consistent in their conduct and as devout in their spirit as circumcized Jews. Can any one who has ever read John Woolman's 'Journal' or John G. Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness' doubt that un-

baptized Christians are as Christian as those who have been baptized?"

The *Boston Transcript* speaks of "needless alarm in a religious fold," and notes "some very curious things" in connection with the protests that have been uttered against Mr. Rockefeller's views on the theory and practise of Christianity. It continues:

"Perhaps the most curious of them all is the excitement that is shown by many of Mr. Rockefeller's critics. One gains from them the impression that Mr. Rockefeller is regarded as the holder of some mysterious power over the great denomination of which he is a member, and that he proposes to exercise this power for the destruction of the church. . . . It is quite unlikely that Mr. Rockefeller, when he innocently expressed his rather liberal views the other day, had any idea that he held in any sense the destinies either of Christianity or the Baptist denomination in his hands, or that he was doing anything else than unfold the honest view of a thinking church member."

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS?

A LITTLE book entitled "I Appeal Unto Caesar" (Allen & Unwin, London), written by a lady (Mrs. Henry Hobhouse) whose eldest son is a Quaker and is now serving a term in an English prison because of his refusal to bear arms, has served to stimulate discussion on both sides of the Atlantic regarding the problem of the conscientious objector. The book was written before the recent decision of Parliament to disfranchise conscientious objectors. It is supplemented by an Introduction by Prof. Gilbert Murray and by letters from Lord Selborne, Lord Parmoor, Lord Hugh Cecil and Lord Henry Bentinck. It is devoted, in the main, to criticism of the methods employed by the British Government in dealing with conscientious objectors, and it attacks in particular the practice of inflicting successive terms of imprisonment for the same offense. The *London Times* has lately condemned this practice as arbitrary and unfair, and the *London Spectator* confesses its practical agreement with a great deal of Mrs. Hobhouse's plea.

The British Parliament recognizes, in principle, that the true conscientious objector, that is, the man who honestly believes and always has believed that the shedding of blood is a crime, ought not to be forced to bear arms. But in spite of this, there are many conscientious objectors of unquestioned sincerity, such as Clifford Allen, Fenner Brockway, Scott Duckers and Hubert Peet, who are imprisoned. The case of Mrs. Hobhouse's son Stephen is one of

the strongest. He became a Quaker some time before the war. He made sacrifices for his belief. In all but name he was a minister of religion. It was in order to protect people like him that the Conscience Clause was inserted in an Act of Parliament. Yet he is in prison with the rest. "There are men now in jail," the *Spectator* admits, "who ought not to be in jail." The *Spectator* urges the appointment of a Commission which should consider individually all the cases of conscientious objectors now in prison and which should ask for pardons in every case in which it should be found that an individual had been unfairly deprived of the right to exemption on grounds of conscience.

The *Spectator*, having gone so far, proceeds to comment:

"We trust, however, that none of our readers will suppose that we think that the application of the exemption clause was an easy matter, or that we are lightly condemning the Tribunals to which was entrusted the task of carrying out a loosely-worded Act of Parliament. If we are to judge by the little book before us and the opinions of even such just and patriotic men as Professor Murray, Lord Selborne, Lord Hugh Cecil, and their colleagues in this act of protest, the advocates of the conscientious objector do not realize the full difficulties of the case.

"It was all very well for the House of Commons to adopt the principle decided upon, but unfortunately the moment the Act was passed the problem was, as it were, turned upside down, or at any rate came to bear a completely new face. Parliament thought only of how to pro-

England Has Imprisoned and Disfranchised Them; the American Attitude is Not Completely Formulated

tect the men who in good faith would rather suffer anything than shed human blood or use force even to destroy evil. What the Tribunals had to consider directly the Conscience Clause became law was a much harder matter. 'How are we to prevent cowardly, lazy, hypocritical, lying men from taking advantage of the machinery set up by Government to protect the *bona-fide* tender conscience, and using it to save their own unhallowed skins and to place upon the shoulders of brave and true men a double burden? How are we to root out the vilest kind of moral malingering? How are we to stop men from making false statements and false declarations to the effect that they have a conscientious objection to doing their duty, when as a matter of fact they may never before have ruled any part of their lives by the dictates of conscience?' These were the problems the Tribunals had to solve. We, at any rate, shall never forget that the Tribunals had a duty to perform towards the State and towards the best and bravest in the land as well as towards the conscientious objector. If occasionally they blundered, and through their blunders inflicted injury on individuals, it is a monstrous wrong to treat them as if they were cruel and unjust judges. Instead of such treatment, the Tribunals deserve our strongest sympathy for the struggle they made to prevent the Conscience Clause in the Compulsory Service Act being used as a shelter for the coward and the skulker."

In some of the so-called conscientious objectors the *Spectator* finds "moral obliquity, if not moral degeneracy." Yet, it says, the questions involved in their cases must have immediate attention. "To feel unsympa-

thetic toward the conscientious objector gives us no right to be unjust to him—to torture him or to deprive him of his legal rights.” Again, it is clearly wrong, in the judgment of the *Spectator*, that any attempt should be made to break down the objector’s conscience or pseudo-conscience by a system of bullying. The *Spectator* continues:

“As a conclusion to the whole matter, we ought, we feel, to deal (tho it must be very shortly) with the question—But how are you going to punish the men who, tho they are not Quakers or inspired by real religious feeling, declare that they are conscientious objectors? How should Parliament have dealt with those bad citizens, or at all events ‘self-disrated’ citizens, who stubbornly refuse to shoulder the obligations which they ought to shoulder, who in fact are very much in the position of the smuggler or person who attempts to evade paying his just contributions to the revenue of the State. The problem is a very difficult one, but it

appears to us that there is a good deal to be said for the punishment of exile—a punishment which for some reason or other has been neglected by modern States. If a man deliberately refuses to pull his weight in the boat, and insists that he owes it as a duty to himself not to help to maintain the social life of the community, the State has surely a right to deprive him of the privilege of citizenship, and to banish him, for a time or perpetually, from its confines.

“No doubt an objection to exile is that in many cases the reason for making the Income Tax universal is that it is only by this means that the financial responsibilities of citizenship can be brought home to every citizen. The ultimate reason for the hideous neglect of economy in our public Services is the indifference of the mass of electors to an expenditure which does not directly come out of their own pockets. If every elector were compelled to pay some direct tax, he would at once feel some responsibility for the expenditure of the State, and political forces would be set to work to secure economy. That does not neces-

sarily mean that the total of our national expenditure would be reduced; possibly it might be even increased. But it does mean that there would be a political protest against such purely wasteful expenditure as that which now disgraces our administration.”

In this country, we may soon expect to be faced by the same problems, in relation to the conscientious objector, as those that are troubling England. The conscientious objector has no recognition in our legislation except as a member of a religious sect whose tenets forbid fighting. The continuance of the attitude of the conscientious objector, on the part of the drafted man who finds himself unwillingly in the army, involves a continuance of offenses each of which subjects him to penalty, just as in England. A single uniform punishment, it has been suggested, should be inflicted for the offense, and a larger attitude adopted toward the entire problem.

THE PROGRAM OF ZIONISM AS A MENACE TO JEWISH UNITY

THE capture of Jerusalem by British forces, following the letter from Mr. Balfour to Lord Rothschild in favor of the establishment in Palestine of a national homeland for the Jewish people, has been generally interpreted as marking a new unity of Jewry and as pointing the way to a glowing Jewish future. But in this as in other stirring events of our time, appearances are deceptive. A considerable percentage of the Jews are out of sympathy with the Zionist movement, and a number of Jewish leaders have lately taken occasion to point out what they regard as the menace of the Zionist program. One of the ablest of these, Ralph Philip Boas, a Jewish-American teacher, declares it is just because the Zionist program is near fulfillment that honest criticism must not be stifled. “This is no time,” he says, “for a comfortable and easy acquiescence in what is after all a matter involving the future not of a few thousand colonists but of the whole Jewish world.” For Zionism, as Mr. Boas interprets it, is not merely a proposal to erect a new state in Palestine; it is a program of life for Jews everywhere. He continues (in the *New York Times*):

“Zionism maintains, therefore, that the only possible way for a man to be a complete Jew is to believe in Jewish theology, to order his spiritual life as that theology dictates, to obey faithfully the minute prescription of the traditional Jewish law, to speak a Jewish language, to cultivate the Jewish arts, to live in a Jewish land under a Jewish government. The Zion-

ist maintains, moreover, that Judaism is now confronted with a very real issue, preservation or extinction.

“With the last of the compact European Jewries in process of dissolution, Judaism has no longer any central home. The result is gradual but inevitable assimilation, which can have only one end, the extinction of Judaism as a religion and of the Jews as a group.

“Assimilation is the crux of the Jewish problem as the Zionists see it. Zionism demands, therefore, that Jews regard themselves as a nationality forming with a dozen other nationalities a union under the Stars and Stripes. It would consider America not as a ‘melting pot,’ but as a magnified Balkan peninsula. It would, if consistently interpreted, regard the individualism shown by the Germans in the United States and by the French-Canadians in the Dominion as entirely justified, since these groups refuse to allow their individuality to be fused with others into a single national group. Zionism is therefore more than a romantic adventure; it is a very practical and momentous issue.”

That Zionism has its dangers is, in Mr. Boas’ eyes, obvious; and the gravest danger he finds in what he calls “a concept of German pseudo-science—the ‘Jewish race.’” He explains:

“The fact is that there is no pure Jewish blood. The whole record of Judaism is a record of constant intermarriage and assimilation. Every one knows that Jews differ among themselves as much as Frenchmen, and that the class-concept ‘Jew’ is the product of loose observation of particular groups. All talk of race necessity in connection with Zionism is misleading. The only possible justification for Zionism is that it will enable Jews to live better lives. Zionists are

An Argument that Disruption, and Not Harmony, May Follow the British Offer of Palestine as the Jewish Homeland

continually maintaining that only in Palestine can Jews live nobly; that Judaism as a religion can live only where Jews have political autonomy. There is a causal relationship assumed here which needs to be proved. Even Ahad Ha’Am, perhaps the greatest of the Zionists, sometimes despaired because many Zionists could see only the political side of their movement, and therefore paid no attention to its truly valuable aspects, the Jewish culture, the Jewish religion, the Jewish ethics. What assurances have we that Jews, when tangled in the problems of political administration, will automatically become nobler and finer men? There is every assurance that they will not, for they must necessarily shift the burden of effort from religious and ethical achievement to political achievement.”

Moreover, Mr. Boas continues, Zionism is constantly emphasizing the breach between Jew and Christian. “As the child of anti-Semitism, it thrives on persecution.” The consequence is that it tends to exaggerate Jewish peculiarities and to nourish itself upon the ill-will which Jews are prone to fancy even when it is not present. “Many of us,” Mr. Boas remarks, “do not believe that peculiarity is the most desirable thing in life. We honestly believe that the separation of church and state is one of the great blessings of life, and that among some Jews there is altogether too much inbreeding of ideas and sentiment. We honestly feel that Jews have still a few things to learn from others.”

But one may grant all these things and still ask: If there are Jews who can be happy in Palestine, why not let them go there and be happy? Mr. Boas

replies: "Such is not the real issue. Zionists want political independence. They want to speak as the Jewish people. In short, they want to arrogate a supremacy which non-Zionists can never dream of giving them without a struggle." The argument concludes:

"It is all very well for Zionists to say that non-Zionists will not be affected by what goes on in a new Jerusalem; but they know that they are not facing the facts. Who of us Jews can escape being drafted into whatever is done by a 'Jewish people' under a 'Jewish flag'?"

"In its attempt to force unity upon all Jews, whether they want it or no, Zionism is on the brink of splitting Judaism irreconcilably. There are men who urge that now is the time for a new peace in Judaism, that with an approaching consummation Zionism ought to receive new confidence and encouragement. Such a

wish is far from fulfilment. Not harmony but disruption is in sight. It is inconceivable that American Jews should allow their future to be determined by the group of men who will control the Zionist State. They would have but one resource, to cast off their bonds and convince the world that Jews, truly American Jews, could not take the responsibility for men who attempted to reconcile loyalty to America with a foreign nationality.

"Who knows what the future may bring forth? Who knows what entangling alliances an independent Palestine might form? One must remember Trotzky, Dernburg, and Hillquit. They, too, are Jews. No country now can escape international association. Those dreamers who think that Zion could occupy a splendid isolation in international politics have no sense of history. They make the same mistake as the dreamers who think that

the puny protests of a Government at Jerusalem could end Jewish persecution everywhere. Just so long as genuinely active anti-Semitism which would call forth protest is possible, just so long will little States have no power. A condition of international good-will which will make the voice of a little State heard in the council of nations, will make of anti-Semitism an impossibility.

"The future is clear. The complete Zionist program means a complete disruption of Jewish unity. With Zion an independent State every American Jew must become a Zionist and take the responsibility for the acts of Zionists, or find some other name than Jew. No one, of course, can object to colonies of Jews in Palestine, or anywhere else. But every Jew who values his independence and the Americanism of which he has become a part will object as never before to the complete Zionist program."

TALK OF A SECOND ADVENT REVIVED BY THE WAR

ONE of the curious by-products of the war has been a revival of interest in Biblical prophecies supposed to relate to the Second Coming of Christ. "Post-millennialists" and "pre-millennialists" have rushed into print; old books on the subject have appeared in new editions; sermons and lectures dealing with the various interpretations are eagerly listened to and discussed. In England, the entire question has aroused special interest by reason of the fact that Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, Dr. F. B. Meyer and eight other well-known clergymen have published a manifesto entitled "The Significance of the Hour," which states:

"1. That the present crisis points towards the close of the times of the Gentiles.

"2. That the Revelation of our Lord may be expected at any moment, when He will be manifested as evidently as to His disciples on the evening of His Resurrection.

"3. That the completed Church will be translated to be 'forever with the Lord.'

"4. That Israel will be restored to its own land in unbelief, and be afterwards converted by the appearance of Christ on its behalf.

"5. That all human schemes of reconstruction must be subsidiary to the second coming of our Lord, because all nations will then be subject to His rule.

"6. That under the reign of Christ there will be a further great effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh.

"7. That the truths embodied in this statement are of the utmost practical value in determining Christian character and action with reference to the pressing problems of the hour."

This manifesto, which was accompanied by a request that all ministers of religion in London and its vicinity

who are in agreement with it should forward name and address with a view to a united meeting, has elicited considerable discussion. The London *Christian World* prints a rejoinder signed by seventeen prominent churchmen who declare that they cannot refrain from expressing profound regret at the appearance of the manifesto. "We feel it to be a distinct misfortune," they say, "that at a time when the very existence of our faith is being challenged this attempt should be made to divert the thought of serious people in a direction which is, to say the least, highly controversial, and upon which men of equal learning and devotion entertain widely different views." To the same paper Principal P. T. Forsyth, of Hackney College, Hampstead, writes: "Such views are always apt to float up to the surface in a time of serious crisis; but they rest on a treatment of Scripture which the Holy Spirit, by His great gift to the Church of historical scholarship, has long been making obsolete, which the moral principle of the kingdom of God antiquates, and which turns the Bible from a grand Sacrament to a millstone round the neck of the Gospel." The *Christian World* comments editorially:

"In unexpected and surprising ways, and with triumphant effect, Christ has again and again come to His people in their dark days ever since the outpouring of Pentecost. And in unity of earnest faith and prayer the whole Church may well seek and hope for a new and glorious coming at the present time. But religious leaders should be careful and wise to follow the example of the Apostle Paul, always so sane and practical, when he urged the Thessalonians not to let expectations of the Lord's coming unsettle them or disturb them in their daily life and work and service."

A Manifesto of London Clergymen States That "The Revelation of Our Lord may be Expected at Any Moment"

On this side of the water, *Zion's Herald*, the Boston Methodist weekly, warns its readers against what it terms "an insidious propaganda of pessimism, rapidly spreading, that is threatening to cut the very nerve of the church." It goes on to say:

"Christ knows nothing in His preaching of a millennial age; He has nothing to say concerning the thousand years of reign with the righteous. Neither have the authors of the Gospels nor Paul. This entire system finds its foundation and superstructure in the highly-colored symbolism of the Book of Revelation, and in a single section at that.

"Just what the symbolism may mean in its entirety, no one has ever yet been able to interpret. It is very certain, however, that if this particular kind of a millennium as proclaimed by its ardent advocates, with its preliminary collapse of Christianity, was intended to hold the important place that they give it in the Christian system, Christ would have made it so plain that he who runs might read.

"The second coming of Christ is a very precious teaching of the Christian church. He who repeats the Lord's Prayer, or bows the head as the words of the Creed come from his lips, or in approving silence listens at the grave to the solemn words of the committal service, asserts his belief in the return of Christ. He will come again in the day of His final triumph. 'Before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.' He shall return. Of that there can be no doubt. But there is a vast difference between the assertion of this fundamental truth in connection with our Christian faith as plainly taught by Christ, and the fantastic period of millennial reign pictured by the present-day prophets of calamity with all that such a reign as they conceive involves."

LITERATURE · AND · ART

A NEW SATIRIST'S REDISCOVERY OF THE PARAGRAPH

SUBTLETY is the predominating characteristic of the satire found in Logan Pearsall Smith's "Trivia" (Doubleday & Page), which introduces to American readers a new American author, a new form, a new outlook, and, perhaps best of all, a new brevity. For Mr. Smith, who was educated at Haverford and Harvard, and who is described by a critic in the *Boston Transcript* as an "English bachelor from Philadelphia," has rediscovered the paragraph. His collection of paragraphs are for the most part too long to be named epigrams, too short to be called essays. "It is a bright tissue of thought robing a radiant dancing spirit," is the way in which the enthusiastic reviewer of the *Transcript* describes "Trivia." "Through the shimmering veil of words we catch, now and then, a flashing glimpse of the immortal Whimsy within, shy, sudden and defiant":

"Blessed, blessed little book, how you will run like quicksilver from mind to mind, leaping—a shy and shining spark—from brain to brain! I know of nothing since Lord Bacon quite like these ineffable dainty paragraphs of gilded whim, these rainbow nuggets of wistful inquiry, these butterfly wings of fancy, these pointed sparklers of wit. A purge, by Zeus, a purge for the wicked! Irony so demure, so quaint, so faraway; pathos so purged of regret, merriment so delicate that one dare not laugh for fear of dispelling the charm—all this is 'Trivia.' Where are Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus or all the other Harold Bell Wrights of old time? Baron Verulam himself treads a heavy gait besides this airy elfin scamper. It is Atalanta's heels. It is a heaven-given scenario of that shyest, dearest, remotest of essences—the mind of a strolling bachelor."

Sometimes Logan Pearsall Smith merely restates an old truth from a new angle, or, like Samuel Butler, stands it on its head to see if something interesting will not drop out of its pockets. The author describes himself in an introductory note: "These pieces of moral prose have been written . . . by a large Carnivorous Mammal, belonging to that sub-order of the Animal Kingdom which includes also the Orang-Outang, the tusked Gorilla, the Baboon with his bright blue and scarlet bottom, and the long-eared

Chimpanzee." He affects a love of anonymity, a pride in the fact that his name is not included in "Who's Who." Sometimes he wishes he had a "Message for the Age," but not always. His self-complacency is sometimes disturbed. Then he is led to ask: "Where do I come in?" Here is his answer:

"When I read in the newspaper about problems and populations, when I look at the letters in large type of important personages, and find myself face to face with the Questions, the Movements of thought, and the great activities of the age, 'Where do I come in?' I ask uneasily. "Then in the great newspaper-reflected world I find the corner where I play my humble but necessary part. For I am one of the unpraised, unrewarded millions without whom Statistics would be a bankrupt science. It is we who are born, who marry, who die in constant ratios, who regularly lose so many umbrellas, post just so many unaddressed letters every year. And there are enthusiasts among us—Heroes who, without the least thought of their own convenience, allow street-cars to run over them, or throw themselves month by month, in fixed numbers, into the bay."

He tries to avoid those hackneyed thoughts which force themselves upon him, especially in hot weather, when he finds his mind is "infested and buzzed about by Moral Platitudes." He goes on: "Like faint, rather unpleasant smells,

Logan Pearsall Smith's "Trivia" Reveals a Satirist for the Super-Subtle, a Demure Irony, a Beautiful Brevity

these thoughts lurk about railway stations." But the microbes that attack our poor human mentality are even worse:

"How is one to keep free from those mental microbes that worm-eat people's brains—those Theories and Diets and Enthusiasms and infectious Doctrines that we are always liable to catch from what seem the most innocuous contacts? People go about laden with germs; they breathe creeds and convictions on you whenever they open their mouths. Books and newspapers are simply creeping with them—the monthly Reviews seem to have room for nothing else. Wherewithal then



A DISTINGUISHED BROTHER-IN-LAW

One of Logan Pearsall Smith's sisters married Bernhard Berenson, the great art critic; another is the wife of Bertrand Russell. Mr. Smith is described as "an English bachelor from Philadelphia."

shall a young man cleanse his way, and how shall he keep his mind immune from Theosophical speculations, and novel schemes of Salvation? Can he ever be sure that he won't be struck down by the fever of Funeral, or of Spelling Reform, or take to his bed with a new Sex Theory?

"But is this struggle for a healthy mind in a maggotty universe really after all worth it? Are there not soporific dreams and sweet deliriums more soothing than Reason? If Transmigration can make clear the dark Problem of Evil; if Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy can free us from the dominion of Death; if the belief that Bacon wrote Shakespeare gives a peace that the world cannot give, why pedantically reject such solace? Why not be led with the others by still waters, and be made to lie down in green pastures?"

He expresses an almost hopeless distrust of new friends. Sometimes they seem nice—"and then begin to talk like gramophones." Sometimes they drench us "from sentimental sloppails." Sometimes, among the thoughts in the loveliest heads, "we come on nests of woolly caterpillars. . . . And yet we brush our hats, pull on our gloves, and go out and ring doorbells."

As the brother-in-law of the distinguished Bertrand Russell, we expect Mr. Smith to reveal a certain familiarity with the great problems of

philosophy. Therefore we are not surprised to find this almost Platonic discussion of "Beauty":

"Among all the ugly mugs of the world we see now and then a face made after the divine pattern. Then a wonderful thing happens to us; the Blue Bird sings, the golden Splendor shines, and for a queer moment everything seems meaningless save our impulse to follow those fair forms, to follow them to the clear Paradises they promise.

"Plato assures us that these moments are not (as we are apt to think them) mere blurs and delusions of the senses, but divine revelations; that in a lovely face we see imaged, as in a mirror, the Absolute Beauty; it is Reality, flashing on us in the cave where we dwell amid shadows and darkness. Therefore we should follow these fair forms, and their shining footsteps will lead us upward to the bright heaven of Wisdom. The Poets, too, keep chanting this great doctrine of Beauty in grave notes to their golden strings. Its music floats up through the skies so sweet, so strange that the very Angels seem to lean from their stars to listen.

"But! O Plato, O Shelley, O Angels of Heaven, what scrapes you do get us into!"

Elsewhere this philosopher meditates on the "perfidious meanness" of language, "the inadequacy, the ignominy of our vocabulary, and how Moralists have spoiled our words by distilling

into them, as into little vials of poison, all their hatred of human joy."

"Away with that police-force of brutal words which bursts in on our best moments and arrests our finest feelings! This music within me, large, like the song of the stars—like a Glory of Angels singing—'No one has any right to say I am drunk!' I shouted."

How much of his philosophy and satire Logan Pearsall Smith can compress in a paragraph or two is perhaps nowhere better exemplified than in this comment on success and ambition. It is entitled "Human Ends":

"I really was impressed, as we paced up and down the avenue, by the Vicar's words and weighty, weighted advice. He spoke of the various professions; mentioned contemporaries of his own who had achieved success; how one had a seat in Parliament, would be given a seat in the Cabinet when his party next came in; another was a Bishop with a seat in the House of Lords; a third was a Barrister who was soon, it was said, to be raised to the Bench.

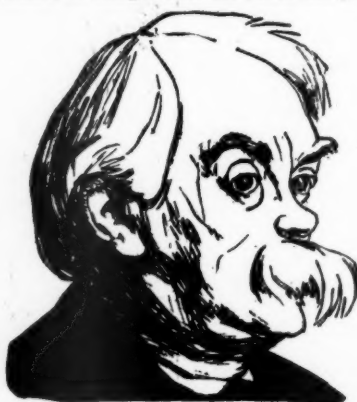
"But in spite of my good intentions, my real wish to find, before it was too late, some career or other for myself (and the question is getting serious), I am too much at the mercy of ludicrous images. Front Seats, Episcopal, Judicial, Parliamentary Benches! Were all the ends, then, I asked myself, of serious, middle-aged ambition only things to sit on?"

THE MOST SNARLING DISPOSITION IN LITERARY HISTORY

LIKE Octave Mirbeau, Remy de Gourmont, Auguste Rodin, celebrated figures of modern French art and literature, Léon Bloy has not lived to witness the victory of France. Bloy, who was one of the most picturesque figures of the Third Republic, was also one of France's greatest writers. But, if we may trust the illuminating account of Alvan Sanborn, published recently in the *Boston Transcript*, Léon Bloy was the least loved of them all. He was known as the "eternal boy-cotted." He possessed the most snarling disposition in the history of literature. Publishers hid when they saw him coming. He wore out his welcome everywhere. He fought with the tradesmen. He made friends quickly but lost them right away. He was the most ardent Catholic of modern times, but that did not improve his nature. Notwithstanding that snarling disposition of his, even those who disagreed most vehemently with him had to admit his power. The greatest critics paid tribute to his extraordinary ability. They said that he was a prodigious artist, an incomparable chiseler of phrases, "a master of words, excessive and frenetic, but all the same a mas-

ter." No other century ever produced his equivalent. Mr. Sanborn quotes Remy de Gourmont's generous estimate:

"Léon Bloy has received all the gifts. . . . He has style. He gathered the seeds thereof in the grove of Barbey d'Aureville and the flower-plot of M. Huysmans. But the sapinet, sown in this soil of metaphors, has become a mighty forest that scales the summits, and the spicy carnation, a field aglow with magnificent poppies. M. Bloy is one of the greatest creators of images that the earth has pro-



THE CRABBEDEST AUTHOR WHO EVER LIVED
He was Léon Bloy. This is as he appeared to the great French artist Delannoy.

Léon Bloy May Rank With Juvenal, Swift and Aristophanes

duced. This imagery holds his work together as a rock holds loose soil, and it confers upon his thought the relief of a mountain chain."

Nevertheless, for the greater part of his literary career, Léon Bloy and his family were objects of charity. He was a "common scold," the despair of those who tried to help him. "I have lived," he said of himself, "in a solitude peopled exclusively with resentments and savage desires which exaceration of my contemporaries engendered. . . ." Rarely has a man been known to slap in the face such numbers of his contemporaries, with such unflinching constancy and with such a heavy hand. Mr. Sanborn explains Léon Bloy's snarling disposition:

"Léon Bloy, taken by and all, was probably the crabbedest author that ever lived. "He was a pamphleteer in the highly special sense that word used to have before the daily press became the principal medium for personal polemics; a vicious and virulent pamphleteer, a fire-eating, mud-slinging pamphleteer, beside whom the caustic and cruel Dean Swift and the author of 'Spoon River' are gentleness itself. Vituperation was his *raison d'être*; invective was his food and drink. His works constitute an absolutely unparalleled collection of, carpings, cavilings,

calumnies, detractions, defamations, denunciations, fulminations, maledictions, imprecations, execrations, castigations, anathemas, revilings and insults. He possessed a positively gorgeous vocabulary of invective. 'He rushes upon the adversary,' says Victor Meric, 'with incomparable fury. He lunges headlong in violent onslaught. He forges, to brand the enemy withal, new words, red words, vocabularies that burn, qualifications that kill. He pummels, he tears, he slashes, he smashes, he crushes, he pulverizes, he annihilates. Nobody can stand up against him. He knocks down the most robust. He tramples on the strongest. Of an author of genius whose reputation is intact, he makes but a single mouthful. Of a poet universally admired, of a novelist before whom every one inclines, of a dramatist whom everybody salutes, of an honored historian, of a scholar, of a savant, of a critic, nothing is left, nothing save a little handful of dust, when Léon Bloy has gripped his man with his sinewy hands, when he has turned him, returned him and blown upon him.'

"He berated with equal zest kings and presidents, royalists and republicans, aristocrats and democrats, nationalists and anarchists, statesmen and demagogues, reactionaries and reformers, tradesmen and gentlemen, philanthropists and exploiters, experts and charlatans, philistines and athenians, classicists and romanticists, symbolists and realists, spiritualists and naturalists. If any one escaped him it was simply because he was too obscure to have come within his ken. He suffocated all alike, under an avalanche of original epithets or a deluge of magnificent insults, leaving them as sole consolation the consciousness of being correctly laid out in a shroud of beautiful words."

This crabbed nature expressed itself not merely in books and pamphlets. This snarling disposition was no mere literary pose. From 1892 until a short time before his death, Léon Bloy kept a diary which is little more than one long record of his endless quarrels. Mr. Sanborn writes:

"He abused his butcher, his baker, his grocer, his coal man, his cobbler, his landlord, his concierge and his wife's dressmaker. He snarled at his neighbors. He

showered imprecations upon the agent who negotiated pawn-tickets for him, upon the justice of the peace and upon the police. He complained of the stupidity and mercenariness of editors and publishers. He inveighed against typewriters, telephones, elevators, autos, Edison and Curie, compulsory vaccination and pyramidon (the anti-fever medicine *à la mode*). He likened the jobber who moved him from 'Cochons-sur-Marne' (Lagny) to Paris, to a highwayman because he had the effrontery to present a bill. He accused the doctor called in to treat his wife of poisoning her and expressed the conviction that practically all physicians merited the guillotine. Anent a communication from the tax-collector, he unburdened himself thus: 'I would gladly give everything I have to the poor; but the landlord and the fisc breed in me an anarchist, an incendiary, a torturer, a Corsican or a Calabrian brigand.' And he characterized the *Salon d'Automne* as 'a manifestation illuminated with the phosphorescence of mental and moral degradation as a charnel-house is illuminated with the phosphorescence of dead men's bones.'"

Unlike Tolstoy's, Bloy's poverty was the real thing. Often the family was forced to depend upon the meager, pitiful savings of the children. Yet Léon Bloy, tho a religious fanatic, was never lazy. He was forced to beg, often of his literary confrères. He once wrote to François Coppée: "I have genius, you haven't even talent. Send me twenty francs!" While he was finishing his "Notre Dame de la Salette," a "shockingly rich" woman sent him 2,000 francs. Léon Bloy replied:

"You know, Madame, that I am not in the habit of thanking. Our Lord has said 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and I have passed the greater part of my life verifying (on the one side or the other) this eternal truth. Man was made in the image of God. It follows that men—and even great ladies—were made to give continuously, and that those who do not belong with the demons. On the part of Notre Dame de la Salette, whose most humble slave I am, I hasten to felicitate you and at the same

time to express to you my regret that you were not able to do more for the service of our Sovereign."

Mr. Sanborn explains why it is probable that posterity may be more indulgent to the genius of this amazing figure of French literature than his contemporaries have been. He is supported in his estimate by the opinion of Victor Meric, a non-Catholic whose ideas are diametrically opposed to those of Bloy, who considered himself the ambassador and mouthpiece of the Almighty:

"When the justifiable rancors kindled by his discourteous attacks shall have disappeared, because their subjects have been long dead and, for the most part, forgotten, the reader will be free to judge, from a purely literary point of view, his gorgeous diatribes, and to savor them, without feeling himself an accomplice thereof, just as he judges and savors a Jeremiah, a Swift, a Juvenal or an Aristophanes; and he will be in a better position to comprehend the anomalous being who expiated in an obscure and impecunious existence the misfortune of being born with a great talent coupled with a bad disposition."

"I detest Léon Bloy," wrote in 1910 Victor Meric, 'but I go down on my knees to him.' And he added: 'When the hubbub that is being made to-day over certain nauseating literary glories shall have died away, the world will come back to Léon Bloy, with bewilderment and a sort of terror, but it will come back. His work defies the ravages of time. It is colossal and imperishable. From the Paradise where he will sit on the right hand of his Lord, Léon Bloy will have the satisfaction of contemplating the human herd groveling in boundless admiration. . . . You end by seeing only his gifts, which partake of the prodigious, his stunning verve, his dazzling verbal innovations, his bewildering virtuosity. Granted that he is malignant, vindictive, proud, inexpressibly egotistical; that is his business. Liar, charlatan, bluffer, valetudinarian, fury, lunatic, genius, we salute in him the greatest pamphleteer the world has seen since the remote days when the prophets denounced furiously the vices of the Jewish people.'"

ARE LETTERS AND ART ENTERING THE TWILIGHT ZONE?

FOR art and letters there is little hope in a growingly mechanical civilization. Art cannot rival money and material domination. The future of genius lies with science and the state, because they have effected a corner in power and romance. Such are some of the amazing conclusions of the English novelist, W. L. George, in an essay on "The Twilight of Genius," just published in *Harper's Magazine*. Modern people of power, Mr. George goes on to explain, depend upon the mob and not upon each other. As Napoleon

said, they must be a little like the mob—be the super-mob.

"The mob hates the arts whenever they rise high, for the arts can be felt but not understood; at other times it scorns them. Therefore the arts must suffer from the atmosphere of indifference they must breathe. They will not vanish, for mankind needs always to express itself, its aspiration, its content, its discontent; those three can be expressed only in the arts. But this does not mean that the arts can aspire to thrones or be worthy of them; as science and the state dwarf them, they must become little stimulants, sing little songs that will less and less

Genius Will Desert this Field, says W. L. George, to Express Itself in Science and Politics

be heard amid the roar of the spinning world."

The feature of our period, this ruthless analyst declares, is its devouring hatred of anything worthy of being called art. We witness two decays: that of the artist and that of art. A void and vulgarized world has deprived us of an aloof audience:

"Haste, crudity, sensation, freedom from moral, religious, social ties have brought about a neglect of fine shades. Thus, when I consider the conditions created in every civilized state by the present war, where speech is repressed,

where letters are read, rebels banished, where the songs of the muses are drowned by the yapping of the popular curs, I find hope in humanity, because it is a sleepy thing and often asserts its greatness when it is most reviled. To take a minor instance (and let us not exaggerate its value), I doubt if post-impressionists, futurists, cubists and such like would have achieved the little they have if they had not felt outcast, a sort of gray company marching into the lonely dawn. Oh yes! they are small people, absurd people, many of them; they will be followed by other people quite as small and as petty, and they will set to work to astonish the bourgeoisie. At that game one of them may manage to stagger humanity."

But that would be but one exception. In certain periods, in certain places, Mr. George goes on, genius could flourish better than it does in the midst of our elevated railways and wireless telesynographs. All of the modern applications of science—the telephone, the telegraph, the railroads, oceanic liners, double-entry, the films—have denationalized man. "However many wars he may wage in the cause of nationality, he will continue to grow denationalized, because the contact of neighbors which he can not avoid teaches him to desire what they enjoy; he can attain his desire only by becoming more like them. I doubt if this is the best atmosphere for the rise of genius." Genius in the arts has always been intensely national.

"Molière was a Frenchman; his humor is not that of Falstaff, nor of Aristophanes, nor of Gogol. He was a Frenchman first and a genius after. Likewise Cervantes was a Spapiard and Turgenev a Russian. None of them could be anything else. But they did not carry their nation; they rode it; the genius express the world, its consciousness of its own people expresses that people. The nationality of a man of genius is a sort of tuning-fork which tells him all the time whether his word or his deed is ringing true to his own being. It is not wonderful that in such conditions the emotional quality of our time should be hard to discern, for it is not easy to survey a boiling world. That quality can be expressed only through four media—art, patriotism, religion, and love. No sculptor makes a bid for a pedestal. In painting, the chaos is perhaps pregnant, but it is still chaos;

not one of our young cubists or futurists can pretend to be anything more than a curiosity or a finger-post. In literature, Italy, Germany, and Austria are desert, while France has no one to carry her tradition since the death of Octave Mirbeau. If the writers of the day were not mortal and the future leisurely, the Germans (tho they have nothing to boast of) might well argue that France should take her farewell benefit. England is happier, even tho nearly all her young novelists are afflicted with a monstrous interest in themselves and an equally monstrous lack of sympathy with everybody else. America does not come in yet; she is too old to bring forth the genius of the pioneer, too young to bring forth the genius of maturity. The time of the Hawthornes has gone, and the time of your young men has not yet come; but other men, in other times, will sing their songs; to a country like America, what is five hundred years?"

Genius in art and literature, Mr. George proceeds, is hindered further by the temptation to take the usual steps to "get famous quick." That is to say, it must condescend. The genius must become one just high enough to be admired, not so high that none can understand. He becomes popular—and defeats himself. He has earned the wages of popularity. Solitude, also, has vanished. We dwell in a world like an international exhibition:

"This does not suit genius. Genius needs solitude, true solitude—not only a place where you cannot buy newspapers, but a place where there are none in the consciousness. Genius needs to retreat upon itself, to fecundate itself until from the nightmare of one life is born the dream of another. Genius cannot find this solitude, because the round globe hums as it spins, because it is alive with haste, with deeds crowding into the fleet hour that is no slower nor more rapid however crowded it may be, but only more hectic. We have come to a point where noise is natural, where we cannot sleep unless trains roar past our windows and newsboys cry murders to the unmoved night.

"Literature has felt this of late years, and has retired into the country to find silence, but it is so nervous that silence stuns it. That will not last; many men of genius—Rembrandt, Whitman, Bach, Racine—have felt this need to withdraw, even tho most of them, in the country or

in tiny towns, could well afford to mix with their fellows, because there were not enough of them to make a mob. They had their opportunity and could take it, and so they produced art which some thought to be an unhealthy secretion of the intellect. Their followers will not be so fortunate, and I have a growing vision of the world in the year 2500, when there may be but one state, one language, one race, when railroads will have pushed their heads over the Rockies at regular five-mile intervals, when there will be city councils on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, and Patagonia will stand first for technology. First? Perhaps not—it may be worse. I feel there may be no first, but a uniform level of mediocre excellence from which there will be no escape."

But if the arts are sick, other careers are open to men. "In these movements still obscure, where labor will array itself against wealth, where hideous tyrannic things will be done in the name of liberty, where hatred will smooth the path to love, I think there will be extraordinary careers, because nothing is impossible to man, and a few things may become possible to women":

"It is in science and statesmanship that the romantic quality of the future will be found. Romance is a maligned word, debased to fit any calf-love; romance is pinkish, or bluish, tender, feeble, and ends in orange-blossom, or, as the case may be, tears by the side of mother's grave. That is the romance of the provincial touring company. True romance is virile, generous, and its voice is as that of the trumpet. Romance is the wage of the watcher who with ever-open eyes scans the boundless air in eternal expectation that a thing unknown will appear. Romance is the quest of the unknown thing; it is Don Quixote riding Rozinante, Vasco da Gama for the first time passing the Cape; romance is every little boy who dug in the back garden in the hope of reaching the antipodes. For the romantic goal is always on the other side of the hill; everlastingly we seek it in love, for the spirit of the loved thing is on the other side of the hill, because, more exactly, what we seek is on the other side of ourselves.

"In our modern world it is possible to lead the romantic life, even tho the equator and the poles be accessible to the touring agencies, even tho most loves be contracts, for we live in times of disturbance, where war, international and civil, holds its sway, where democracies stir, where men are exalted and abased."

ANOTHER MASTERPIECE FROM THE PEN OF HENRI BARBUSSE

EARLY in 1914, when Henri Barbusse offered the manuscript of his novel "*L'Enfer*" (Hell) to one of the boldest publishers in Paris, it was refused. It was too shocking even for that bold Parisian publisher. The author put his astonishing novel in a fire-proof vault and went back to the uninspiring work of editing the monthly

known as *Je Sais Tout*. The war came. Barbusse went into the trenches. Out of that experience he produced "*Le Feu*," which has sold in France to the extent of half a million copies. Henri Barbusse won with it the celebrated and significant Goncourt prize. Naturally the publishers then became interested in the earlier novel. It was recently brought out by Albin Michel.

"The Most Amazing Piece of Psychologic and Social Veritism that ever Came from the Fountain Pen of a Human"

In a month or two, says Louis Albert Lamb, who recounts all of these interesting facts in Reedy's *Mirror*, M. Albin Michel has had the satisfaction of selling some sixty thousand copies of "the most amazing piece of psychologic and social veritism that ever came from the fountain pen of a human." Mr. Lamb further describes M. Barbusse's second masterpiece as "very

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like an X-ray photograph of your own viscera." Says Mr. Lamb:

"Let's say that *L'Enfer* is a key-hole, back-stair, and *garde-robe* sort of tragedy. It is Peeping Tom and you are Lady Godiva, with the difference that you were depilated before making your Coventry ride. You have no defenses against such a book. In reading it you feel as the destined-to-be-damned must feel when they stand naked before the Judgment. It is a terrible *revue* in which the actors do a *danse macabre* to a phallic theme. But the theme is harmonized, somehow, by the author's skill in counterpoint, and made a part of the music of the eternal spheres.

"How describe the reaction to such a book? It's most baffling! Here's my one best essay: After reading it you understand for the first time what Adam felt when he said, 'I heard Thy voice in the garden and I was afraid because I was naked; and I hid myself.'

"Yes, *L'Enfer* is a book of ashamed nakedness and futile, transparent fig-leaf aprons; a chronicle of Edenic expectations, and flaming blade, and abortive joy, and the eternal curse of Soul-Solitude, à la Lorado Taft's sculpture of the name. 'Why do I weep? . . . As if tears were words. . . I weep because I am alone! No one can get out of himself. Everyone is alone.'

The structure of the novel is simple. A young provincial comes up to Paris to find a job in a bank. He rents a little room in a boarding-house and settles down to the dreary life of a "hall-room boy." Then he discovers a hole in the flimsy partition that sepa-

rates his room from the next. This hole is high up over the picture moulding. A board has rotted, a bit of plaster fallen away:

"The beam of light and the *sordini* voice give our little man from the province a sense of kinship with humanity. Paris—half siren, half minotaur; Paris and the 'highly moral' pension have all but done their fatal work on his tender nature. And he yearns toward that light, that voice, that hole in the partition. He peeps into the adjacent chamber. Vacant now, but his possession; vacant and voiceless now, but a hyphen that compounds his 'I' with the human race. He says: 'Many people, without doubt, will occupy that chamber. I shall hear them, I shall see them, I shall participate in all they do as if the door were open! Sacrilege? No! To see humanity locked up within the walls of a chamber—what could be more desirable? How could I spurn it? I shall wait. I have need of just that!'

"Through that petty proscenium arch in the top of the wall, safe from discovery under the mantilla of his own darkness, our young provincial is to see enacted the amazing farce-tragedy of human life."

The conclusion reached by the sole unfortunate witness of the interminable "anthology" (in the Spoon River sense) of tragic farces is that "the living truth of things is more overwhelmingly sad than he had been capable of believing" until the acting out of that desperate drama of void and vanity. The *Mirror* review continues:

"With following this interminable *repertoire* of keyhole tragedies, our provin-

cial historian of hearts hopelessly compromised his hopes of getting a job in the bank, frittered away his means and, quite against his will, as usual, was driven to salvation in want and misery. But he had seen all the capital situations of life—from birth to death, normal and abnormal, licit and illicit, innocent and guilty—and out of it all he had been able to synthesize only the poignant brevity of Ecclesiasticus: '*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas est.*'

"... 'Hell' . . . Q. E. D. . . . That's all!

"But is that all of it?

"No: tho Henri Barbusse, as a great artist, disdains the didactic. He is content to lead up to the inevitable two paths.

"On the materialistic side he finds that every human being is an island in immensity, to which come no ships with friendly immigrants. Each soul is its own absolute, unconditioned Truth; its own premise and consequent. To seek escape from this insularity by physical contacts and materialisms can lead but to the final word of the book: "*Rien*"—nothing!

"If that is the sort of thing you like, why, accept it.

"If that is not the thing you can accept, then it is for you to choose the other path leading to the Ideal. For you, faith, poetry, God, and a variety of love not found in the Venusberg: The love of which Paul testified that 'it suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, and never faileth.'

"Naturally, *L'Enfer* is not a book '*virginibus puerisque*.'

"But adult saints and superannuated voluptuaries will find it profitable unto their souls."

A SOUTH AMERICAN POET'S SWEEPING INDICTMENT OF NORTH AMERICAN TASTE

ANOTHER instance of that curious antagonism to our literary taste and ideals which has more than once been expressed by South American literateurs is recorded by Havelock Ellis in the London *Nation*, in an illuminating essay on José Enrique Rodo. Rodo, who died some months ago in Palermo, while on his way from Montevideo to Paris, was reputed during his lifetime to be "the greatest living master of the Castilian tongue." He was born forty-five years ago in the capital of Uruguay. He was of an ancient, wealthy and aristocratic family. Altho his more mature literary efforts were marked by rare serenity and lucidity, almost chilly when compared to the usual impulsive extravagance of the South American poets, nevertheless Rodo could not understand or appreciate the Pan-American spirit of some of the younger men. As interpreted by Havelock Ellis:

"North American life seems, indeed, to Rodo, to proceed in that vicious circle

which Pascal described as the course of the pursuit of well-being which has no end outside itself. Its titanic energy of material aggrandizement produces a singular impression of insufficiency and vacuity. This people has not known how to replace the inspiring idealism of the past by a high and disinterested conception of the future, and so lives only in the immediate reality of the present.

"The genial positivism of England, it seemed to Rodo, has here been deprived of that idealism which was a deep source of sensibility beneath the rough utilitarian surface of the English spirit, ready to gush forth in a limpid stream when the art of a Moses struck the rock. English aristocratic institutions, however politically unjust and out of date, set up a bulwark to vulgar mercantilism which the American Republic removed, but left unreplaced.

"So it is that we find in the United States a radical inaptitude for selection, a general disorder of the ideal faculties, a total failure to realize the supreme spiritual importance of leisure. They have attained the satisfaction of their vanity of material magnificence, but they have not acquired the tone of fine taste.

We Talk Solemnly of "Art," he says, but We Cannot Conceive That Divine Activity

They pronounce with solemn and emphatic accent the word 'art,' but they have not been able to conceive that divine activity, for their febrile sensationism excludes its noble serenity.

"Neither the idealism of beauty nor the idealism of truth arouses their passion, and their war against ignorance results in a general semi-culture combined with languor of high culture. Nature has not granted them the genius for propaganda by beauty or for apostolic vocation by the attraction of love.

"Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty over New York awakens no such emotion of religious veneration as the ancient traveler felt when he saw emerge from the diaphanous nights of Attica the gleam of Athene's golden spear on the height of the Acropolis."

Perhaps, suggests Havelock Ellis, Rodo attributed too fixed a character to North American civilization and did not take sufficiently into account those germs of recent expansion which may well bring the future development of the United States nearer to his ideals. Mr. Ellis's reply is "graceful," as the N. Y. *Tribune* suggests. But thus far

we have not discovered any reply emanating from an American pen. Havelock Ellis writes in our defense:

"It must be admitted, indeed, that if he had lived a few months longer, Rodo might have seen confirmation in the swift thoroughness, even exceeding that of England, with which the United States on entering the war sought to suppress that toleration for freedom of thought and speech which he counted so precious, shouting with characteristic energy the

battle-cry of all the belligerents: 'Hush, don't think; only feel and act!' with a pathetic faith that the affectation of external uniformity means inward cohesion—a method of 'self-inflicted camouflage,' as Professor Dewey has ingeniously termed it in a recent article on the 'Conscription of Thought' which Rodo might have inspired.

"Still Rodo himself recognized that, even as already manifested, the work of the United States is not lost for what he would call 'the interests of the soul.' It

has been said that the mercantilism of the Italian republics paid the expenses of the Renaissance, that the spices and ivory of Lorenzo di Medici renewed the Symposia of Plato. Similarly, the alphabet, which has given immortality to speech, originated in Phœnician business factories. There is in civilization a transformation of force by which the material becomes the spiritual, and provided that process is carried through, it seemed to Rodo the North American Republic will escape the fate of Nineveh, Sidon and Carthage."

THE CRIMINAL CRITICS WHO HELPED TO KILL KEATS

THE critics did not actually kill John Keats, as Shelley and the earliest admirers of the poet believed; but the organized band of criminals who acted as critics on the famous magazines of that day, who seemed truly possessed by the demon of cruelty, did hasten his end. This is one of the points now cleared up by Sir Sidney Colvin in what is claimed to be the first extensive biography* worthy of the genius and fame of the author of "The Eve of St. Agnes." To understand the poisonous expectation of spite upon the work of a consumptive youth of twenty-four, which, as Sidney Colvin notes, furnishes one of the most deplorable chapters in the history of English literature, we must realize the vitriolic nature of literary criticism of the early nineteenth century. He writes:

"It was a rough, unscrupulous time, the literary as well as the political atmosphere thick with the mud and stones of controversy flung often very much at random. The *Quarterly*, as conducted by the acrid and deformed pedant Gifford, had no mercy for opponents: and one of the harshest of its contributors was the virtuous Southey. On the other side, the *Edinburgh*, under the more urbane and temperate Jeffrey, could sneer spitefully at all times and abuse savagely enough on occasion, especially when its contributor was Hazlitt. . . . Even Leigh Hunt, in private life one of the most amiable of hearts, could in controversy on the liberal side be almost as good a damner (to use Keats's phrase) as his ally, the same Hazlitt himself. But nowhere else were such felon strokes dealt in pure wantonness of heart as in the early numbers of *Blackwood*. The notorious first number opened with an article on Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria' even more furiously insulting than the *Edinburgh* article on Christabel attributed to Hazlitt. . . ."

The *Blackwood* was not content with emptying the "critical slop-pail" on Coleridge. Leigh Hunt was treated in outrageously gross and libelous

fashion. The climax of cruelty was reached in the treatment of Keats. "In the conceit of academic talent and training, the critic shows himself open-eyed to all the faults and stone-blind to all the beauty and genius and promise, and ends with a vulgarity of supercilious patronage beside which all the silly venial faults of taste in Leigh Hunt seem like good breeding itself."

"There is a lesson in these things. I remember the late Mr. Andrew Lang, one of the most variously gifted and richly-equipped critical minds of our time, and under a surface vein of flippancy essentially kind-hearted,—I remember Mr. Andrew Lang, in a candid mood of conversation, wondering whether in like circumstances he might not have himself committed a like offence, and with no 'Hyperion' or 'St. Agnes' Eve' or 'Odes' yet written and only the 1817 volume and 'Endymion' before him, have dismissed Keats fastidiously and scoffingly. Who knows?—and let us all take warning. But now-a-days the errors of criticism are perhaps rather of an opposite kind, and any rashness and rawness of undisciplined novelty is apt to find itself indulged and fostered rather than repressed. What should at any time have saved 'Endymion' from harsh judgment, if the quality of the poetry could not save it, was the quality of the preface. How could either carelessness or rancor not recognize, not augur the best from, its fine spirit of manliness and modesty and self-knowledge?"

The *Quarterly* attack on the young poet was scarcely less savage. A third censor appeared, in the *British Quarterly*, with an even more contemptuous notice of 'Endymion.' For a moment Keats's pride winced under these personal insults. He was strong enough, despite his illness, to recover his balance:

"Proud in the extreme, Keats had no irritable vanity; and aiming in his art, if not always steadily, yet always at the highest, he rather despised than courted such successes as he saw some of his contemporaries—Thomas Moore, for instance, with 'Lalla Rookh'—enjoy. 'I hate,' he says, 'a mawkish popularity.' Wise recognition and encouragement would no doubt have helped and cheered

There is a Lesson for Literary Critics in this Deplorable Chapter, says Sidney Colvin in His Monumental Biography of the Poet

him, but even in the hopes of permanent fame which he avowedly cherished, there was nothing intemperate or impatient; and he was conscious of perceiving his own shortcomings at least as clearly as his critics. Accordingly he took his treatment at their hands more coolly than older and more experienced men had taken the like. Hunt, as we have seen, had replied indignantly to his *Blackwood* traducers, repelling scorn with scorn, and he and Hazlitt were both at first red-hot to have the law of them. Keats, after the first sting, with great dignity and simplicity treated the annoyance as one merely temporary, indifferent, and external."

The bravery and manliness of the young poet in his twenty-fourth year who had but a year longer to live was expressed in a letter to his brother and sister-in-law: "It does me not the least harm in Society to make me appear little and ridiculous. I know when a man is superior to me and give him all due respect—he will be the last to laugh at me; and, as for the rest, I feel that I make an impression upon them which ensures me personal respect when I am in sight whatever they may say when my back is turned." "This is a mere matter of the moment," he wrote with prophetic insight in the same letter. "I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death." Keats's fatal disease had two powerful allies, as Sir Sidney Colvin points out. There was that passion for Fanny Brawne which, as Swinburne expressed it, had "seized him by the throat" and which tore and rended him with pitiless insistence. But those pitiless, vitriolic critics aided also in the tragedy. "It has been too confidently assumed," Sir Sidney Colvin writes, "that Shelley and Byron were totally misled and wide of the mark when they believed that *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* had killed Keats or even much hurt him."

"The truth is that not they, but their consequences, did in their degree help to kill him. It must not be supposed that such words of wisdom and composure, manifestly sincere as they are, represent the whole of Keats, or anything like the whole. They represent, indeed, the ad-

* JOHN KEATS. His Life and Poetry. His Friends and Critics and After-Fame. By Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

mirably sound and manly elements which were a part of him: they show us the veins of what Matthew Arnold calls flint and iron in his nature uppermost. But he was no Wordsworth, to remain all flint and iron in indifference to derision and in the scorn of scorn. He had not only in a tenfold degree the ordinary acuteness of a poet's feelings: he had the variable and chameleon temperament of which he warns Woodhouse while in the very act of reassuring him: he had along with the flint and iron a strong congenital tendency, against which he was always fighting but not always successfully, to fits of depression and self-torment. Moreover, the reviews of those days, especially the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, had a real power of barring the acceptance and checking the sale of an author's work. What actually happened was that when a year or so later Keats began to realize the harm which the reviews had done and were doing to his material prospects, these consequences in his darker hours preyed on him severely and conspired with the forces of disease and passion to his undoing."

Never before has it been possible, says the London *Outlook* of Sir Sidney Colvin's monumental work, to obtain a clear view of Keats, and without such knowledge as we are now given one can only imperfectly understand the poet's surroundings. The book, to other English reviewers as well, is the "last word" on John Keats; but in the opinion of William Stanley Braithwaite, writing in the Boston *Transcript*, the finest and truest study of Keats still remains that of an American—the late Professor A. E. Hancock's biography, which was published about ten years ago. Sidney Colvin's great work is of the "closer attention" type: Professor Hancock's was of the "warmer homage." Comparing the two types Mr. Braithwaite writes:

"Mr. Colvin in enumerating the various writers, in his preface and foot-notes, who have, in essays or books, dealt with the poet, fails to mention Professor Hancock or his book. Speaking of the critics and scholars who have paid close attention and warm homage to the name and work of Keats, Mr. Colvin declares that their 'studies have for the most part been specialized and scattered and there does not exist any one book giving a full and connected account of his life and poetry together in the light of our present knowledge and with help of all the available material.'

"This biography does. And what does it signify in connection with so luminous a mystery as John Keats? That it will remain forever unsolved. And, further, that we are contented that it should be so as long as we have the poet's works, and enough of the details of his life and career to understand the man. All this we have had for some time. And even if we did not realize what a hollow and sponging friend Haydon was, and Mr. Colvin makes us realize; or that the sonnet beginning, 'Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art,' was not written as



THE LIFE-MASK OF JOHN KEATS

This profile of Haydon's life-mask is taken not from the plaster, but from an electrotype made many years ago when the cast was fresh. It reveals the structure and modelling of the poet's head more subtly than the original cast itself at present, in the opinion of Sir Sidney Colvin. The original is in the National Portrait Gallery in London.

Keats lay aboard ship at Yarmouth, waiting for the storm to abate before sailing for Italy, and addressed in substance to Fanny Brawne and not Severn, in its original draft; and a number of other such scholarly corrections and interpretations, especially Mr. Colvin's explanation of Keats's passion for the moon as symbolizing his social and ethical attitude toward life—what, I repeat, do these things matter as corrections and enlargements upon a nature which was in itself a 'passion' and out of which was created that art whose roots were nowhere ensoiled except in pure genius? Somehow the understanding of a genius like Keats is not ordered by scholarship, unless scholarship has the spiritual incoherency of genius itself; such as Coleridge and Lamb possessed, as Mr. MacKail and Professor Hancock possessed; which finds it sufficient to make a framework of data, but whose chief, and intense, concern is to make a composition and not a pattern of all that lies within the frame of recorded facts.

"Shelley has been more fortunate in his biographies than Keats. His was the richer outward episode in the poetic his-

tory of England; Keats's 'tragic brevity' of existence was packed inwardly, to bursting, with two great passions—poetry and love—spiritual forces which slipped like water out of his biographers' hands before they could put it into a cup. So, I think, it will always be. His life must ever be like the figure on his Grecian urn with 'not a soul to tell,' and we must be satisfied with his art which 'dost tease us out of thought as doth eternity.'

At the end of his book, Sidney Colvin asks whether the war will kill interest in Keats and make his poetry seem tame and vapid. "However changed the world," he replies in the negative, "work like that of Keats is not what it will ever let perish. The thrills and glamors which pass away are only those of the second-rate and the second-hand sort; not those which have sprung from and struck deep into the innermost places of the spirit." Leaving the question of what Keats might have done and looking only at what he did, our authority closes, it is enough for any man.

HUNGARIANS HERE AND ABROAD HOPE THAT GERMANY WILL BE CRUSHED

Alexander Konta, Their Well-Known Spokesman, Says So in an Arts Club Address

THAT Germany to-day stands defeated and that her leaders are well aware of it, is a declaration all the more surprising, if not convincing, in that it is made by a native of Hungary, Alexander Konta, for many years a prominent spokesman for the million or more Hungarians resident in America. He asserts, furthermore, that Austro-Hungarian relations are daily becoming more strained and that there is a growing conviction among thoughtful Hungarians that any triumph of Teutonic militarism would spell the end of Hungary as a free nation. These outstanding statements occur in a recent address on the attitude of Hungary toward the war which was delivered at the National Arts Club in New York. Supplementing the assertion, made "in the strongest possible language of conviction," that "Germany will not win—cannot win," and that "whatever may have been her successes in the past three years—however invulnerable her position may seem to have become during the past six months—Germany is beaten and knows it," we are assured:

"If she was not beaten at the Marne (as many keen observers believe), she was beaten on that eventful day when America—the greatest of the world's free peoples—entered the conflict for the world's freedom. It matters little that Germany has had her triumphs—that she has overrun Poland and Rumania, that she has opened a pathway from Berlin to Bagdad, that she has crushed smaller nations, too weak to offer resistance, and turned to flight the armies of Italy—all these are but temporary triumphs, small incidents in the great struggle. Her success in Russia—for I attribute the present ruin in Russia largely to German influence—has been unexpectedly great, even tho it will delay the peace which Germany is so earnestly seeking. She knows full well that her triumphs have been overshadowed by her failures. She has failed in France. Verdun still blocks her progress. She is failing in Belgium. The King of the Belgians still holds court on the Channel dunes. Germany's dreams of a revolt in India, of revolution in Ireland, of a Jihad among the Mohammedans, have vanished in gloom. Jerusalem is in British hands. She has lost her priceless territories. Her navy is intact but impotent. Her vaunted corridor to the East is closed at Bagdad. Her sinister brutalities, her amazing diplomatic blunders, her defiance of the principles of justice and charity on which humanity is founded, have not only shocked the civilized world but have also lost her, for many a long year, the friends which she once possessed. Does it spell success that, starting with three countries against her, the roll of her enemies has since increased to twenty odd? Is it



THIS PAINTING WON A \$1,000 PRIZE AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB. It is by Gifford Beal, is entitled "The Blue Pool," and the artist was also awarded a gold medal at the Members' Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture.

not clear that these nations—who make up an enormous percentage of the peoples, territory and wealth of the world—are determined that by the help of God and with their own strong arm, the brutish monster of German militarism shall be crushed?"

Since the United States declared war on Austria-Hungary, it is significant, we are informed, that the relations between Hungary and Austria have all but reached the breaking point. Recently, for instance, the Budapest newspapers were actually demanding a declaration of war upon Austria.

"This suggests a state of affairs which may quickly become intensified owing to the failure of the peace movement during the last days of the old year. It is manifest that the proposals of the Austrian premier, Czernin, have fallen on deaf ears and Hungary is hardly likely to be pleased with his failure. Hungary's displeasure may, therefore, be followed by renewed demands for a separation from Austria by means of arms. Hungary wants peace, and is intolerant of the failures to obtain it. She wants it because she feels that her economic and national future depends upon immediate recuperation from the disasters of war. And I ought to add, in such connection, a very important fact. This is that she would be ready to accept a peace without victory. There is no need to disguise the reason for this. It is the growing conviction that victory—meaning the triumph

of Teutonic militarism—would spell the end of Hungary as a free nation. It would, for obvious reasons, thrust her back into the degradation of the eighteenth century. It would mean a Hungary shackled to the Teuton chariot—a Hungary enslaved."

Meanwhile, Hungarians in America (to the number of about one and a half millions) "are suffering very greatly from misrepresentations of their status and misunderstandings of the real feelings toward the country in which they reside." It is deplored by this spokesman for the industrious army of Hungarians in this country that Hungarians should be lumped with Germans and Austrians as "suspects" when, as this spokesman asserts, "not one Hungarian has been found legally accusable of any word or deed which has endangered the well-being of this nation." In this connection, the government at Washington is planning a bureau for the furtherance of the American spirit and for the protection of loyal Hungarians, with Konta (a naturalized citizen) as director. As such, he says, "it will have little pity for any who are disloyal to American institutions." But "it will have great sympathy for all loyal men and women who have learned, or are learning, to appreciate the inestimable value of American citizenship."

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- YOUNG FRANCE AND NEW AMERICA.** By Pierre de Lanux. Pleads for a closer union between the French youth who will be the upbuilders of their country after the war, and the "new" America which is to be shaped by the war. \$1.25. Macmillan.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB NOTES

The Members' Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture at the National Arts Club during the month of January has proved to be the most successful exhibition since the idea was inaugurated. This annual exhibition, of course, is exclusively for the work of artist members of the club. On the preceding page is reproduced what is adjudged to be the most meritorious painting and winner of the \$1,000 prize, along with the gold medal, awarded by the following jury of selection: Ben Foster, Charles C. Curran, Douglas Volk, Leonard Ochtman, Frank A. Bicknell, Hobart Nichols, E. Irving Couse, Ernest L. Ipsen, Gardner Symons, Emil Carlsen, Bruce Crane, Louis Betts, Ernest L. Blumenschein, J. Alden Weir, Henry B. Snell.

José Santos Chocano, the sovran poet of Peru, and incidentally of Latin America, was the guest of honor at the last reported meeting of the Poetry Society of America. Señor Chocano read, in Spanish, several poems, translations of which were effectively read by Dr. Peter H. Goldsmith, director of *Inter-America*, the publication sponsored by Columbia University for the promotion of closer relations and artistic understanding between the Americas. The event of the

evening was the reading by the poet of the prolog to an epic poem on the world-war which he is at work upon. Salomon de la Selva read an admirable translation of this prolog, which revealed Señor Chocano as a poet of exceptional vision and a master of technic, if not the "Whitman of Spanish America." Poems by Arthur Guiterman and Jessie B. Rittenhouse were adjudged most meritorious among some twenty poems read anonymously and voted upon.

The Joint Committee of the Literary Arts has presented to William Dean Howells a sumptuous leather-bound duodecimo of the hundred and fifty manuscript letters of congratulation on his eightieth anniversary. It forms a memorable souvenir of the Howells evening recently held at the National Arts Club under the auspices of the Joint Committee. Answering the official letter transmitting the volume, "the dean of American letters" writes to Hamlin Garland, chairman of the presentation committee:

"I hope you will let me forego every formality in trying to thank you and the Joint Committee of the Literary and Artistic Societies of New York that united with you in remembering my eightieth birthday last March, and in now sending me for a record

of your kindness the magnificent volume holding the letters written you on that occasion. You know without my saying it how I must value such a recognition. It is something I might have imagined in some hour of youthful vainglory when I had my work before me, and I might then have taken it all for praise of myself, but now when I have done my best I must hope and believe that it is the praise of my intention in literature, and it is precious to me beyond any reckoning of mine. It abashes me by the words which so enrich the record; but I will not let the sense of my inadequacy forbid me the joy of finding myself ennobled in the pages of your golden book, and I wish the great and good friends who appear my sponsors there, and each of my kindred in the arts who took part in the observance of my very unworthy anniversary to feel how truly I mean for them the gratitude which I cannot fitly express."

Among other interesting events of the month was the January meeting of the Dickens Fellowship; a meeting under the auspices of the New York Municipal Art Society; and a meeting of the American Institute of Graphic Arts at which Jay Hambidge spoke on "Nature In Design."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

IF it be true, as Maxwell Bodenheim says in the *New Republic*, that "true poetry is the entering of delicately imaginative plateaus, unconnected with human beliefs or fundamental human feelings," then the heading of this department ought to be changed, for the poets who are quoted here are in that case not poets at all. We wonder what we ought to call them. What, then, is the art that concerns itself with the metrical expression of fundamental human feelings and human beliefs? It has always been called poetry. What would Mr. Bodenheim have us call it hereafter? Apparently "true poetry" does not exist as yet as a separate art, for he goes on to say:

"When poetic style is rescued from its position of chambermaid to some 'burning message' or 'noble idea,' and dressed so deftly and fantastically that it becomes its own reason for existence, poetry will reach these plateaus in greater quantity than occasional lines or widely separated poems. Then, philosophy, political economy and obvious sentimentality will be expressed in the prose rhythm best suited to them, and poetry will be made a separate art, instead of a delicate dancer chained by the undying desire of men to instruct each other."

Mr. Bodenheim may be right; but doesn't he think that this separate art that is to be, and which will disconnect itself from fundamental human feelings and human beliefs and noble ideas, ought to have a nomenclature all its own? Why filch a name that has heretofore belonged to something entirely different? And why, we might ask, not get a new vocabulary for it as well? For the words of all existing vocabularies have by long use and constant association attached to themselves certain ideas and feelings, and an art that is to disconnect itself from such things must also disconnect itself from all the words that are so intimately related to them. It might try Esperanto, or, better still, invent an entirely new language of its own. And since even the letters of existing alphabets, because of their tonal qualities, have certain emotional values, it might be well to invent a new alphabet, the characters in which have no tonal associations whatever. Even then, after we have achieved a really separate art, without emotion, without ideas, without convictions, expressed in words that have no significance formed of letters that have no sound, even then, we fear, one emotion will still cling to the new creation. Even then it may excite the risibilities of mankind.

In the meantime, we shall have to put up with poetry that expresses noble ideas, human beliefs, and fundamental feelings. Such, for instance, as the following beautiful poem from the *Atlantic*:

SAFE.

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

NOW shall your beauty never fade;
For it was budding when you passed
Beyond this glare, into the shade
Of fairer gardens unforecast,
Where, by the dreaded Gardener's spade,
Beauty, transplanted once, shall ever last.

Now never shall your glorious breast
Wither, your deft hands lose their art,
Nor those glad shoulders be oppressed
By failing breath or fluttering heart,
Nor from the cheek by dawn possessed,
The subtle ecstasy of hue depart.

Forever shall you be your best—
Nay, far more luminously shine
Than when our comradeship was blessed
By what of earth seemed most divine,
Before your body passed to rest
With what I then supposed this heart
Of mine.

Now shall your bud of beauty blow
Far lovelier than I dreamed before
When, such a little time ago,
I looked upon your face, and swore
That Helen's never moved men so
When her white, magic hands en-
kindled war.

As you sweep on from power to power,
Shall every earthward thought you think
Irradiate my lonely hour,
Until I taste the golden drink
Of Life, and see the full-blown flower
Whose opening bud was mine beyond
the brink.

The author of the following beautiful poem is the wife of Joyce Kilmer, and it may add to the sweet pathos of the lines to know that the child to whom they are evidently addressed was a little daughter whose death, as foreshadowed in the poem, has since taken place.

TO A CHILD.

BY ALINE KILMER.

I KNOW you are too dear to stay,
You are so exquisitely sweet;
My lonely house will thrill some day
To echoes of your eager feet.

I hold your words within my heart,
So few, so infinitely dear;
Watching your fluttering hands I start
At the corroding touch of fear.

A faint, unearthly music rings
From you to heaven—it is not far!
A mist about your beauty clings
Like a thin cloud before a star.

My heart shall keep the child I knew,
When you are really gone from me,
And spend its life remembering you
As shells remember the lost sea.

Joyce Kilmer's new volume, "Main Street and Other Poems" (George H. Doran Co.), marks no departure in his work and no striking development except, perhaps, that of a tendency to devote himself a little more frequently to religious themes, tinted (not unpleasantly) by his faith as a Roman Catholic. There is a sweetness and wholesomeness about his work that appeals to us strongly. The poem below is no better than several others but it gives us the quality that pervades most of his work. That work is not daring, intense or passionate. We wish it were a little more so at times. But it is sincere and heartening.

THE SNOWMAN IN THE YARD.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

THE Judge's house has a splendid porch, with pillars and steps of stone,
And the Judge has a lovely flowering hedge that came from across the seas;

In the Hales' garage you could put my house and everything I own,
And the Hales have a lawn like an emerald and a row of poplar trees.

Now I have only a little house, and only a little lot,
And only a few square yards of lawn, with dandelions starred;
But when Winter comes, I have something there that the Judge and the Hales have not,
And it's better worth having than all their wealth—it's a snowman in the yard.

The Judge's money brings architects to make his mansion fair;
The Hales have seven gardeners to make their roses grow;
The Judge can get his trees from Spain and France and everywhere,
And raise his orchids under glass in the midst of all the snow.

But I have something no architect or gardener ever made,
A thing that is shaped by the busy touch of little mittened hands:
And the Judge would give up his lonely estate, where the level snow is laid,
For the tiny house with the trampled yard, the yard where the snowman stands.

They say that after Adam and Eve were driven away in tears
To toil and suffer their life-time through, because of the sin they sinned,
The Lord made Winter to punish them for half their exiled years,

To chill their blood with the snow, and
pierce their flesh with the icy wind.
But we who inherit the primal curse, and
labor for our bread,
Have yet, thank God, the gift of Home,
tho Eden's gate is barred:
And through the Winter's crystal veil,
Love's roses blossom red
For him who lives in a house that has
a snowman in the yard.

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff seems
to be outgrowing her hectic days, and
her muse seems to us more of a woman
and less of a Bacchante than a few
years ago. There is still in her new
volume, "Narcissus and Other Poems"
(James T. White & Co.), a good deal
of the rhapsodic, but the most hectic
poems, like "Litany," were written
several years ago. Her dedication,
especially the last line of it, is a fine
specimen of her later and better style:

DEDICATION.

BY BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

YOU opened wide the windows of
my soul,
And beauty entered like a sainted
guest
All clad in choric splendor, with
her breast
Speared in transcendent flame from some
far goal.
Before me vistas of fair climes unroll,
Glory unknown, and calm inviolate,
Pure winged joy, too sweet to con-
template,
And loveliness breathed from an unseen
shoal.
Freed of all mortal chains, I walk alone
Like some pale dawn-star in the
embered west,
By all the winds of heavenly harmony
blown;
—For in that hour, above all others
blest,
You brought me, as the voice of God
that nears,
The commiserating ecstasy of tears.

We find this poem in a daily paper
credited to the *Southern Woman's
Magazine*:

CALLING WATER.

BY JENNIE HARRIS OLIVER.

I AM under a prison of shale and sand,
And I call with a voice of yearning,
Through ages past, by the rocks made
fast,
I have leaped to the desert's burning.
Soul of the mist and the long deep
snows,
In blackness I wander, and creep and
curl,
While over me numberless bones are
piling,
And salt dunes ripple, and winds are
fleet:
There will be forests and green fields
smiling
When I and the sunshine meet!
I am smiting the door of your grim,
gray waste

With the foam of a thousand foun-
tains;
When I break from night to the desert
white
In its lone, blue rim of mountains,
Quail shall run in my ripened wheat,
And mirrors shine beneath fringy
shade.
Where long steel slash—to the westward
running—
Light as brilliant as sun-kissed wine
Shall bleach the stars with its wizard
cunning,
For mine is the future—mine!

Archibald MacLeish is a new name
to us, and there are signs of unmis-
takable youth in his volume of poems
"Tower of Ivory" (Yale University
Press). Old truths come to him as
new discoveries and old themes arouse
a fresh and blessed enthusiasm. He
(as well as Joyce Kilmer) is some-
where in France as we write and if
heaven is good to him he ought to
count for a good deal in American
letters in days to come. Witness the
following excellent piece of work:

A LIBRARY OF LAW.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

ADJUDICATED quarrels of man-
kind,
Brown row on row!—how well
these lawyers bind
Their records of dead sin,—as if they
feared
The hate might spill and their long
shelves be smeared
With slime of human souls,—brown row
on row
Span on Philistine span, a greasy show
Of lust and lies and cruelty, dried grime
Streaked from the finger of the beggar,
Time.
I wonder if the little letters there,
Black-stamped and damned eternally to
bear
The records of old sin, must never long
For that fair printed world of ancient
song,
Where, line on martial line, they stretch
across
The vellum's edge to some irradiant boss
Of scarlet lettering, where sits a quaint
Gilt-featured and attenuated saint,
That world where they grow volatile and
fling
A spray of golden butterflies a-wing
Up through the blue infinities of dream
To brush God's feet, and flutter, wings
a-gleam,
About the veinless marble of His chair,
And make a sudden splendor through
His hair;
That world where they drift ghostly
down the dusk
Of old forgotten twilights, toss the musk
Of primroses against his face who reads,
Make prayers from the clicking of old
beads,
Blow long dead summers through the
naked trees
Leaf after leaf, call back faint memories
Of lips that once were sweet, and eyes
once glad,
And little hands that set the spirit mad

With plucking of invisible lute strings,—
All, all the vanished magic of dead things.

In "The Dreamers and Other Poems" (George H. Doran Co.), Theodosia Garrison displays a sure mastery of her craft and a variety in her themes that is unusual with women poets. Her work is seldom subjective or introspective, never rhapsodic or ecstatic. It does not cloy the taste. It makes a strong emotional appeal, but the appeal comes from so many different angles and has behind it so much sense of proportion and such artistic self-restraint that one can read more of her work without growing tired than of almost any other poet we know. Her half dozen Irish poems, "Songs of Himself," at the end of the volume, are a real delight. We reprint one of these and one other poem more representative of her usual work:

THE FAIR.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

THE pick o' seven counties, so
they're tellin' me, was there,
Horses racin' on the track, and
fiddles on the green,
Flyin' flags and blowin' horns and all
that makes a fair,
I'm hearin' that the like of it was some-
thing never seen.

So it is they're tellin' me,
Girl dear, it may be true—
I only know the bonnet strings
Beneath your chin were blue.

I'm hearin' that the cattle came that thick
they stood in rows,
And Doolan's Timmy caught the pig and
Terry climbed the pole,
They're tellin' me they showed the cream
of everything that grows,
And never man had eyes enough for
takin' in the whole.

So it is they're tellin' me,
Girl dear, it may be so,
I only know your little gown
Was whiter than the snow.

They're tellin' me the gentry came from
twenty miles about,
And him that came from Ballinsloe sang
limpin' Jamesey down,
And 'twas Himself, no less, stood by to
give the prizes out,
They're tellin' me you'd hear the noise
from here to Dublin town.

So it is they're tellin' me,
Girl dear, the same may be,
I only know that comin' home
You gave your word to me.

THE RETURN.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I COME to you grown weary of much
laughter,
From jangling mirth that once
seemed over-sweet,
From all the mocking ghosts that follow
after
A man's returning feet;
Give me no word of welcome or of
greeting,

Only in silence let me enter in,
Only in silence when our eyes are
meeting,
Absolve me of my sin.

I come to you grown weary of much
living,
Open your door and lift me of your
grace,
I ask for no compassion, no forgiving,
Only your face, your face;
Only in that white peace that is your
dwelling
To come again, before your feet to
sink,
And of your quiet as of wine compelling
Drink as the thirsting drink.

Be kind to me as sleep is kind that
closes
With tender hands men's fever-wearied
eyes,
Your arms are as a garden of white
roses
Where old remembrance lies,
I, who am bruised with words and
pierced with chiding,
Give me your silence as a Saint might
give
Her white cloak for some hunted crea-
ture's hiding,
That he might rest and live.

Another of the young poets who
has given his life in the war was
Francis Ledwidge, an Irish peasant
boy. Lord Dunsany "discovered" him
in 1912 and helped him to find a pub-
lisher for his first volume, "Songs of
the Fields," which appeared in 1915.
Padraic Colum speaks of him enthusi-
astically and Katharine Tynan, in the
Catholic World, prints two poems
which he sent her a year ago from
the battlefield, where he was serving
as Lance Corporal, under Dunsany, in
the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Here
are the two poems:

IN FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

THE silence of maternal hills
Is round me in my evening
dreams
And round me music-making bells
And mingling waves of pastoral
streams.

Whatever way I turn, I find
The paths are old unto me still,
The hills of home are in my mind,
And there I wander as I will.

HAD I A GOLDEN POUND TO SPEND.

BY FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

HAD I a golden pound to spend
My love should mend and sew
no more,
And I would buy her a little
quern,
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.
And for her windows, curtains white
With birds in flight and flowers in
bloom,
To face with pride the road to town
And mellow down the sunlit room.

And with the silver change we'd prove
The truth of Love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
Had I a golden pound to spend.

Robert Underwood Johnson pub-
lishes a new and enlarged edition of
his "Poems of War and Peace," being
not only author but publisher (70
Fifth Ave., New York). Mr. Johnson
adheres to the traditions of his art—
the stately phrase, the "literary" style
—more closely than any other of our
living poets. He is very decorous even
when he is most sprightly; but there
are some of us who still like that sort
of thing, not all the time but some of
the time. Here, for instance, is some-
thing that seems to us very enjoyable
indeed:

THE LITTLE ROOM OF DREAMS.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

I

NEXT to the shelving roof it stood—
My boyhood's cozy bed;
So near I felt the serried storm
Go charging o'er my head.
'T is fifty summers, yet I hear
The branch against the pane,
The midnight owl, the thunder crash,
The rhythm of the rain.

The golden apples long desired
Fell thumping from the trees,
Till Dream transformed them to the fruit
Of fair Hesperides.
The owl within his chimney porch
Became Minerva's own,
The lightning was the bolt of Jove,
Each tree a dryad's groan.

From there the flames of Troy were seen,
There Salamis was won;
Now Hannibal would cross the Alps,
And now Napoleon.
On Valley Forge's scene of prayer
My winter window gave;
Red Jacket there was eloquent,
And Osceola, brave.

Who could divine that from my sill
Fought wounded Ivanhoe?—
That there I saw Sir Galahad
Gleam in the moon, below?
Who knew that I was veteran
Of Bayard's noble strife?—
That there for many a hapless maid
I offered up my life?

There, too, I knew the midnight trance
Of not unwholesome grief,
(Since tears for others' sorrow shed
Bring to our own, relief):
I felt the lash on Uncle Tom,
And mourned Don Quixote's fall;
With David wept for Absalom,
With Dombey, Little Paul.

More oft a father's bedtime lore
So filled with joy the night,
I woke at dawn from rosy dreams
Expectant of delight.
For I had roamed the enchanted wood
With Puck or Rosalind,
Or shared with dainty Ariel
The visions of the wind.

II

Another little bed I know—
With dreams I never knew—
That holds a maid as brave and fair
As she Carpaccio drew.
Her fragrant pillow oft I seek
To find its magic power,
As one recalls a day of youth
By the perfume of a flower.

The beasts that did my sleep affright
Are from her fancy hid.
She finds the jungle full of friends,
As little Mowgli did.
For her the Æsop of our day
Summons his crafty clan.
The Blue-Bird is her happy goal,
Her hero, Peter Pan.

What visions of a spirit world
About her slumber float,
Pure as the Swan whose Silver Knight
Glides in a silver boat!
There, too,—most blessed of the dreams
That have the world beguiled,—
An Angel with a lily kneels
To greet the Holy Child.

Far be the time when care and toil
Shall wrest these joys away,
Whereby this darling of my blood
Makes yesterday to-day.
For ah—so near the things that be
Are to the things that seem—
Soon I to her, as Youth to me,
Shall be a thing of dream.

A splendid love-song appears in the
Madrigal:

GLORIA.

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

I CANNOT fancy you a wraith—
You with your torch-bright hair
Burning a vivid aureole
In any night's despair—
Your nimbus is the loop of light
Through which my visions find their
flight.
I cannot fancy you a wraith—
You with your ivory skin
And mouth of wooing red
Where all my dreams and songs begin—
O mouth! what miracle you bring
Of God's unleashed imagining.

I cannot fancy you a wraith—
You with your rushing speech
Of arrowed words and leaping thought,
A whimsy-flash in each—
Your moods so intimately near,
A rainbow arch in every tear:

For wraiths, they go, go warily;
They speak with voiceless word,
And like the twilight's stealthy dew
Their footsteps are not heard—
All silently they come and go:
A wistful touch; we never know.

How could your splendid vehemence
Be bleached to nothingness!
How could your nimbused radiance
Be quenched and meaningless!—
How could you touch me with your hand
And I not know, and understand!

I cannot fancy you a wraith—
Yet one day, if you are,
Your torch will blaze the pinnacles,
An unsurpassed star—
Your fires will braid a rope of light
And lift me to you through the night.

THE EXECUTION THAT FAILED—A TALE OF RUSSIA UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKI

This is an incredible tale. Therefore we believe it is true; for nothing but incredible things seem to be true nowadays in Russia under the Bolsheviks. This comes as a fact-story from the Associated Press correspondent in Petrograd and was published as such in the *N. Y. Times*. The "hero" of the story had been sentenced to be hanged for selling military secrets to Germany and for plotting two explosions in powder factories by which 3,000 lives were lost. The scene opens at the scaffold.

SMILING contemptuously, the prisoner was led to the scaffold. When the sentence had been read he raised his hands and demanded to be heard. "No," objected the Prosecuting Attorney. "It is too late now. You should have spoken at the trial."

One of the squad of soldiers stepped out and said in a tone of amazement: "What? Why too late? Is not speech free? Thank God, there's no Czarist régime to keep our mouths closed. Speak, comrade, speak!"

The condemned man began: "Comrades, do you know who has condemned me? A court constituted entirely of lower middle-class capitalists, inspired by the imperialists of the Allied countries. The prosecutor, as I know absolutely, was a masquerading Kornilovist! Comrades, shall not democracy itself speak? Shall it not say, 'Hands off the creators and inspirers of the Internationale?' Comrades, can you possibly recognize a decision of this counter-revolutionary, anti-democratic court as binding on you?"

"Bravo!" shouted a guard. "Let me also speak."

The condemned man yielded the floor to the guard, who began: "Comrades, can anything be more atrocious than for us to permit the hanging of this man, who speaks as an apostle and champion of the Internationale? Comrades, I propose a vote of want of confidence in the executioner."

"I demand the right to speak," said the executioner. "Comrades, I solemnly protest against this universal condemnation of all executioners. I am just as good a revolutionist as any of you, and if the revolutionary people have imposed on me this sad duty, I am bound by my conscience. I demand, comrades, that you pass a resolution confirming the lawfulness of my acts. I hope that you understand that it is better to deprive one dangerous individual of his life rather than sacrifice thousands of useful lives."

"I move to discontinue your speech, Comrade Hangman," broke in the condemned man.

"And by what right, Comrade Exploder of Powder Magazines, do you constitute yourself the Chairman?" replied the executioner vehemently.

"Chairman! Chairman! Let's elect a Chairman," came from several parts of the audience. The election proceeded fast. It took only half an hour, and the condemned man had the office thrust upon him of secretary of the meeting.

AT this point an unfortunate divergence arose among three of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates. One of them, a Minimalist, demanded the instant execution of the prisoner; another, a Social Revolutionary-Internationalist, suggested getting explanations from the Government; the third, a Maximalist, proposed that they should release the prisoner, and in his stead execute the executioner as a servant and agent of the counter-revolution.

The drummer got up to declaim against the third suggestion, but after his first sentence he began talking, not to the point, but to demand the transfer of all the land without purchase to the masses. A vote of closure was invoked to cut his speech off.

A very eloquent speech followed by the Secretary of the Garrison Committee, although it was not much to the point. He said that the revolutionary government was now organized, and there was no reason now to fear German spies or explosions at powder magazines, and therefore, in the name of the garrison, he

called for the disclosure of all secret treaties.

The Chairman here turned the discussion to the actual subject, putting two questions to vote: first, the fate in store for the condemned prisoner; second, the fate in store for the executioner.

The voting showed a two-thirds majority in favor of executing the sentence, whereupon the condemned man expressed dissatisfaction as to the accuracy of the voting and demanded a formal division of the house. Thus the matter was carried to the prison court yard, and the ayes and noes were requested to line up on opposite sides of the gates.

The result was still the same, but when they looked around for the Secretary, who was also the condemned prisoner, he was nowhere to be seen. It was explained that he had voted by marching out at the gate and had failed to return subsequently.

AFTER some discussion, the meeting decided that the disappearance of the prisoner had disposed of any necessity of further discussing question Number One, and that there remained before the meeting only Question Two, namely, the fate in store for the executioner. This time the vote was unanimous, and the following resolution was passed:

"In consequence of the fact that the Revolutionary People on February 28 to March 12 gained its freedom, not in order to down civil liberty; also in consequence of the fact that Executioner Demochkin neglected to execute sentence on the condemned man, the Assembly had decided to condemn Demochkin to three months' imprisonment. Long live the self-determination of the peoples on the basis of Russia, federative and indivisible!"

ANNA'S BROTHER BECOMES AN AMERICAN

This also is a fact-story, not fiction. It was narrated to us by the author, Allene T. Wilkes, and at our request she put it into writing for the *Vigilantes*, by whom it was sent out to journals all over the country for publication. It is a story typical of what is taking place on a wholesale scale in many parts of our own country.

ANNA is a plump, rosy-checked young Jewess who works in the office of a public stenographer. During the two or three years in which she has rapidly, and somewhat inaccurately, taken my dictation, I have become acquainted, by hearsay, with her family and friends. It was on a day of last June that I first saw Anna's brother.

The office seemed unusually quiet as I opened the door. Anna was alone in the room and her machine was still. She sat doubled up with her back to me, her head resting uncomfortably on her typewriter desk. When she slowly lifted her face and turned I saw that the red had gone from her cheeks and was centered in two circles around her black eyes. The plumpness too had melted away, leaving her face thin and drawn.

When she saw me she said nothing but put her head back on the typewriter desk and began to sob. I sat down near her and after a little while she told me the cause of her distress.

It was Joe.

Joe, as I knew, was the adored son and brother in a family of women. Joe was handsome, he was smart, some day he would make much money. He was their pride and their hope for the future. If I had also gathered from her tales of him that Joe was selfish, lazy and vain, it wasn't Anna's fault. She never suspected that these traits belonged to him.

Now Joe has been conscripted.

AFTER telling me this, Anna raised her head from the desk and the rest of her story came in a rush of grief and indignation. They had heard the day before that he would have to go and they had cried all night. Her mother had cried and her little sister, who was Joe's slave, had cried. All of them had refused to go to bed. Even Joe had cried.

"It was something awful to see him," Anna told me quite overcome at the remembrance. "When he wasn't crying he cursed the Government. He says the United States is worse than Russia and he is sorry we ever came here.

He says he won't go and get shot. If they want him they will have to come and arrest him. He'd rather go to jail than be put in the army to get killed."

Her tears were burned up by the remembrance of Joe's words. Her own indignation was flaming now.

"What do you think of them coming and taking a man out of his home and making him fight when he don't want to? I think it's a crime, don't you?"

"My brother went," I told her. "He didn't wait to be conscripted."

But that only reminded Anna of another of Joe's grievances.

"It's all right for the rich fellows—they get to be officers. Joe says all the dirty work comes on the enlisted men. They don't stand any chance."

"My brother isn't rich and he went in as a second-class private." I was very proud of the fact—but it made no impression on Anna.

The pleasant, easy-going country to which she and her family had fled years before now demanded something of them

and nothing could exceed their sense of abuse. It was to America, the "land of the free," that they had come and it had never occurred to them that Joe might have to be sacrificed to safeguard that freedom.

Upon my next visit to the office I found Anna with her hat on weeping hysterically. Joe's marching to-day," she sobbed. "All of them that were conscripted are marching. I've got to go and see him."

"Very well," I agreed calmly. "I'll go with you."

We ran the last block that brought us to the Avenue where some one told us that the men were passing. Ran hand in hand, dodging through the crowd on the sidewalk until we had reached the corner where Anna was to meet her family. They were waiting on the curb; Anna's sister, who was thin and dark and eager, and her mother, a little woman with a seamed and wrinkled face and a very black wig. The band wasn't playing, there was no cheering and they weren't soldiers out there—they were just men. One irregular line after another of silence—men who were being sent to prepare for a fight that some did not want to make.

Then there was Joe! He walked on the end of a line and his mother saw him before he came to us. With a cry, in a language that I couldn't understand, she ran back to meet him and took his hand.

LATER I heard Anna's version of the trip to Yaphank. Joe had cried even after they had put him into his uniform and he had refused to eat the food they gave him. Anna was half frantic with apprehension for him and fear for the future of the family now

he had been taken from them. She kept repeating over and over again: "I don't believe in this war."

I tried to get her interested in her work but she was, for the time, quite useless as a stenographer. So many mistakes occurred in the manuscripts she copied that I was forced to find some one else to do the work.

It was over a month before I again went into her office. Then I found her grinding out circulars on the multigraphing machine. She stopped and looked up at me with one of her before-the-war smiles.

"Joe's off my mind," she told me. "He's the best-looking fellow in his company. He seems two inches taller now but I guess it's just because he isn't so fat."

"You have been out there to see him?"

"We went twice, mama, the kid and me. It's some sight!" she added thoughtfully, then: "The first time we went Joe was carrying garbage away from the tent they cook in. He never so much as lifted his finger at home; used to call to the kid to find his things for him and left them all around for her to pick up when he went off in the morning. She began laughing when she saw him carrying that garbage, but he soon shut her up. He told her he had a millionaire's son for a bunkey—that's the feller he lives with—and that he carried garbage too. Joe don't seem to mind what they make him do out there. All the fellers are working pretty hard."

"Then your brother finds there isn't any difference made between the men who have money and those who are poor?"

"He said you can't tell them apart. One private is as good as another and one corporal is as good as any other corporal, and it's the same all the way up."

He says the officers don't put it over the men either, tho they are strict and there is a lot of saluting and things like that. Everybody gets a chance. Joe's smart. He's been studying and he's going to be a corporal. He'll go right up to the top. He told mama he would."

"Perhaps he'll be a general," I suggested.

Anna didn't see the humor of this.

"Maybe he will," she agreed, "if the war lasts long enough. Joe's pretty smart."

IT scarcely seemed fair to turn her thoughts back to a disagreeable past but there was one point I wanted made clear.

"You told me once that your brother talked against the Government. Does he feel the same way now?"

"He? No, Joe didn't understand then."

"Then he isn't sorry he was conscripted?"

"Sorry?" Anna's scorn was real.

"Well, I guess not. Joe's like all the rest of them now. He's out after the Kaiser. He said a funny thing when I went out to see him. He said, 'We've lived in America a long time, but I didn't know I was American 'til I was conscripted. It isn't what I want or what you want, Anna, that counts now. We're in this and it's got to be fought to a finish!' So he's satisfied to be there learning how to fight. Joe's all right. Even mama says the camp-life's done him good. Of course, sometime they're going to send him to France; but Joe says it isn't up to me to be worrying about that now. My job is looking after the family while he is away. And somehow," Anna's face was tranquil when she said it, "somehow I'm glad Joe isn't a quitter. How is your brother?"

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCES—INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL

"This rather cheery glimpse of wounded poilus and Moroccans was published in the *Paris Journal* under the title "Home-Sickness." That sounds like a sob-story until we hear that the home-sickness in this case is a longing not for home but for the trenches! The name of the writer is not given.

IT is three o'clock in the morning, and after long hours in the hospital we are coming home, as from Midnight Mass, under the spell of a sacred duty, a troop of nurses—men and women—and doctors, dispersing gradually in the shadows cast in the moonlight by the towering buildings. One by one, or in little groups, they vanish; and now I am alone with my comrade of all the days, a medical student, a young woman who for three months has helped me to fight the white plague in the hospital. Side by side we linger for an instant to gaze upon the peaceful place lying under its spell of silence in the glacial moonlight, and then we descend the street of the *Homme de Bois* to our refuge in the shadow of the slate-covered bell-tower which overlooks the petrified city.

My comrade has covered her nurse's blouse with a black cape; her pale face is half hidden by her capuchon. I can see nothing of it but her sweet mouth, the droop of her tired eyes, and the fine line of her gold-rimmed glasses.

One of us is all white, the other is all black. We are like two ghosts moving through the moonlight. Yet as we go along close together we are talking of harrowing realities of our wounded.

The convoy just installed in our hospital is formed, with a few exceptions, of Belgians who speak hardly a word of French. Blond, placid, inured to suffering,

they gaze upon us with the blue pellucid eyes of children when in the hurry of work in the busy ward we washed their hands, their faces, and their tortured feet; when very carefully and very gently we raise the bandages hastily placed by the first aids for the journey from the fighting line to the hospital.

NOW we are habituated to such arrivals in the night, but at first it was horrible. That first time we were in one group in the hallway of the railway station, doctors, nurses, ambulance drivers and stretcher bearers. We waited hours for the belated train, and it came, all red, our first evidence of the war.

At last! A whistle far away! Brief orders shouted to the breathless air, and the murmur of the people massed to see them come!

The droning growl of the rails and then, slowly, solemnly, the engine stopped, its two eyes gleaming. The doors of the first coach opened and we saw thirty Moroccans, their dark faces framed in white or by the red *tarbouche*. Thirty Moroccans! All the rest in that full train were French.

Then all the doors opened, and one after another the stretchers passed, we hurrying on. One little Franciscan nun was searching in her sack for stimulants; her man had fainted.

All was stormy in my mind. I saw and

heard as in a dream. Beyond the platform automobiles snored and the massed people cried, *Salute!* It worried me. I said to myself, "They can hear that in the hospital!"

That night experience taught us how sweet, despite suffering, it is to sick men to rest after the war. And yet no nurse has seen any wounded man, black or white, who was not homesick for the trenches and eager to return to them. That is why I have entitled this story *Home-sickness*. I am thinking of them and of their strange longing to return!

When they come to the hospital they are like children, and to care for them is caring for children. The heart of a nurse is the heart of a mother.

THERE was one, a very small Parisian, emaciated from coughing. Even now I can see his appealing eyes. He had fainted twice on the highway and his regiment had pressed on without him.

When he came back to consciousness he dragged himself to an abandoned wagon, climbed in and fainted again.

He came to himself in a cart loaded with English wounded, and English nurses cared for him and then sent him on; and now, after all his journeying, he had come to us. For a long time he lay between life and death, now and then starting from his sickly sleep to voice

(Concluded on page 153.)

THE Δ INDUSTRIAL Δ WORLD

HOW THE DAMAGED GERMAN SHIPS WERE MENDED IN RECORD TIME

All of Them are Now in Commission, as a Result of the Miracle of Engineering Industry Recently Performed

WHAT is regarded as a miracle of engineering reconstruction has been done in restoring to service in record time—in time that the Germans never thought possible—the hundred and nine German ships seized by the United States in New York and other harbors, every one of which ships had been seriously and ingeniously damaged. All of the ships were ready for service eight months after war was declared, despite the German order given, simultaneously with the date set for unrestricted submarine warfare, in February, 1917, for their destruction. The purpose of this order is declared by the Committee on Public Information to have been “to inflict such vital damage to the machinery of all German ships in our ports that none could be operated for from eighteen months to two years. This purpose has been defeated in signal fashion. In less than eight months all the ships are ready for service.” Describing the means taken to repair and reclaim these ships, the Public Information Committee says:

“There is documentary proof that the enemy believed the damage irreparable. To obtain new machinery would have entailed a prolonged process of design, man-

ufacture and installation. Urged by the necessity of conserving time, the engineers of the Navy Department succeeded by unique means in patching and welding the broken parts and replacing all of the standard parts which the Germans detached from their engine and destroyed or threw overboard. The mechanical evidence is that the campaign of destruction was operated on these ships for more than two months and that the Germans were convinced that they were making a thoro job of it. Their scheme of ruin was shrewdly devised, deliberately executed, and it ranged from the plugging of steam pipes to the utter demolition of boilers by dry firing.

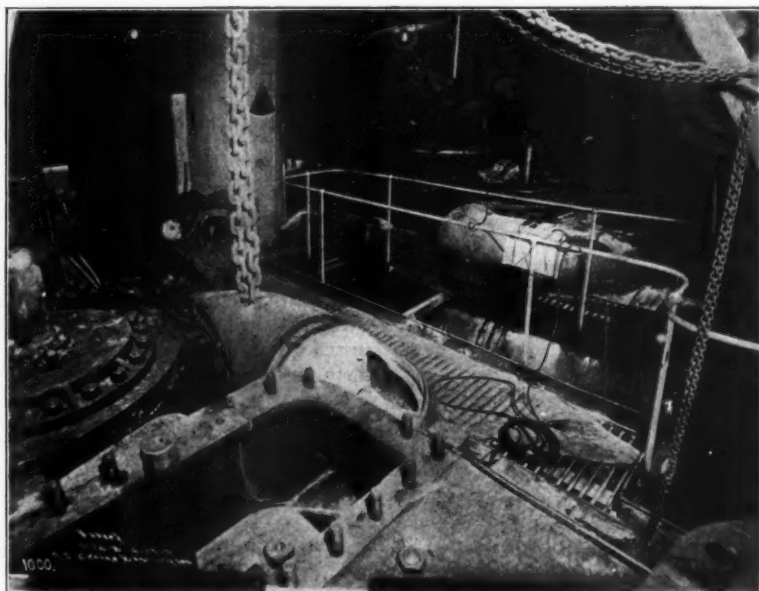
“When the United States Shipping Board experts first surveyed the ruin the belief was expressed that much new machinery would have to be designed, manufactured and installed, making eighteen months a fair minimum estimate of the time required. However, at the Navy Department, where the need of troop and cargo ships was an urgent issue, officers of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, having faith that the major portion of the repairs could be accomplished by patching and welding, declared it was possible to clear the ships for service by Christmas, and the last of the fleet actually took her final sea-test and was ordered into service as a Thanksgiving gift to the nation.”

Consequently these ships have for some weeks been in service both as transports for American troops and in the merchant marine. The repair forces, we read, worked always in apprehension of concealed explosives. They found on all the ships evidences of artful pipe-plugging, of concealed steel nuts and bolts in delicate cylinders, of depositing ground glass in oil pipes and bearings, of cunningly changed indicators, of filling fire-extinguishers with gasoline. On each ship, says the *New York Sun*, there was no boiler that was not threaded through every pipe, in evidence of plugging. On one ship written records were found of the damage done. On most ships the American mechanics had to search blindly for cleverly hidden evidences of sabotage. The statement goes on to say:

“The method of patching and welding broken marine engines had never before been practised, altho the art has been known in the railroad industry for fifteen years. Three methods of patching were used: electric welding, axiacetylene welding and ordinary mechanical patching, the latter often later being welded. Following the repairs, tests of the machinery were first made at the docks, where the ships were lashed firmly to the piers while the propellers were driven at low speed, and later each ship was taken to sea for vigorous trial tests. The patches and welds were reported as having given complete satisfaction.

“When the *Leviathan*, formerly the *Vaterland* and the largest ship afloat, was put into commission by the United States Government and sent to sea for a trial run her commander, a young American naval officer, was ordered to ‘exert every pound of pressure that she possesses, for if there is any fault we want to know it now.’ The *Leviathan* stood the test. She was one of the ships least mutilated, due to the fact that she was in bad repair and it was believed that she would not be fit to put to sea for many months. The Navy engineers found it necessary to overhaul and partially redesign and reconstruct many important parts of the engines.”

We read that at times as many as fifteen thousand workmen were engaged on this unusual job, and that the cost of putting the vessels into shape for service was about \$30,000,000—the cost of two dreadnoughts. They are all fitted as troop and cargo ships, and each is convertible to a completely-equipped hospital ship for return voy-



CRACKED MACHINERY FOUND IN THE ENGINE ROOM OF A GERMAN SHIP SEIZED IN NEW YORK HARBOR

Showing how the German vandals smashed two valve chests and a steam nozzle. In the foreground may be seen a crack through a piece of steel done with a sledge hammer.

age service between here and Europe. Their restoration adds three-quarters of a million tons to the American merchant marine. The troop capacity of the sixteen German ships that have been turned into transports, as given by the *Scientific American*, is as follows:

Vaterland (Leviathan), 54,282 tons, 8,800 officers and men.

George Washington, 25,570 tons, 4,850 officers and men.

Amerika (America), 22,622 tons, 4,500 officers and men.

Cecilie (Mt. Vernon), 19,503 tons, 3,830 officers and men.

Kaiser Wilhelm II. (Agamemnon), 19,361 tons, 3,830 officers and men.

President Lincoln, 18,168 tons, 5,200 officers and men.

President Grant, 18,072 tons, 5,200 officers and men.

Cincinnati (Covington), 16,339 tons, 4,000 officers and men.

Grosser Kurfürst (Aeolus), 13,102 tons, 3,175 officers and men.

Barbarossa (Mercury), 10,984 tons, 2,620 officers and men.

Prinzess Irene (Pocahontas), 10,893 tons, 2,540 officers and men.

Friedrich der Grosse (Huron), 10,771 tons, 2,450 officers and men.

Hamburg (Powhatan), 10,531 tons, 2,100 officers and men.

Rhein (Susquehanna), 10,058 tons, 2,000 officers and men.

Neckar (Antigone), 9,835 tons, 2,000 officers and men.

König Wilhelm II. (Madawasca), 9,410 tons, 2,200 officers and men. Total, 59,295 officers and men.

The Mexican Government has appropriated \$100,000 to purchase fifty benzine tractors and a rush order has been cabled to the United States.

RESTORING THE WRECKAGE OF BATTLE BEHIND THE FIGHTING LINES IN FRANCE

NOTHING in the conduct of the war is more wonderful, we are assured by the *Scientific American*, than the tremendous restoration of the wreckage of battle that is going on behind the lines in France. Its result is a saving of millions of dollars a year to the Allies. To the great army of military workers who constitute this hive of industry is brought all the jetsam of battle, from a broken rifle or bicycle to tattered uniforms and derelict shoes and boots—all to be renovated and made serviceable again. There are sheds innumerable piled to the roofs with discarded shoes, most of them in such condition as to defy restoration except by a seeming miracle. In the early stages of the war they would have been confined to the rubbish-heap. Not so now. Through various processes of renovation, shoes that are broken in battle are quickly converted into boots, soft, strong and serviceable. First, we read, they are soaked in a mixture which renders the leather pliable as ever. They are then scrubbed and rubbed and patched, soles or heels being put on as required. Daily more than two thousand pairs of shoes are renovated in this way.

In other field-workshops tattered and mud-soiled khaki uniforms, frequently to the number of two to three thousand a day, are made as good as new. After passing through a disinfecting bath they are carefully dried and then taken in hand by a small army of tailors who, with extraordinary resourcefulness and ingenuity, remake them. Then, ready for service, they are returned to the troops, tho not, in great numbers of instances, to their original wearers, who may have been furloughed home or may be dead.

Establishments located in and around Le Mans, for instance, recuperate monthly 50,000 outer garments, 125,000 undergarments, 3,500 pairs of shoes, 60,000 pairs of trench boots, 25,000 steel helmets, 270,000 sheepskin capes and 120,000 pieces of equipment. These

articles are made ready for use again by disinfection, renovation and repairs. There are in addition made each month from pieces of clothing that are not repairable 100,000 pairs of slippers, 120,000 cases for soldiers' canteens, 50,000 forage caps, 75,000 shoelaces, 20,000 cloth cases for bread loaves and 10,000 wash rags.

There are also hospitals for damaged cannon, machine-guns and rifles, where furnaces blaze night and day and thousands of military blacksmiths are constantly at work. Here are broken rifles to which a new lease of life is given. The butts and wooden parts are repaired and renewed; the damaged metal parts are replaced; rusty barrels and bayonets are polished up, and so on, and in a day or two a batch of twenty thousand rifles will have been remade and ready for service. Close by will be seen thousands

What the Industrial Armies Are Doing in the Great Field Workshops Going Full Blast



WASHING AND MENDING SHOES IS ONE BRANCH OF THE GREAT WORK
BEING DONE BEHIND THE LINES IN FRANCE

Millions of dollars annually are being saved to the Allies in the big shops designed for restoring the wreckage of battle, such as footwear, uniforms, guns, bicycles and other military equipment.

of shattered bicycles, motor-cars and trucks—so much scrap iron to look at, apparently beyond all possibility of repair. Here again the magicians are at work. With amazing skill and rapidity, under most discouraging circumstances, the damage is repaired, broken parts replaced, and the machines, restored to usefulness, are returned to their units.

Naturally to get results on a big scale it has been found necessary to obtain the highest efficiency in the battalions working like busy bees behind the lines. Industrial engineers in daily growing numbers are taking their places on the General Staff along with the tacticians. Technical and industrial problems arising for solution become daily more numerous as the armies advance toward Germany and are becoming more closely allied with the military operations:

WHO OWNS THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES?

OWNERSHIP of the American railroads, representing an investment of about \$17,000,000,000, lies in the hands of the people, who, however, do not seem to be aware of it, despite the efforts which are being made in various quarters to impress the fact upon the country at large. For years, observes Theodore Moore, financial editor of the *New York Sun*, the vast army of stockholders and bondholders have been asleep to their own interests, and their attitude toward their own property has been one of indiscriminate criticism and punitive legislation. The public eye has seemingly been focused upon the purpose of obtaining the greatest amount of service on a basis of cost which this writer considers to be wholly out of proportion to the service rendered by the carriers. It has been intensely selfish and, strange to say, at the expense of its own properties.

In recent months, however, there has developed among at least a part of the public something akin to realization of its proprietary interest in the railroads. This has been largely due to the efforts of the Railway Investors League, organized by John Muir, of New York, formerly a railroad man and now a banker, and to the subsequent and larger efforts of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities. According to the records of the latter, the capitalization of American railway corporations is divided into the following classes of ownership:

By individuals, who number more than

1,000,000, and own \$10,000,000,000 in railroad stocks and bonds.

By life-insurance companies with 46,000,000 policies in force, representing a total ownership of \$1,550,000,000.

By savings banks with 10,000,000 depositors, representing \$847,000,000.

By fire and marine insurance companies, casualty and surety companies, representing a total of \$649,000,000.

By benevolent associations, colleges, schools, charitable institutions, and similar organizations, representing an ownership of \$350,000,000.

By banks and trust companies, owning a total of \$865,000,000. The remainder is held in channels not enumerated, mostly abroad.

Recent estimates of financial authorities state that the stock of American railroads is distributed among 626,122 stockholders. Stockholders, of course, are the actual owners, while the bondholders are creditors. Take a few of the prominent roads, and we find that, in round figures, the Santa Fé has forty-five thousand stockholders; the Pennsylvania ninety-four thousand, of whom forty-six thousand are women; the Milwaukee seventeen thousand; the Great Northern twenty-five thousand; the B. & O. twenty-seven thousand; and the Southern Pacific thirty-three thousand. These holdings represent a heavy increase in individual ownership as compared with ten years ago, writes Mr. Moore in *Munsey's*. He adds:

"During recent years there has been persistent absorption of railroad stocks by men and women of modest means. In 1901 many leading railroads were owned by a few hundreds, or at most a few thousands, of investors, while to-day some

They Actually Belong to 626,122 Stock-Holders of the \$17,000,000,000 Properties that are Now Under Government Control

hundreds of thousands of men and women of relatively small means are the real owners of our great transportation companies.

"It is the common talk among the misinformed that the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Astors, and other great financial powers, individually and through their banks and trust companies, own the American railroads. As a matter of fact, in comparison with the holdings vested in the people, the interests of the groups named are small. . . . It has been said of the New York, New Haven and Hartford that its ownership lies in the pockets of Wall Street. Look at the facts in reference to this company. At the close of the fiscal year 1915-1916—there has been little change since then—there were 25,769 stockholders, divided thus:

Men	11,142
Women	10,358
Trustees and guardianship.....	3,331
Insurance companies and other corporations	938

"The following table shows the respective numbers of large and small holdings:

1 to 10 shares	11,915
11 to 50 "	9,375
51 to 100 "	2,324
101 to 500 "	1,788
501 to 1,000 "	203
Over 1,000 "	164

It will be seen that nearly half of the New Haven stockholders held no more than ten shares. The same thing is said of the New York Central, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific and practically all our important railroads. It is true, we read, that a good many small lines are owned wholly by larger concerns, but "it would be absurd to say that an interlocking corporate ownership covers our railroads in general."

UNCLE SAM RELEASES 20,000 GERMAN PATENTS TO OUR FACTORIES

OF the twenty thousand or more German patents that have recently been opened to the use of American manufacturers by order of the Federal Trade Commission, by far the most important are two or three of medical character. Salvarsan—the specific for malignant blood disease—is probably the most important of all, for the supply was exhausted before we entered the war, in spite of the almost prohibitive prices that had prevailed, and there was no substitute. Next in importance, says A. Russell Bond in the *New York World*, are veronal, the nerve sedative, and novocaine, an invaluable local anaesthetic.

This scientific expert has been making an exhaustive study of German patents in this country and of the new

regulations governing their use. Outside of these drugs, it is interesting to note, there are few German patents that seem to have any special attraction for American manufacturers. In the case of dyestuffs, for instance, there has been such a stimulus to American ingenuity since the war cut off the supply of dyes from Germany that we are now making nearly all the dyes we formerly imported. There are, however, a few processes protected by patent to Germans that will be welcomed by our manufacturers, who will now be able to make certain much-needed colors of which there has been a dearth. The conditions under which these patents may be used are most generous to the patentees. We further read:

Salvarsan, Veronal and Novocaine are the Most Important Products of German Origin that We Are Now Making

"No one may appropriate a German patent; the right to make use of one must be formally applied for, and the applicant must prove it is to the public interest that the article specified should be made and that he intends to and is able to make it. Only after complying with these conditions and formally contracting to deposit with the Government five per cent. of the total receipts from its manufacture in trust for the benefit of the German patentee, who will have the right to sue for this money as royalty after the war, will he receive a license to use the patent.

"But in many cases German inventors have protected themselves with subtle skill. Under our laws one can patent an entire process or any single step in a process. Now most processes are complex and have several steps, each one of which is essential and no one of which can be

(Continued on page 142.)



STRANGE AND WEIRD IS THE SCENERY OF APACHE LAND—JAGGED COLORFUL MOUNTAINS AND STRANGE EXOTIC VEGETATION

AWE-INSPIRING APACHE LAND

By HOWARD FISK

CUTTING through the heart of Arizona for 120 miles is the Apache Trail, once an Indian footpath, now an automobile highway of surpassing charm. American engineering skill takes the traveler of to-day over sky-scraping peaks and along the edges of deep-riven chasms just as easily as it takes him for a ride on Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive. Nowhere is a country more picturesque and inspiring than in the Arizona mountains. They form a unique feature of our western scenery.

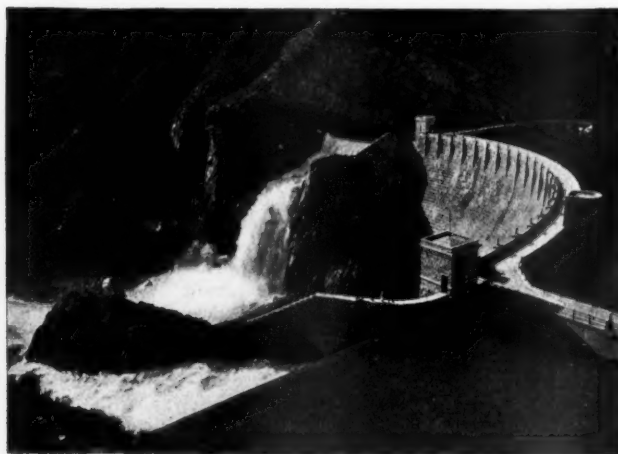
Men have traversed the Apache Trail from the earliest ages. Above its well-worn course, prehistoric cliff-dwellers built their diminutive houses. In 1540 Vazquez de Coronado climbed its passes in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola with their treasure houses of gold. Later, the Apache Indians, fiercest of all

American tribes, appropriated it for their stamping ground. In the middle of the last century, white civilization battled its way over its rocks *en route* to the Pacific coast.

At the same time that Apache Land thrills with Indian lore and mysteries of the past, it also exhibits wonders of twentieth-century progress. In this marvelous country are relics which antedate the Roman Empire, but there is also the mighty Roosevelt Dam, one of the greatest of modern engineering feats. The dam is a great wall of masonry, 280 feet tall and 1125 feet long. It holds in check Roosevelt Lake, one of the largest artificial bodies of water in the world. Through this big irrigation project millions of acres of American soil have been reclaimed and made fertile.

Here in our own country is this age-old lure of a kind most interesting to travelers. It holds forth scenery, historic associations and opportunities for thought and education which are not excelled in Europe. Though Europe is still battle-torn, in our own country we are still privileged to explore wonders of Nature and progress with a maximum of comfort and a minimum of cost.

For the west-bound travelers, the Apache Trail automobile trip begins at Globe. Only a few miles out of that town the road leads into the mountains. Then follows a thrilling ride through a country of marvelous contrasts, with the purring motor all the while climbing to the great divide that separates the Tonto and Salt River basins. As its crest is reached, the grandeur of the scene grips one with a thrill of awe. From its lofty height Roosevelt Lake is seen in



ROOSEVELT DAM IS A MAN-MADE NIAGARA

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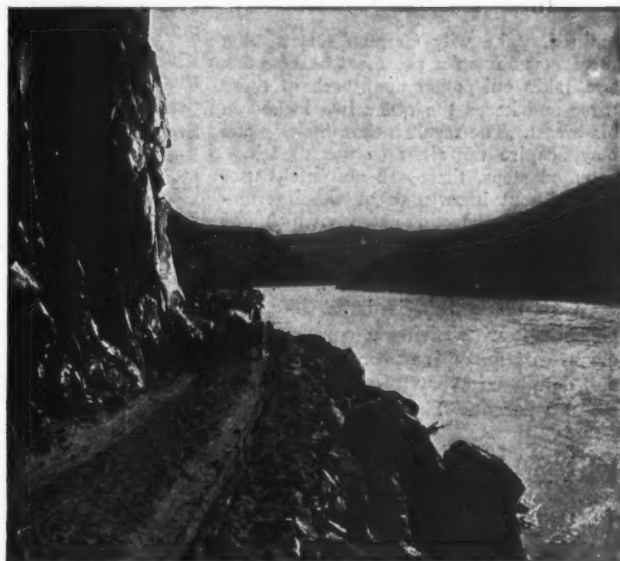
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the distance shimmering like a bowl of brilliants scooped out of the frowning rocks. The blue hills beyond are shot with shafts of crimson, azure and gold. The great vista of mountain canyon and ravine stretches far into the distance. It is such a setting as might be laid for a gorgeous Byzantine pageant. For a few minutes you hover on this height like an eagle on a crag, and then the road descends at a grade of three hundred feet to the mile. Just before you get to the Roosevelt Dam you pass the cliff dwellings and can alight and visit them if you like.

If the little cliff men were alive today they could look down from their tiny homes in the mountainside upon Roosevelt Dam and contrast our present civilization with that of their age. Over spillways of the dam thunder great masses of water in cataracts sixty feet loftier than Niagara! Altogether it is a majestic sight. Today 5000 Indians, descendants of the wild Apaches, live peacefully in the San Carlos Reservation, and by laboring on the big Roosevelt Dam rendered effective aid to the government which they so long defied.

After lunch at the Apache Lodge, on the shore of Roosevelt Lake near the Dam, your car glides back into the past through the shadows of the Fish Creek Canyon. On its narrowing crags was the workshop of the god Morning Green, who made great domes and turrets of gaudy rock and then cast them aside in favor of the mighty ranges farther on. Past Arrowhead Rock, said to have been hewn by Chief One Eye; Hell's Canyon, an almost bottomless abyss; dizzy Whirlpool Rock, whose revolving strata seem like a living maelstrom, and Superstition Mountain (which once lifted its head above the Biblical flood), you speed until all the witchery of the irrigated Salt River Valley lies before you. Past giant cacti and exotic flowering shrubs you glide into the palm-shaded plaza of Phoenix where waits the overnight train for Los Angeles.

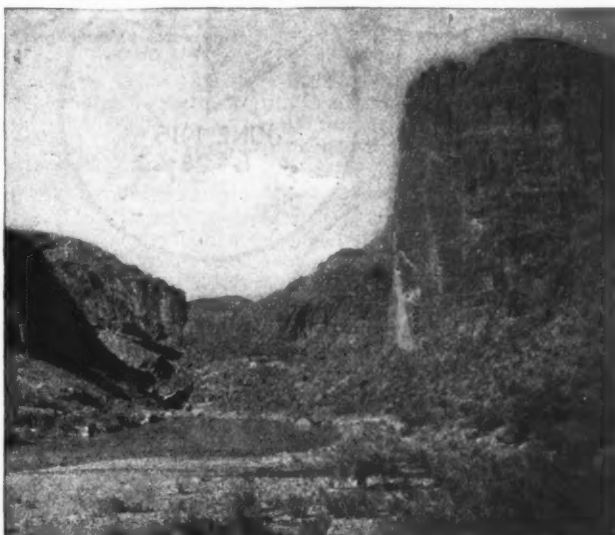
The Southern Pacific Lines offer the only convenient means of reaching the Apache Trail. Through tickets over this route in either direction are honored for the motor ride upon payment of \$15 additional. This expense includes all railroad transportation and the auto trip. Through Pullman sleeping cars in connection with the Sunset Limited are operated between El Paso, Texas, and Globe, Arizona, eastern terminus of the Trail, so Apache Trail passengers traveling on the Sunset Limited, which is operated over the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Lines, between New Orleans and San Francisco, have only to change from one car to another at El Paso without leaving the train. Through Pullman service is also maintained between Phoenix and Los Angeles in both directions.



AT THE BASE OF THE SALT RIVER'S ROCKY WALLS



IN FAR-OFF AGES PIGMY MEN LIVED IN THESE CAVES



MORMON FLAT WHERE THE SALT RIVER OPENS OUT

(Continued from page 139)

omitted. The wily German selects, say, three steps from a process that contains five, takes out patent upon each of these three and keeps the other two locked in his breast. The result is that, tho any one may acquire the right to use the three patented steps, these are absolutely useless without knowledge of the intermediate and connecting steps, which, of course, are just as essential to the process as those that have been patented."

In Germany this is impossible, the German law requiring a complete disclosure of an entire process, including full details of every step, before it will grant a patent. The advantage of this

system over our own is that the German government is in possession of all trade secrets and has the right to use them if it wants to, of course compensating the inventor, while Uncle Sam grants patents so generously that no man need disclose the whole of his trade secret. A close examination of these recently released patents in Washington proves how cleverly German inventors have taken advantage of this American law. We are further informed that when the Patent Office receives an application for patent on an invention that may be of use to the army or navy it holds it up and refers it to the military or naval experts. If

they accept it, or deem it likely to be accepted, the patent is withheld and will be kept secret until after the war. In such cases the inventor will have a right to sue the government for royalties on such devices as it shall have used. While acceding to the demand for the release of German patents, the government has done its best to protect all possible rights of our enemies. Continuance of this protection will of course depend upon reciprocal action by Germany.

The destruction of food animals on the railway tracks of the United States during nine months of the past year aggregated \$2,760,000 in value.

GREAT WORK THAT OUR AMERICAN CHEMISTS ARE DOING TO WIN THE WAR They are Rivals of the Germans in Brewing Witch-Broths of Frightfulness

WHEN the Bureau of Mines was created by Congress five years ago it was not imagined that the life-saving methods used in the coal mines of the United States would become a vital factor in both saving and destroying lives in a world war. Yet this is just what has happened. Germany, which for years had been foremost in the science of chemistry, developed the gas attack, for instance, among other diabolical instruments of modern scientific warfare. To meet this attack, the Allies promptly provided gas masks which, as we know,

contain chemical absorbents or other agents that negative the effects of the gases sent adrift by the Huns. These masks were not a new invention. For years there has been keen rivalry between the great mining nations in perfecting them. They have been worn habitually by operatives in mines where poison gases have been known or supposed to exist. Rescue gangs have invariably worn them, and the American masks have been generally considered the best.

At any rate, we are informed by Secretary Lane in his recent annual

report, on entering the war "we found ourselves prepared with the knowledge, the machinery and the men to promptly meet the need of gas masks in great quantity and of a superior type."

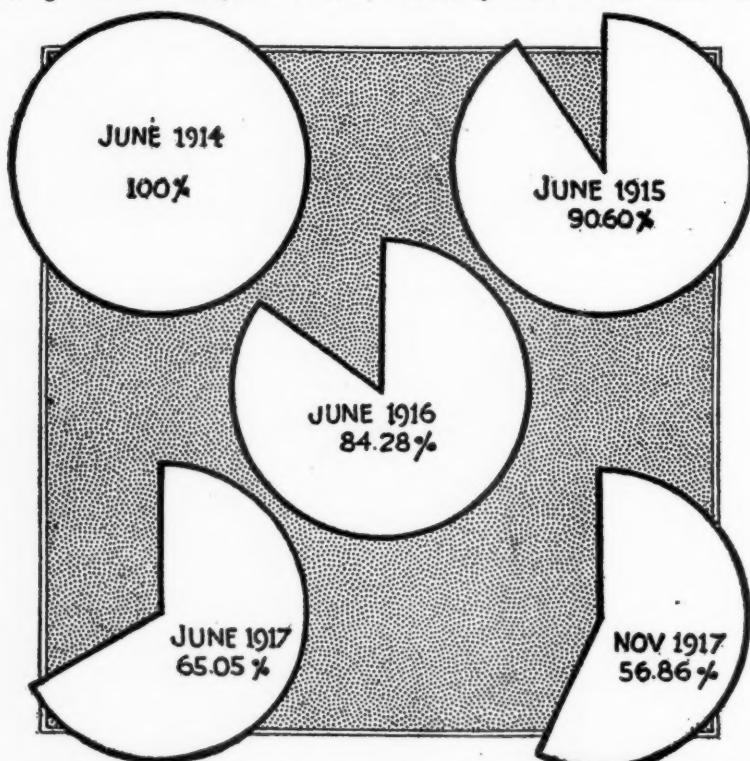
Thus, adds the Secretary of the Interior, the men who had been on this work of meeting the gases compounded in nature's laboratory were found to have a reserve of knowledge as to what gases will kill, choke, burn and what will hasten disease, which in a war of cumulative frightfulness "would make the United States modestly distinguished if it wished to so shine." An eminent chemist is quoted by Secretary Lane as saying in this connection:

"We chemists in America have never turned our minds to the destruction of human life. Our work has been constructive—the chemistry of the soil, of cement, of printers' ink, of the by-products from petroleum and tar, of ten thousand things which will make for a longer, happier life for man. But if the world is to be turned upside down and instead of staying death and disease, and making new things that man can use for his own ennoblement, we are wanted to push forward the work of the destruction of man and all his works, we can become rivals of the worst in such enterprise."

The report emphasizes the phenomenal growth of our chemical industries since the war began. The country now manufactures practically everything required along chemical lines, the increase in capital invested amounting to \$230,670,000. New chemical industries are being launched at an unprecedented rate.

"Before the war ninety per cent. of the artificial colors and dyes were imported, five or six concerns with four hundred operations producing three thousand three hundred short tons per year. Now there are over ninety enterprises, each making special colors, and one hundred concerns making crudes and intermediates. Sulphuric acid, the chem-

(Continued on page 149.)



THIS CHART SHOWS HOW THE DOLLAR HAS DWINDLED IN PURCHASING POWER SINCE THE WAR BEGAN

The shrinkage in the buying power of the dollar as illustrated here is based upon fifty articles of food of all kinds, omitting sugar, the price of which has so greatly increased that it would be unfair to compare it with other necessities of life. When a proper peace is concluded, asks the New York Times, shall we see the dollar climb back to its former high standard?

Invention Will Revolutionize Farming and Save Millions

AUTHOR'S NOTE—For years I have been the publisher and editor of a banking magazine devoted to the interests of finance. For still more years I have devoted myself to the practical problems of farming and how to make the farm pay better returns. I feel therefore that I am qualified to write what follows about an invention that has a tremendous bearing on present conditions and needs. We all know that the food problem is the greatest world problem today. In the following article I have tried to tell a story that should interest every reader of this magazine. I confess that I was fascinated with the subject matter and if I fail to evoke enthusiasm in you it is because I lack the power to describe events that thrilled me. I will let my story tell itself.

By C. C. BOWSFIELD

(Editor The National Banker, author of "Making the Farm Pay")

I have seen the birth of a great invention.

I have seen that which, to my mind, is as important to the nation—yes, to the world—as was McCormick's discovery of the harvesting machine, or Oliver's perfecting of the modern plow, or Elwood's discovery of barbed wire, or the invention of the cotton gin.

I felt as I stood on a bit of wind-swept prairie as must have felt the men who saw Cyrus McCormick when he first tested out his epochal harvester.

I realized that I had seen history of farming in the making.

Perhaps you will wonder what my impulses were on seeing this new machine that is going to play such a big part in farming enterprises. To be perfectly frank, my first impulse was purely selfish. You see I have been a financial man so long that the financial possibilities of this proposition naturally were the first to stir my brain. "Here's an invention as epochal as the McCormick harvester," I told myself. "I must get in on this. There'll be a fortune in it for everyone who gets in early. Just think what fortunes the harvester has made for everyone connected with it. Here's the chance of my lifetime."

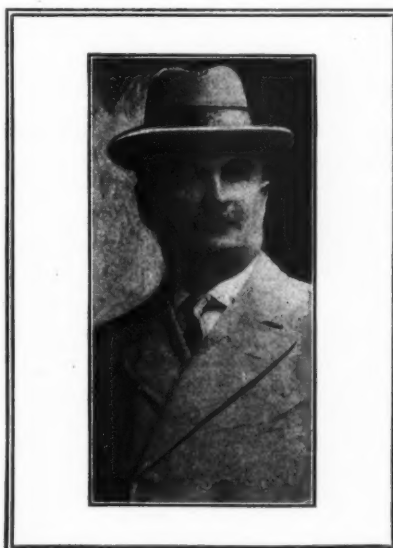
That's selfishness, of course, but, after all, we think as we are trained to think, and I have been trained to think in money values and investments so long that my mind has a bent that way. Then, as this first impulse passed and my practical mind began to analyze and weigh things, the immense possibilities of this invention began to outline themselves before me.

WILL REVOLUTIONIZE FARMING

But, you will say, what is this great invention?

The invention is a practically worked out attachment which I saw proved out under every conceivable condition which makes a successful farm tractor out of any automobile.

At first glimpse this may not look like such a sensational invention to your untrained mind, but if you will follow me I will try and show you that it is probably the biggest thing



C. C. BOWSFIELD

Author of this article is one of the best and most widely known writers on financial and farm topics in the country. He is the editor of The National Banker, a financial publication of the highest standing and has written a number of books on farming including "Wealth From The Soil" and "Making the Farm Pay," both considered authoritative. The latter work is said to be one of the six most widely read books on this subject of agriculture in the New York Library. His qualifications as a financial and agricultural expert make his views on the Guaranteed Tractor Unit particularly valuable.

that has happened for the farmers in half a century.

There are two great problems on the farm to-day—*labor and power*.

A few years ago the farmer paid his hands about \$15 to \$25 a month and their keep and they were well satisfied and well paid. To-day the farmer has to pay from \$50 to \$75 a month for farm hands and has to board them besides.

The cities have absorbed the farm hands. In the cities they get bigger wages, they get the advantages and comforts of city life, they have a chance to develop and improve themselves. You can't blame the farm hands for trying to better themselves—if they do better themselves—but this has worked a great hardship on the farmer. Even at these high wages—and \$75 a month and keep is very good

pay for labor—farm hands have been hard to get, so hard to get that the government has even tried to mobilize the city school boys for farm work to relieve the tremendous demand for farm help.

Without help the farmer has been unable to raise full crops and the world right now is in greater need of crops than anything else. We read everywhere that **FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR** coupled with appeals for the conservation of foods. But it is not only conservation that the world needs—**IT IS LARGER CROPS.**

That's why the farm help problem is such a vital one and why this invention will play such a leading part in solving the world's food problems as I will explain later on.

NEED OF CHEAP FARM POWER

Did you ever stop to think of how important a problem is that of power on the farm? Probably not; as you sped by farms in your machine or on trains you saw the farmer plodding along behind his big team of horses or mules as he directed the cutting plow that was turning up the soil, or drove the harrow or disking machine, or the reaper or harvester, or some one of the various farm machines that make the soil fruitful and harvest the crops it gives.

But did you ever stop and think what problem the farmer had to solve in providing the power—horse-power—to work that farm? Probably not. Let us study the question. By the last census reports there were in the United States over 25,000,000 horses and mules, most of them in use on the farms. There are nearly **SEVEN MILLION FARMS** in the United States, so that averages only about three horses to the farm the country over.

Now these horses and mules have to live and they have to be well fed or they can't work. Again the government statistics show that it takes, on an average, five acres of land to produce the necessary grass, hay, oats and corn to support a horse for one year. It is my belief that the horse will soon be little needed on the farm as well as in the cities. **THERE IS A REA-**

SON. The work a horse or mule does on the farm can be done much better and much cheaper by power with such a tractor as I am writing about.

TURNING PLEASURE INTO PROFIT

To-day the farmer is better off financially than any other class of people. He has had enormous crops and has received enormous prices for them. Necessity has created the farmer's opportunity and he has profited by it. As a result there are more automobiles owned on the farms than in the cities. This FACT is proved by scores of statistics whose evidence is unimpeachable. It is claimed that 72 per cent. of the automobiles are owned on the farms of the United States. It is probable that in 1918 there will be in active use in this country over FOUR MILLION AUTOMOBILES. If you apply the percentage tables to a round number of four million autos you'll find that 2,880,000 of these autos are owned on the farms. A truly surprising number.

The farmer buys an auto because it is the most convenient and economical means of getting about. It saves his horses for farm work, it gets him to town in one-tenth the time necessary to drive in behind his team of slow-moving work horses, it enables him to go long ways and he can easily carry small loads to town with his machine or carry out small loads to his farm from town in very short order.

With this tractor attachment the farmer can use his pleasure car of any make to do all the heavy farm work and dispense with horses.

HE CAN TURN PLEASURE INTO PROFIT.

You will say, perhaps, that it doesn't sound reasonable that a light-built, light-powered car can do the heavy work of the farm. On the surface it would seem impractical, but the inventive genius of engineers has overcome all this in the new Guaranteed Tractor Unit and has succeeded in building a tractor attachment that is absolutely practical and that delivers amazing draw-bar power.

TURNING SPEED INTO POWER

The mechanical principle involved in this process is the well-known principle of turning speed into power. The speed of the engine is geared down in this device in such a way that all the speed-producing power of the light engine is turned into power. I am not a mechanic and will therefore be unable to explain the mechanical problems involved, but it is a good deal like the different speeds of an automobile. If you need extra power to drive your car up a steep hill or through sandy or muddy roads you put it in "low." Then the speed of the engine is converted in the gears of your car into power, and while your car goes slowly it also develops much more power and can go up the steep hill or through the deep sand or mud. When the running is easy, as on a city boulevard, you put your clutch in on "high" and can shoot



WALTER C. PHILLIPS

Mr. Phillips is inventor of the Guaranteed Tractor Unit which makes a practical farm tractor of any automobile. Mr. Phillips is also vice-president of the Guaranteed Tractors, Inc., the manufacturing company. Mr. Phillips is a merchandising expert and advertising specialist as well as an inventor.

along at high speed without requiring much power.

That is about the principle of the tractor attachment. The speed from the engine is geared down until it is transformed into much greater power than the engine seems capable of developing. It is a matter of leverage, the same that enables a man with a block and tackle to move an object that he could not possibly budge by hand.

WONDERFUL MECHANICAL INVENTION

There is applied here also another wonderful mechanical invention. You may perhaps have been wondering if the frame and chassis of the light pleasure car could stand the heavy work of pulling plows through deep soil. It is a very natural question. Let me amaze you. *The automobile does not pull the tractor; it is pushed by the tractor.*

The tractor attachment is made fast to the frame. Then the axle of the car is provided at the hub with small gear wheels. These mesh with gears on the inner surface of the big wide tractor wheels. When the engine is started there is just enough pressure on the car's axle to keep the gears meshed to the gears of the tractor wheels. The revolutions of the gears on the axle wheel cause the tractor wheels to go around and it then actually PUSHES THE CAR AHEAD OF IT instead of being pulled by the car. The tractor wheels have an independent axle of their own which takes up the strain and pull of the plow or harrow or disking machine, harvester, mower, manure spreader, or whatever else is hauled, and there is no strain on the chassis of the car, on the engine, on the axles of the car, transmissions, etc.

It is the most wonderful mechanical invention I know of, so simple yet so perfect that every time I study it I become more and more amazed at its triumph over apparent impossibilities.

And, mind you, this attachment will make a tractor out of ANY CAR.

There are no readjustments necessary, no extra parts, no special attachments. The clamping device fastens on to the frame irons of any car with equal facility. Also they fasten on without boring any holes, without in any way weakening the frame or chassis.

SEES AN IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATION

One day last Fall I received an invitation from Mr. P. M. Power, president of the Power-Wall Company, Industrial Bankers, to see a demonstration of a farm appliance on which they wished to have my expert opinion as a specialist in farm machinery. Mr. Power called for me in his machine and we drove out west of Chicago, where there are still many acres of virgin prairie land that has never been touched by the plow.

When we arrived at our destination we were met by Mr. Walter C. Phillips, the inventor of the Guaranteed Tractor Unit, and President Edmund G. Soward, president of Guaranteed Tractors, Inc., manufacturers of the Tractor Unit.

On the way out Mr. Power advised me that his company had been offered the financing of Guaranteed Tractors, Inc., and that before he presented the proposition to his clients he wanted an opinion from men who knew something about such propositions. I was one of the experts selected to give an opinion.

Mr. Phillips had a light automobile with him; I believe it was a Dodge car. He had driven out to the testing grounds and had the apparatus in the tonneau of his car. It was quickly unloaded, the rear wheels of the car were removed as were also the rear fenders, and then in a few minutes—about twenty, I should say—he had attached his tractor device to the car. As he proceeded with the attaching he told me of the principles involved, much as I have tried to tell them here, only in a much more technical way than I have explained them to you.

EASILY PLOWS VIRGIN SOIL

Some agricultural implements had been borrowed from a neighboring farmer, and as soon as Mr. Phillips had completed his attachment work he tried out the tractor to see that the engine was running smoothly and everything was in place. Then he drove up to where a big plow was laying on the ground. It was a regulation 14-inch three-bottom plow. He soon had it connected up and mounted the driver's seat of the car. I was amazed.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked him, "that you are planning to pull that three-bottom plow through this virgin sod?"

He nodded and touched the self-starter. The engine turned over, he let it run a few minutes to warm it up, then threw in the clutch and I saw what I would never have believed possible. The gears meshed, the big tractor wheels bit into the sod and the plow cut into the soil like a knife going

through cheese. At a steady, uniform pace, turning over a furrow as clean as any I ever saw the most skillful farmer and the biggest caterpillar tractor draw through new ground. Back and forth he went, up and down that big stretch of primeval prairie, cutting furrow after furrow, deep, even, smoothly turned furrows that delighted my practical farmer mind. He had satisfied us that his little tractor would do any kind of farm work because plowing tough virgin gumbo sod was the acid test.

TRACTOR PROVES VERSATILE

By this time we were satisfied there was no limit to the possibilities of the Guaranteed Tractor Unit. The farmer, who had watched the workings with openly expressed skepticism at first, was beginning to scratch his head at these manifestations. When Mr. Phillips drove up after giving the finishing touches with the harrow, the farmer approached him.

"Say, Mister," he asked, "how much extra power you got in that engine?"

"Just the regular power of the car, that's all," answered Mr. Phillips, with a smile.

I never saw a clearer demonstration of scientifically applied power to practical uses.

I asked Mr. Phillips about his tractor attachment.

INVENTOR DESCRIBES MACHINE

"I realized one day that there was a tremendous market and necessity for a light, practical, low-priced tractor for the farmer," said Mr. Phillips, in telling of his invention. "The farm of moderate size cannot afford a regular tractor at a price running well over \$1,000, which is a lot of money for the farmer to invest and keep tied up in a machine all year round when the machine is only used for a short while.

"I knew that farmers are great owners of autos. Farmers are perhaps the greatest buyers of second-hand cars in the country. They can buy a good second-hand car for the price of a team of horses and get a lot of good and a lot of pleasure out of the car.

"WHY NOT MAKE THE FARMER'S AUTO FURNISH POWER FOR THE TRACTOR? The idea had haunted me for a long time when I was merchandising expert for an advertising concern handling the advertising accounts of big Tractor manufacturers. With the knowledge I had of the needs for such a device I was in position to be very helpful to a company selling these attachments. Meanwhile my plans had matured and I was ready to launch my attachment. From the start I had been working on a universal attachment to be used with ANY MAKE OF CAR.

"I needed time to perfect it, however, and resigned my position to go on with my work. I knew that I must act at once or someone else might beat me to the market with a universal tractor maker.

"I had a great struggle. I gave up everything to devote myself to my



GUARANTEED TRACTOR UNIT PULLING A GANG-PLOW THROUGH VIRGIN SOD

Here is the Guaranteed Tractor Unit showing what it can do by pulling a 14-inch gang-plow through the virgin sod of a Western prairie. This tractor can be attached to any make of automobile and will in twenty minutes convert it into a practical and efficient tractor for doing all the farm work. It will do the plowing, harrowing, disking, seeding, manuring, listing, harvesting, mowing, stump-pulling, road work, ditch digging, any of scores of hard tasks on the farm and can be disconnected in twenty minutes so the farmer can enjoy his car as a pleasure auto. 2 01

tractor. I had savings in the bank. These soon went for experimental machines, for consulting engineers, and patent attorneys, for living expenses. At last I had a complete and perfected machine and took it out in the country to test it. It didn't show up a single fault or weakness. I tested it for days under all kinds of conditions and in all kinds of soil and weather conditions. I tested it as no other agricultural implement had ever been tested. I wanted it to be perfect. It was.

SEEKS TO ENLIST CAPITAL

"Once my machine was satisfactory and a success I sought to enlist capital to help me manufacture and sell it. I approached all kinds of people—bankers, brokers, financiers, capitalists. I went to big manufacturers. I made a trip East to see a big manufacturing concern in Pittsburg that had made me a tentative offer. Everywhere I found the same condition prevailed. They would buy me out for a pittance or they would undertake to pay me a small royalty on each machine put out. The work of years, the privations, the hunger, the hard struggle to complete and perfect the machine seemed useless. I seemed to be doomed to lose all or give it away for a song.

"I had about given up hope and was nearly ready to accept any terms so I could realize necessities for life, when good fortune brought me in contact with Mr. P. M. Power, President of the Power-Wall Company, Industrial Bankers.

"I found Mr. Power one of the most broad-minded and fair-minded men in dealing with other men in my position, so I decided to lay all my cards on the table and tell him the whole truth. Most financiers would have taken advantage of my helpless position to squeeze me for the last dollar and the last concession. Mr. Power treated me like a man, like I had a million dollars behind me. No man could be squarer than he has been with me.

FINDS FINANCIAL BACKING

"When I had told Mr. Power my story he made an engagement for a

demonstration. He brought out some experts, just as he has brought you out to-day, and I showed them what the Guaranteed Tractor Unit could do.

"When it was over Mr. Power brought me back to town in his car, and all the way in he hardly said a word but chewed at an unlighted cigar he held in his teeth. I could see he was thinking deeply so didn't interrupt him.

"When we got to his office, Mr. Power went to his desk. He said: 'We'll start right in organizing a company.' I was taken off my feet. I could hardly believe it was true. It seemed too good to be true. All my worries and trials were at an end. Later we got together. Mr. Power said: 'While I have practically decided to go ahead, I will not decide positively until I have found out if I can get a certain man I have in view to head your company. If I can get him there will be no chance of failure. Your invention is everything you say for it, and then some, but in things of this kind it is the man who handles the proposition who is the biggest essential. If I can get Edmund G. Soward to head this company we can go ahead in ten days.'

"Mr. Power got in touch with Mr. Soward, who is one of the biggest men in the Western Automobile field and was for years General Sales Manager for the Jeffreys and Nash Motor Corporations, and after a demonstration Mr. Soward joined us and we went ahead to organize the company.

"When Mr. Soward saw my Tractor Unit he said: 'All my life I've wanted just such a proposition. It has been my dream. I believe we have the greatest profit-earning possibility in America to-day, bigger than the automobile field ever was or ever will be.'

DOES WORK OF 4 TO 8 HORSES

"My Guaranteed Tractor Unit will do the work of from four to eight horses according to what make of machine it is used with. The power of the machine naturally will regulate the power of the tractor. The light, low-powered Ford will not do as much

as the sturdy Buick, Studebaker, Reo or other cars of this type.

"Our tractor however can be used with ANY CAR. I found out that less than one-third of the autos owned on farms are Fords, and our attachment fits Fords or any other make of car; hence the name Guaranteed Tractor Unit.

"I have invented a cooling device that is proven and an air screen that prevents dust and dirt from getting in the Carburetor.

"Other mechanical improvements add nearly 100 per cent. to the effectiveness of the attachment which we now consider 100 per cent. efficient. I could talk to you for hours on these improvements.

"The great thing about our appliance is that it eliminates horses and mules; releases for food production millions of acres of land now needed to support these work animals; it is so simple and easy to operate that a woman or child can do the work of two husky farm hands; it is fool-proof; it is inexpensive to operate, costing much less than horses; it does not deprive the farmer of the use of his machine, for in a few minutes it can easily be changed back to a pleasure car or the pleasure car can be converted into a tractor. It is practical, efficient, economical, and its total price is only \$225. That means a small investment for the farmer which does not tie up his money and that will earn its own price in savings many times the first year it is in use."

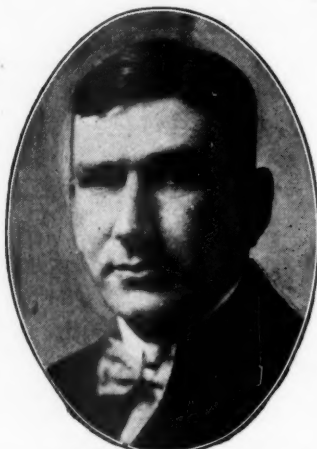
WHAT A FINANCIAL MAN SAYS

After talking to Mr. Phillips I talked to Mr. Power. I asked him why his company had taken up this proposition, not that I needed his word for it for I could see for myself, but I wanted to get his views which are always luminously clear and to the point. He answered:

"I undertook to finance Mr. Phillips' invention because it is one of the most important agricultural aids possible at the time when the world needs food as much as the fighting forces need guns and ammunition. MORE SO. This agricultural appliance comes like a godsend at this time. I am working day and night and moving mountains to get this company on a production basis AT ONCE.

"I believe if we can get enough of these appliances on the market before the Spring planting we can add ONE BILLION BUSHELS OF GRAIN TO THE WORLD'S SUPPLIES.

"We MUST win this war. This will help. That was my first idea. My second was that here was a proposition that would make an enormous lot of money for the clients of the Power-Wall Co. You know we are industrial bankers. Our purpose is to bring capital and worthy industrial enterprises together. I have had hundreds of propositions submitted to me recently, but nothing looked half so good as this. I honestly believe from the bottom of my heart that this company



EDMUND G. SOWARD

Mr. Soward is president of Guaranteed Tractors, Inc., the company organized to build the Guaranteed Tractor Unit. Mr. Soward is one of the best known and most successful men in the automobile field, having been sales manager for the Jeffreys and Nash motor companies and general western sales manager for the Smith Motor corporation. He has a great influence with dealers and his success in marketing the Guaranteed Tractor Unit has been astonishing.

will earn bigger dividends than anything that has come up in years.

"I have learned from authentic and reliable sources that there is a market—an immediate market—for perhaps 2,000,000 tractor attachments, the kind we make that will fit any car. There may be a market for 3,000,000. The first figure is enough to keep us busy quite a few years regardless of competition. Competition doesn't bother us. We'll none of us be able to meet the market demand for many years to come, and then, remember, our attachment is for use on ANY CAR.

FABULOUS PROFIT POSSIBILITIES

"The profit possibilities are enormous. Each tractor unit pays a net

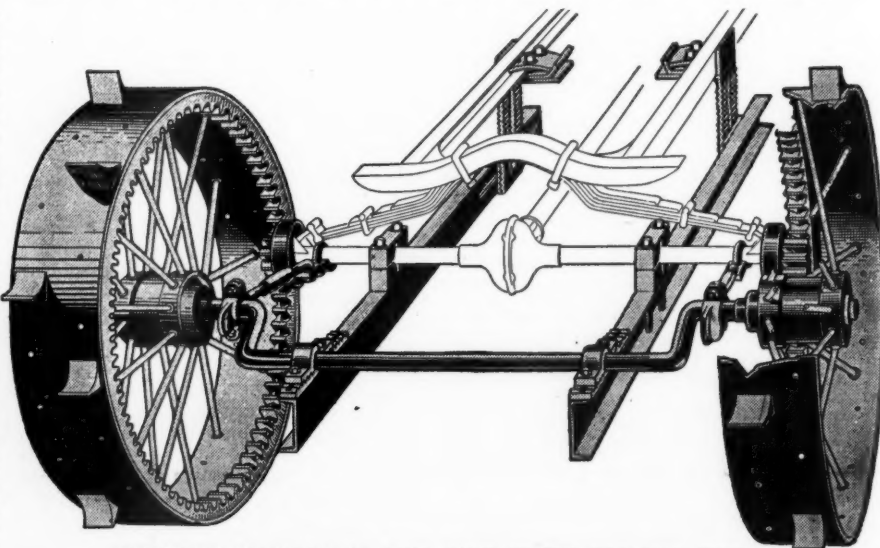
profit of about \$65, probably more when we get to producing in large quantities.

"We are making our plans for a production of about 20,000 attachments this first year. Mr. Soward says he could easily sell that many if we furnish them to him. We are going to try mighty hard, but to be conservative let us cut down the number. Let us say we produce only 12,000 attachments. Instead of \$65 profit on each tractor let us cut that down to only \$50 allowing more for selling and advertising costs the first year. What do we find? We find that on this basis the company would show a profit of \$600,000 the first year.

"Mind you, I am not predicting profits or dividends. I never have and never will predict what may be subject to outward influences over which we can have no control. But that's the way I figure and I am giving you the benefit of my calculations.

"But what I am most interested in, more interested in than even the profit possibilities is the practical service we can render our country and its allies by helping to the production of greater crops, by releasing millions of acres for food raising that are now used for supporting horses and mules, by releasing for military duty tens of thousands of healthy horses now needed to till the fields and reap the crops. That's my object in pushing this company to the front with every energy I possess. Incidentally, if we can make very large profits for our stockholders, so much the better. Better for us and better for them.

"We have no difficult factory problems to solve. The parts are all standard and can be bought in the open market and assembled anywhere, either in Chicago or at assembly stations scattered throughout the country. No skilled labor is required, no machinery,



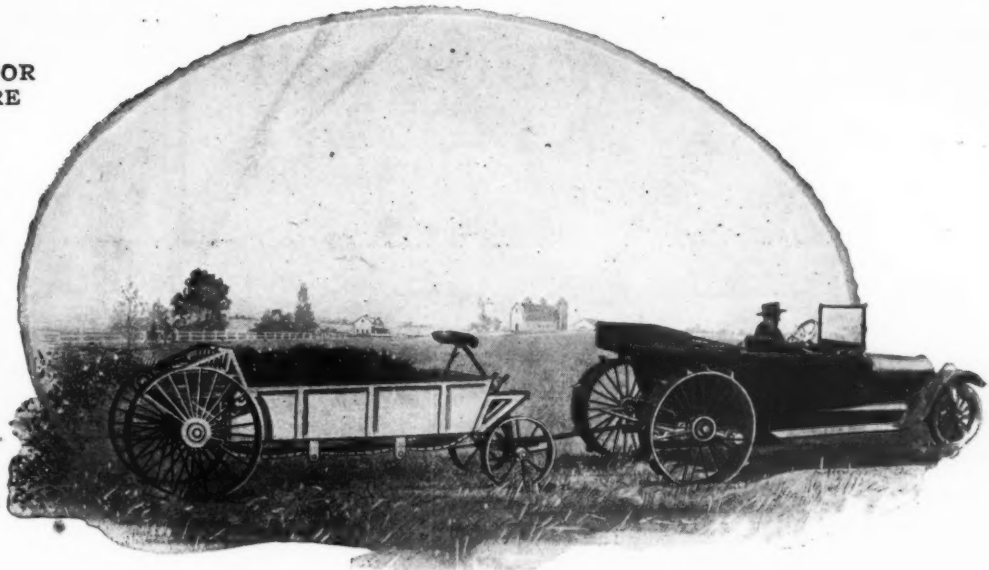
DETAILED DRAWING OF THE GUARANTEED TRACTOR UNIT

A detailed drawing of the Guaranteed Tractor Unit attachment ready to attach to any auto. The channels clamp on to the channels of any auto frame without injuring the frame, chassis, auto or any part of it. No holes are required to be bored. As will be seen there is no strain on the axles, frame or any part of the car. The speed of the engine is geared down to power applied directly to the gears on the inside of the tractor wheels. When in use the tractor actually pushes the auto instead of being pulled by the auto. The attachment has proved its success under the most exacting tests.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

BUICK-MADE TRACTOR SPREADING MANURE

Hauling a manure spreader is only one of the many uses to which the Guaranteed Tractor Unit can be put. This is used with the fifth wheel attachment furnished with the Guaranteed Tractor Unit. The Buick with this tractor attachment will replace six to eight horses doing their work quicker, better and much cheaper. The same applies to any make of auto.



no special equipment. And we can sell them as fast as we can assemble them. Now do you see why I believe we can turn out at least 20,000 attachments this year?"

A MOST WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY

As I told you at the beginning of this article, I was never so impressed with the possibilities of any company as I am with this one. In all my experience in financial affairs I never saw such a chance before. I don't think I'll ever see such another. The company, I found out, is incorporated for only \$1,500,000, divided into 150,000 shares of the par value of \$10 a share, all common stock, all fully paid and non-assessable, all full profit sharing. Every stockholder has just the same kind of stock as the other, there being no preferred shares, no bonds or indebtedness. The officers are clean, strong, capable men. The product is right. The market is enormous. The profits are large.

If the company only produced 12,000 units this year it will doubtless produce at least 25,000 next year and will

increase year by year. That means added profits. If 12,000 units means a profit of \$600,000 this year, 25,000 units next year would mean a profit of \$1,250,000. At this extraordinary rate of earnings \$500 invested now AT PAR would mean a fortune in a short time with stock worth, perhaps, at the usual way of calculating such things, fully \$40,000. And all from an investment of \$500. It seems almost too good to be true. Half of it would be an enormous return from capital invested no matter from what point of view you consider it. But that isn't all. If the production should increase, as for instance the Ford motor car production has increased, who can tell what profits this company will earn. Ford has been on a production basis of one million cars per annum lately. If this company produces one million tractor attachments a year and still makes a profit of only \$50 apiece this would mean a profit of \$50,000,000 (FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS) on a capital of \$1,500,000 or nearly FOUR THOUSAND PER CENT. \$500 would be earning then nearly \$25,000 a year or nearly FIVE THOUSAND

PER CENT. and represent a value of \$500,000 and perhaps more.

Finance has done some wonderful things, not a bit more wonderful than this, however, and the future of this company may set records that will be hard to beat in the years to come.

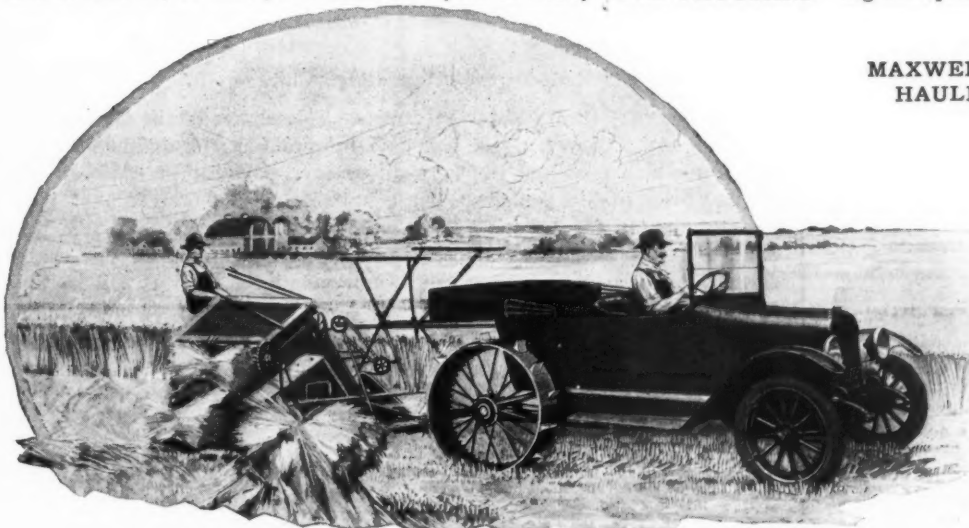
CHANCE FOR SMALL INVESTORS

I asked Mr. Power why he didn't take the capital stock of this company and present it to a few people I knew who would be glad to subscribe for all or any part of it. I want you to read his answer because it is characteristic of this man, this big-brained financial expert. He said:

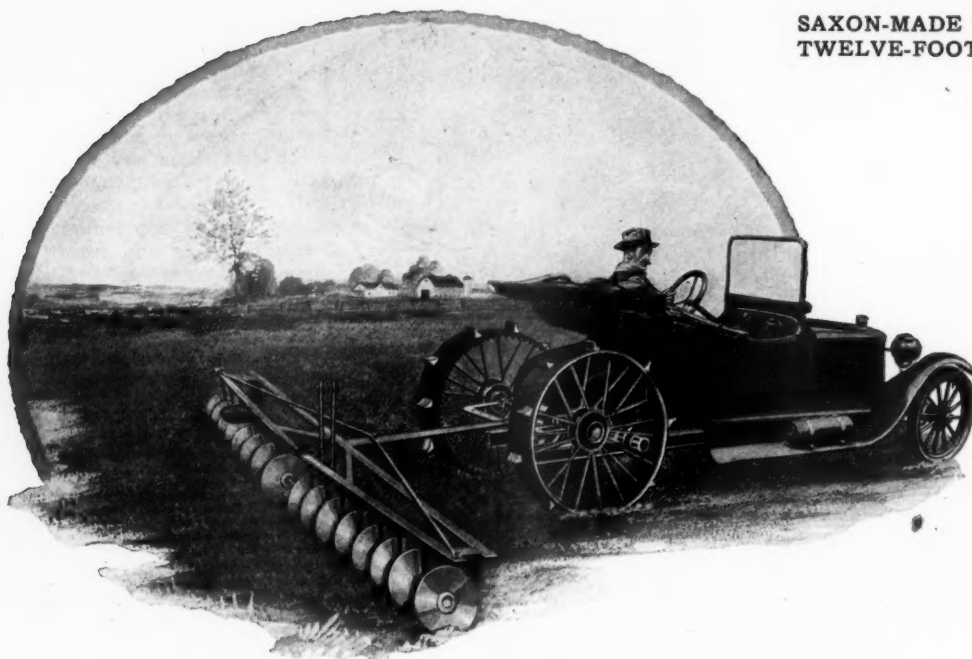
"Not on your life. I want my clients to have this stock. This stock is going where every share will mean the nucleus of a fortune and a happy customer and booster for the Power-Wall Company. I help him to invest his money where it will build him up a competence for the future. There are plenty of investment opportunities if you know how to find them. That's my business. I find the deserving enterprise and get it in touch with

MAXWELL-MADE TRACTOR HAULING HARVESTER

Here is a little Maxwell doing the work that the farmer required at least four horses to do. With his Maxwell the farmer can have a practical, capable tractor—using the Guaranteed Tractor Unit attachment—that will do what he now requires from four to eight horses to do. It will save him money enough the first year to pay for itself several times over, and it will enable him to raise larger, better and cheaper crops. It will make him money every day.



[ADVERTISEMENT]



SAXON-MADE TRACTOR HAULING TWELVE-FOOT DISKING MACHINE

Even the little Saxon car is powerful enough with the aid of the Tractor Unit attachment to pull heavy plows, disking machines, harrows, graders, stump pullers, ditch-diggers, etc. It will do the work of four horses easily and do it at a great saving in costs of operation. The principle by which the speed of the automobile engine is geared down into power is one of the most remarkable inventions in this machine. The farmer's Saxon car will—when fitted with a Tractor attachment—save its own cost and the cost of the attachment the first year.

the deserving investor and I try to make money for both of them by bringing them together.

"This is the basis on which I have built up this business. This is the basis on which we shall continue to operate. I even help people out who want to buy stocks and haven't the money to pay down by allowing them to pay a little down and the rest in easy monthly installments, as they can save it out of their earnings. That encourages the saving habit and gives the saving people a chance to get more for their money than they would get otherwise."

If you will take my advice—the advice of a man long in finance—and will follow my example, you'll get all the stock of Guaranteed Tractors, Inc., that you can possibly afford to own and pay for.

I am of the honest opinion that you'll never have such another chance if you live to be a hundred years old. I've been in finance long enough to know whereof I speak.

I have no statistics available of the countless millions earned by the McCormicks, pioneers in the harvester field, or the Olivers with their plows, or other great manufacturers of farm implements, because until their combination into the giant International Harvester Co., these were closed corporations whose earnings were not generally published. However, here is a farm implement that is a necessity and capable of earning enormous profits because it is a necessity and because its field is practically universal. It should earn as consistently as any of these great implement houses. As an idea of what profits have been earned by great companies making necessities, I have selected a list of a few as shown in "Moody's Manual" and other financial publications, giving you an idea of what \$500 invested in these companies early in their history has returned in dividends and increased value. This

list is, I believe, authentic and reliable:

\$500 invested in Bell Telephone has paid	\$270,000.00
\$500 invested in Western Union Telegraph has paid	\$75,000.00
\$500 invested in Jenney Coupler has paid	\$93,400.00
\$500 invested in Welsbach Mantles has paid	\$250,000.00
\$500 invested in American Radiator Co. has paid	\$245,000.00
\$500 invested in DeLong Hook and Eye has paid	\$50,000.00
\$500 invested in Burroughs Adding Machine has paid	\$206,700.00
\$500 invested in National Cash Register has paid	\$214,350.00
\$500 invested in Underwood Typewriter Co. has paid	\$191,625.00
\$500 invested in Dunlap Tires has paid	\$125,000.00
\$500 invested in Mergenthaler Linotype Co. has paid	\$125,000.00

\$500 invested in Westinghouse Air-brake has paid

My only suggestion would be that you do not delay a single instant because I feel that this stock is going to be snapped up so quickly that it will soon be all gone. I understand the first 500 subscriptions will be accepted at par \$10.00 per share, after this is subscribed the next allotment will be offered at \$12.00, and the next, if any remains, at \$15.00, as the progress of the company justifies the advance. Unless you want to pay the higher price ACT AT ONCE.

Send \$2.00 per share as first payment and you can pay the balance \$2.00 per share per month, or if you want to pay all cash you may deduct 2 per cent. and remit the balance.

Make all checks, etc., payable to

THE POWER WALL COMPANY,

Industrial Bankers,

502-595 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please purchase for me shares of the Guaranteed Tractors, Inc., Common Stock, full paid, full profit-sharing and non-assessable, for which I enclose you herewith \$. payment in ^{PART} _{FULL} at the original price of \$10 per share. It is understood and agreed that if I pay cash in full for my stock I am entitled to a cash discount of 2 per cent., and if I pay by installments I shall pay for same \$2 per share down and \$2 per share a month for four months.

Name

Address

City

State C. O.

(Continued from page 142)

ical barometer, has doubled in production and the production for 1918 will again greatly increase. By-product coking doubled its capacity in the last three years, yet in 1918 the United States will make half her coke in beehive ovens. Light oil, which contains the benzene and toluene needed for explosives, jumped from 7,500,000 gallons in 1914 to 60,000,000 gallons in 1917, and is again being largely increased. Ammonia production has increased one hundred per cent. in three years and the visible supply is insufficient to meet demands. Gasoline production has increased from 35,000,000 to 70,000,000 barrels per annum since 1914. Potash importation from Germany was stopped by the war, which has stimulated production in this country. The production from January to June, 1917, was 14,023 short tons of potash. This is a small production, but sodium salts have been substituted for almost all purposes except agriculture. Shortage of labor and coal is seriously interfering with the potash-brine evaporation in Nebraska, which was yielding about ninety tons per day.

"The production of explosives and consequent consumption of nitric acid has increased enormously. The nitric acid is still almost entirely made from Chili saltpeter, but synthetic nitrogen plants are under process of construction, and we have large quantities of coal-tar ammonia which can be used for munitions if necessary. Before the war forty thousand tons of barite were imported from Germany for the manufacture of lithophone. Now five companies are producing this article from deposits in Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and Missouri. The matter can be summarized by saying that American chemists have met the country's needs as ably and completely as did the chemists of Germany. We can go forward with every confidence of no serious shortage of the many chemical products required for domestic consumption."

AN interesting instance of the way in which the development of our chemical resources is being engineered is recited by Secretary Lane. While studying a map of southern ore deposits with relation to installing a nitrate plant, it recently became evident to the experts that pyrite was to be found in a stretch of mountains running from northern Georgia to central Alabama. Just then there came into his office a southern manufacturer who wanted to enlist as a \$1 a year man—wanted "a man's job; something somebody else would shy at."

"Why not find the pyrite ore in your southern hills?" was suggested.

"Never heard of the stuff, but if it's there and you say we need it for the war, I'll get it."

This dialog led to the opening of mines yielding four hundred tons a day, which it is promised will be increased to a thousand tons a day.

How YOU May Realize Your GREAT Ambition

Aladdin merely had to rub his lamp!

YOU must do more than that.

Nevertheless you have at your command a power that will bring you **SUCCESS**, if you will learn to use that power—develop it and make it work for you, instead of allowing it to lie undeveloped and unused.

What carried Frank A. Vanderlip from a shop bench to the presidency of one of the greatest banks in the world?

What turned Charles M. Schwab, the stake-driver, into the President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation?

What built up for Henry Ford, the mechanic, the greatest automobile manufacturing business in the world?

What made F. W. Woolworth's one store grow into over 800?

These men were not superhuman, and they didn't have Aladdin's lamp. But they developed something just as sure and effective—their **MENTAL POWER**—and it enabled them to overcome all obstacles in their climb to wealth and position.

YOU can realize **YOUR** great ambition in the same way. Develop the **MENTAL POWER** that is lying unused in your brain, and you can quickly and surely **COMMAND** success—you can succeed in whatever you set your heart upon, whether it be the building up of a business of your own, the gaining of high standing in your profession, the rising to a position of leadership among men, or the winning of wealth and independence.

If you want to start **NOW** to develop that power of **BRAIN** and **WILL** that means **SURE SUCCESS** and **BIG SUCCESS** in your life work—

HERE'S HOW—

A man who has had many years of practical experience in developing men for business and professional success, who has mastered the principles of practical psychology and learned through long experience how to apply them, and who has written many standard works on self-education and self-development—Grenville Kleiser—has now produced a great new volume, **HOW TO BUILD MENTAL POWER**.

It offers you the most effective and practical system for developing the mental powers that are essential to your success in life—will power, brain power, judgment, intuition, memory, concentration, imagination, etc.

If you will spend only 15 minutes every evening reading this work and applying its principles, you will very soon see the results in the amazing development of all your mental powers. You will find your mind grasping and solving business problems more easily; you will find that you are developing a never-failing supply of practical ideas and plans; you will find that you can concentrate on any subject at will, **COMPELLING** your brain to give you all the power you want when you want it; you will find that you are easily overcoming lack of energy, enthusiasm,

self-control, etc.; you will find that you are rapidly gaining self-confidence, moral courage, and powerful personality that will enable you to influence your associates to a surprising degree. And you will be making strides toward realizing your greatest ambition that will surprise even yourself. All this growing mental strength will be coming from your own powers which are now lying undeveloped.

This great volume offers you also much invaluable business training, taken right out of the Author's long and practical experience. It will show you how to develop great mental power, and then how to apply this power in your work to the greatest advantage.

This work is arranged as a fascinating reading course in 21 lessons. Such vital subjects as these are covered:

Crystallizing Desire Into Will
Habits That Develop Will Power
Seven Cardinal Rules for Clear Thinking
How to Concentrate on a Chosen Thought
How to Prevent Mind Wandering
Why and How You Should Relax Your Mind
How to Get Ideas and Inspiration
Making Practical Use of Ideas
How to Distinguish Between Truth and Error
Gaining Accurate, Infallible Judgment
Cultivating Power of Observation
Developing Imagination—Intuition—Breadth of Mind
How to Cultivate Persistence
How to Systematize Your Mind
How to Reason Directly and Logically
How to Analyze a Proposition and Test Its Value
How to Recognize and Overcome Prejudice
Cultivating Commanding Personality
Building a Strong Memory
Gaining Forceful Expression
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Practical and effective mental exercises are given with each lesson to enable you to apply its principles and test your improvement. This work is not a theoretical essay—it is a practical system which you can suit to your individual needs. Just as soon as you begin your reading of it you will receive genuine and usable help—for each lesson in itself is complete in some special branch of mental strengthening.

This is just the system **YOU** need to prepare yourself for commanding success in your work. It was originally intended as an expensive correspondence course. But in order to give it the widest possible circulation, it was bound into this fine 600 page book—and the price is only \$3.00.

If you do not consider the volume worth \$3.00 after five days' inspection, send it back at our expense and we will immediately refund every cent you have paid.

Act **NOW** and let this year bring the advance toward success and fortune that is sure to come from a knowledge of the principles explained in this great volume. Send this coupon **TO-DAY**.

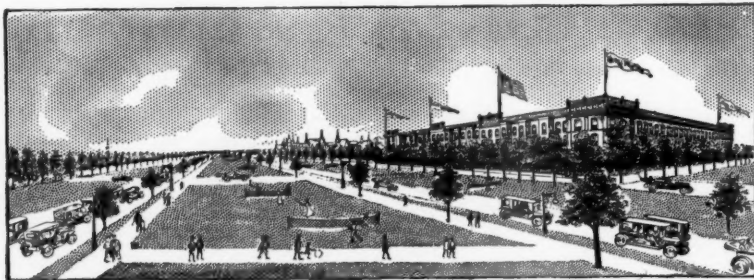
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

354-360 Fourth Ave., New York City

Gentlemen:—Send me a copy of **HOW TO BUILD MENTAL POWER**, postpaid. I enclose \$3.00. If the book is unsatisfactory, I will return it within five days at your expense and you are to refund the money. C. O. Feb. 1918.

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American plan. Four hundred rooms with bath.

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WORLD-WIDE SEARCH FOR SUNKEN TREASURE COMING AFTER THE WAR

SOME of the greatest hidden treasure hunts on the charts of industrial adventure will begin when peace is declared. According to London *Answers*, which quotes Lord Beresford as its authority, more than 2,300 British, Allied and neutral ships, representing a tonnage of more than four million, have been sunk since the war began. Of course a great deal of the cargo of some of these ships was perishable and of comparatively little value; but many were almost priceless argosies. It is estimated that they aggregate in value many hundred times the combined wealth of the galleons that sailed the Spanish main. To quote:

"Gold and precious stones and rare pottery and fabrics from India; more gold and precious stones from South Africa; still more gold, silver and diamonds, copper and lead from South America; silks and velvets from China; and, nearer home, quicksilver, copper, silk and oils from Spain. Much of this treasure, which was continuously pouring on to the shores of Britain in the early days of the war, is now lying in hundreds of shattered hulks in the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

"The law relating to the recovery of property from the sea—"treasure trove"—is very obscure and difficult to interpret. With regard to vessels wrecked near the coast, whose cargoes may be washed ashore, there is, as a rule, no difficulty about establishing the ownership of the vessel, and they are entitled to recover their property after all salvage rights have been satisfied. But with regard to wrecks on the high seas a very difficult problem will confront the Nation when peace comes, especially when it is remembered that thousands of vessels have gone to the bottom, and in many cases there are no records of where they were lost. But what is to prevent many adventurous spirits with money from equipping treasure-hunting expeditions after the war? Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson never wrote of such riches as now lie buried in the bosom of the ocean. And what princely days they will be for divers! Of late years experienced divers have been able to earn from \$25 to \$500 a week while engaged on a big and risky commission. After the war divers ought to be able to make large fortunes and easily eclipse any previous records."

IT is true that the vast majority of the wrecks will be beyond recovery—in-fathomless depths. Among these is the *Lusitania*, tho it is an engineering prediction that the raising of the giant Cunarder, or at least the recovery of her treasure, is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Hundreds of other wrecks that lie near the coasts will no doubt be salvaged in immense quantity.

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WHY IS A CALORIE AND WHAT IS ITS FOOD MEANING?

HOW many know what a calorie of food is, or ever heard of one until the high cost of living forced government experts into finding out and telling people a good many important dietetic secrets? A calorie is a unit of measure of nutrition. As farms are measured by the acre, lumber by the foot, grain by the bushel, meat by the pound, nutrition is measured by the calorie, says a Chicago Society of Medical Research *Bulletin*, and a calorie is equivalent to the amount of heat sufficient to raise the temperature of a pint of water four degrees Fahrenheit.

There are five classes of food—protein, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and water. The protein is comparable to the metal that is originally used in making the engine, and that used in making repairs of worn-out and broken parts. The carbohydrates may be compared to the fuel used in the engine. The fats to the oil used to lubricate the machinery. The mineral elements of the food to the sand so necessary to overcome slippery tracks. The water to the water so necessary in the boiler of the engine. Every one of these things is necessary for the construction and operation of a locomotive. Likewise every one of these classes of food is necessary to the life and functions of the body.

Experiments have shown that an average-size individual may require from fifteen hundred calories to six thousand a day, fifteen hundred being required by an average-sized healthy person at rest in bed, while six thousand was required by men doing the hardest and most strenuous manual labor in the open field.

The Department of Agriculture has published complete reports on the caloric value of every known article of food. For instance, a pound of pure lard supplies about four thousand calories. Thus a pound of lard would supply all the calories that a heavy man would need in twenty-four hours. But we appreciate the fact that no one would like to be confined exclusively to a diet of lard. Hence the necessity of many classes of food.

Nearly twenty-five hundred women and girls are now working in the operating department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the greater part of them having been employed during recent months. Among the forms of service to which more than ordinary interest attaches it is to be noted that seventy-one signalwomen are at work, and six student signalwomen are on the payrolls; there are four women locomotive dispatchers, nineteen station cleaners, two hundred and six car cleaners, two draughtswomen, one hundred and four messengers, twenty student messengers, ten extra messengers, twenty-three station agents, and eighteen store attendants.



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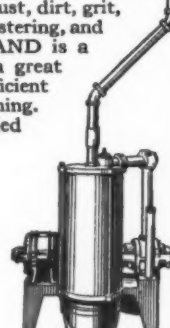
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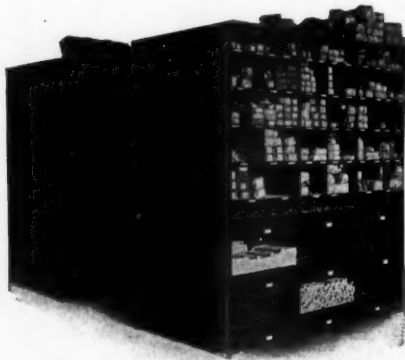
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I KNOW I can because I have helped over 35,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds.

One pupil writes: "One year ago I weighed only 100 pounds—now I weigh 128, and oh, I feel so well and so rested!"

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods such as your physician approves.
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SUSANNA COCROFT
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UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES THE VIRGIN ISLANDS ARE A DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE NATIVES

REGARDED as other than three islands, well located strategically, and having twenty-two thousand inhabitants, along with important agricultural possibilities that are as yet far from being very profitably developed, the Virgin Islands, recently acquired by the United States from Denmark, are a good deal of a disappointment. So, at least, we are informed by William T. Demarest, an experienced traveler, who has been making a study of social and industrial conditions on the islands and has been telling the National Arts Club about them. Strictly speaking, the disappointment is confined to the native insular population who had expected a big boom when the islands came under American rule. Their disappointment, however, is shared, altho it naturally is not loudly expressed, by the American officials who constitute the government of the new possessions. They expected something more than they found, reports Mr. Demarest, and he adds:

"Just what the natives themselves expected it is difficult to ascertain. St. Thomas depends for its business almost entirely on the harbor, which in former days was undoubtedly a very busy place. This port lies in the direct line of the steamship lines which, before the war, maintained constant service between European ports and the West Indies, and St. Thomas enjoyed much prosperity in supplying steamers with fuel and stores. The Hamburg-American Line alone averaged sixteen vessels a month in this harbor, and the business which they brought is now entirely cut off. So greatly has St. Thomas depended upon the harbor for its prosperity that the development of the island has been neglected. The soil is fertile, but very little of it is used other than as pasturage for cattle, of which there are perhaps a thousand head on the island. One of the problems of the United States government will be to educate the people of St. Thomas to use and conserve the resources of the island. To this end is needed the advice of agricultural and geological experts; the former to determine the crops best suited to the unused land, and the latter to find a way to improve the water supply which now consists solely of cistern water.

ST. CROIX presents no such difficulties. The island is highly cultivated, the sugar plantations provide plenty of work for the laborers, and while further development is possible, it is not so essential to prosperity as in the case of St. Thomas. St. John, on the other hand, would seem to present the opportunity for great improvement. It has the smallest population of the three islands and its

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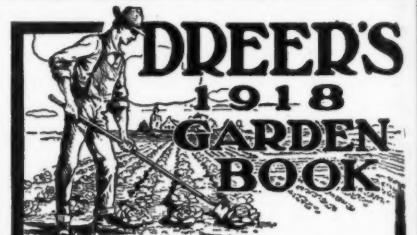
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principal industry is the gathering of bay leaves from which is distilled the oil used in the manufacture of bay rum. Some American enterprize, with the investment of a little American money, is all that is needed to make St. John the equal of St. Croix in prosperity."

At present, we learn, the white population of the little archipelago is mainly confined to the American officials, marines and sailors, the acting governor being Rear-Admiral Oliver. About six hundred marines are stationed at St. Thomas and St. Croix and "they have practically completed some effective fortifications on hills commanding not only the harbor of St. Thomas, but also the Virgin passage to the Caribbean Sea." In matters of education and sanitation there is a crying need of intelligent action, says this critic, who was impressed by the incapability of the native black teachers. He recommends that American instructors be sent forthwith to the islands, as has been done with such admirable results in Porto Rico and the Philippines.

(Continued from page 136)

his monotonous and mournful plaint: "My regiment! They forsook me! Let me go!"

When his convalescence began he talked about his home in Paris. He was very gay about it; but now and then he turned his face to his pillow and said in his complaining voice: "My regiment! Please let me go!"

When we promised to let him go, he showed his strong white teeth in a broad smile.

One day when he was telling me his childish stories the Moroccans' nurses sent



We Must "Follow-Up"

The story of the Gallipoli withdrawal is a tale of inadequate support. Like Salamanders clinging to the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, the boys of Australia and New Zealand clung to the slopes of Anzac. Desperately, heroically they clung. No troops under any circumstances ever displayed greater soldierly qualities or upheld more sacredly the best traditions of England's Army. But they had to withdraw because the "follow-up" was not there.

To some of us it has been given to march with the columns of troops that go to France. And to others it is given to wave Godspeed. But he who marches and he who stays is

equally a citizen of the world's mightiest republic and equally responsible for its success in this greatest of undertakings.

Then let us at home turn from our flag waving and consider how necessary we are, how useful we must be. Those who go to fight cannot hope to win by naked bravery and we cannot hope to win unless every individual at home does *all* he can. We must have no Gallipoli.

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for me. They wanted me to translate Arabic. One of the Moroccans was weeping and his fever ran high. They were anxious to satisfy him.

I bent over his bed and murmured the Koranic salutation. His eyes opened, he smiled, then suddenly he burst into a storm of tears. "No one cares!" he said piteously, "no one understands me." "Tell me!" I urged, "I shall understand." I spoke in Arabic. He smiled.

"I was thinking . . . down there, in my own country, under a palm tree, I have a mother. She is old. Her name is Hadjira. When I sleep I dream, and in my dream she weeps!"

"But when you go back to her she will not weep," I answered.

"I know!" he answered, and fell asleep. We cured him, and after a while he went away.

Like all the mussulmans, he called me "Arab Mother."

Many of the Arabs seemed to think that they were in Paris. Whenever they were in trouble they sent for me.


ONE day one of them, a tall devil—very dark he was, almost as dark as a negro—was in trouble. They called me and I ran in.

When I reached his bed, "Arab

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Do Germs and Climate Cause CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS?



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

By R. L. Alsaker, M.D.

Author of

"CURING CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS"

Dear Doctor Alsaker: I have had catarrh since boyhood, and now my two children have it. During the fall and winter months my wife suffers with bad colds and the children frequently have a bad cough or sore throat.

We have taken treatment from local physicians, using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit.

We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of these annoying troubles of the nose, throat and lungs, I don't see how any of them can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject?

J. B. W.

THIS family is no exception. The majority have catarrh, either chronic or acute. Catarrh of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue, the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

Catarrh sometimes causes earache, headache and other forms of pain, and it lays the foundation for many diseases.

This gentleman says that he lives well, but no one lives well who is ill. That is poor living. He can continue to eat what he likes, and grow healthy, if he will only learn how.

He thinks that germs and the climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. It is a tragic fate, or would be, if it were true, for we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor the climate cause catarrh. Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are coughs and colds—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

When people eat as they should not, they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acid, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself, and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of

the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

The right kind of food, properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, coughs and colds to flight, and paints roses on the cheeks.

Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it. You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of catarrh into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache, and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish.

Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity.

Those who get it can keep it indefinitely. They should not complain, for there is knowledge at hand that will show them how to get rid of it and stay rid of it.

It is marvelous what the common foods do for the sick, when properly combined and intelligently eaten. Meat, fish, dairy products, eggs, cereal foods, potatoes, vegetables, fruits and nuts contain all the "medicinal" elements needed to build health or cure disease, if rightly used.

Health, barring accidents, is within your control. It is your privilege to break the laws of Nature and be sick, or you may observe them and be well. Your duty to yourself and your country is clear, for the Nation needs healthy men and women in this crisis. Health, which is principally the effect of foods rightly used, will win.

In my new book *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds* I have explained the true cause of these annoying troubles and have outlined a pleasant plan of living that cures these ills and prevents a return.

It costs nothing to put this splendid plan of living into practice. You don't have to buy medicines or special foods. You don't have to pay doctor bills or go to health resorts. Simply follow these common-sense instructions regarding the care of the body and the correct use of the foods you like. Don't take my word for the splendid results obtained, but prove it in your own case and in your own home.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT: So much nonsense has been written about health and foods that it is a relief to find a book which shows that the writer knows his subject from the ground up—knows it so well that he does not need to use a lot of so-called scientific expressions and technical terms to hide any want of knowledge. Dr. Alsaker is a regular medical graduate, a physician in active practice who has proved his knowledge in guiding the sick back to health. In reviewing Dr. Alsaker's works *The New York Tribune* says: "Written by a competent professional authority, they are fitted for the instruction and profit of the laity; being simple, direct and non-technical. They contain no scientific disquisitions on calories; they exploit no fads; they recommend no impossibilities." Dr. Alsaker is a new type of physician. He specializes in health, not disease. In *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds* he tells you in plain English how to get rid of Catarrh and how to avoid "catching" coughs and colds. This is a new and broad idea—to teach the sick how to return to health and how to remain healthy. He says: "Health is the result of correct knowledge of living put into practice and it is the physician's duty to supply this knowledge." Send only one dollar for this book of health knowledge, with ten cents additional (coin or stamps) to cover postage and packing—follow instructions for one month, then, if you are not entirely satisfied with the improvement in your health, return the book and your money will be refunded. *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds* teaches the truth and nothing but the truth. It will show you how to live better for less money and how to have better health through better living. Frank E. Morrison, Publisher of Educational Health Books (Established 1889), Dept. 111, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

Mother," he sobbed, "they are oppressing me! I am a worm, scorned, tormented!" "Speak!" I urged, "tell thy mother."

He gazed into my eyes. "It was my breakfast!" he said piteously.

"Thy breakfast?" I repeated. "What of thy breakfast?"

He covered his face.

"Wilt thou not make known thy woes?" I urged.

Fixing me with eyes wild with reproach, he sobbed: "My son of a hen was cooked too hard!"

Such a fuss for an egg! The nurses could not get over it. They understood him; I had taught them enough to make it possible for them to answer to the demands of their wounded.

They got along well with their Moroccans.

One day one of the nurses said to me, "Do you know, I did one of those boys an injustice? I was sure that he called me 'Old Camel'; but I found out that he was asking for his drawers."

ONE of my wounded was a chauffeur from Lyons. We had isolated him.

Gangrene had set in and we were nursing with our hands in gloves. He was burning up with fever.

He fixed his sorrowful eyes on mine. "Listen," he said, "do you know what I am thinking of as I lie here, dying by inches? I have a friend in the trenches. I wish I was with him! It hurts me to lie here so easy, with you being good to me, when he is fighting!"

I wonder if we nurses shall not be homesick when the war is over, when no one needs us any more! I wonder if we shall not want to go back to the heroic time when we thought of nothing but those others. I have been thinking this as we came along side by side through the silent night.

We have reached my comrade's resting-place. She has gone in, and I am going on alone. How still it is! My feet drag on the uneven pavement. I am at my door. I turn for a last look at the city. In the basins of the port the boats, slowly rocked by the sluggish tide, slowly dip their shadowy sails in the ghostly light.

Peace! Rest! Calm after the storm! A sleeping world! A sea like a mirror, mirroring the gray of dawn!

And this is war!

(Continued from page 11)

wistful faces of the chaps whom we passed along the road. At the unaccustomed sound of a car traveling in broad daylight the Tommies poked their heads out of hiding-places like rabbits. Such dirty Tommies! How could they be otherwise living forever on old battlefields? If they were given time for reflection they wouldn't want to go out; they'd choose to stay with the game till the war was ended. But we caught them unawares, and as they gazed after us down the first part of the long trail that leads back from the trenches to Blighty there was hunger in their eyes. My third memory is of kindness.

You wouldn't think that men would go to war to learn how to be kind, but they do. There's no kinder creature in the whole wide world than the average Tommy. He makes a friend of any stray animal he can find. He shares his last franc with a chap who isn't his pal. He risks his life quite inconsequently to rescue anyone who's wounded. When he's gone over the top with bomb and bayonet for the express purpose of "doing in" the Hun, he makes a comrade of the Fritz he captures. You'll see him coming down

Eliminating Poisons That Clog Our Systems

By R. H. Sinclair

the battered trenches with some scared lad of a German at his side. He's gabbling away making throat-noises and signs, smiling and doing his inarticulate best to be intelligible. He pats the Hun on the back, hands him chocolate and cigarets, exchanges souvenirs and shares with him his last luxury. If anyone interferes with his Fritzie he's willing to fight. When they come to the cage where the prisoner has to be handed over, the farewells of these companions whose acquaintance has been made at the bayonet-point are often as absurd as they are affecting.

I SUPPOSE one only learns the value of kindness when he feels the need of it himself. The men out there have said "Good-by" to everything they loved, but they've got to love some one—so they give their affections to captured Fritzie's, stray dogs, fellows who've collected a piece of a shell—in fact to anyone who's a little worse off than themselves. My ambulance-driver was like that with his "Sure, Mike!" He was like it during the entire drive. When he came to the white road which climbs the ridge with all the enemy country staring at it, it would have been excusable in him to have hurried. The Hun barrage might descend at any minute. All the way, in the ditches on either side, dead pack-animals lay; in the dug-outs there were other unseen dead making the air foul. But he drove slowly and gently, skirting the shell-holes with diligent care so as to spare us every unnecessary jolting. I don't know his name, shouldn't recognize his face, but I shall always remember the almost womanly tenderness of his driving. After two changes into other ambulances at different distributing points, I arrived about nine on a summer's evening at the Casualty Clearing Station. In something less than an hour I was undressed and on the operating table.

You might suppose that when for three interminable years such a stream of tragedy has flowed through a hospital, it would be easy for surgeons and nurses to treat mutilation and death perfunctorily. They don't. They show no emotion. They are even cheerful; but their strained faces tell the story and their hands have an immense compassion.

TWO faces especially loom out. I can always see them by lamplight, when the rest of the ward is hushed and shrouded, stooping over some silent bed. One face is that of the Colonel of the hospital, gray, concerned, pitiful, stern. His eyes seem to have photographed all the suffering which, in three years, they have witnessed. He's a tall man, but he moves softly. Over his uniform he wears a long, white operating smock—he never seems to remove it. And he never seems to sleep, for he comes wandering through his Gethsemane all hours of the night to bend over the more serious cases. He seems haunted by a vision of the wives, mothers, sweethearts, whose happiness is in his hands. I think of him as a Christ in khaki.

The other face is of a girl—a sister I ought to call her. She's the nearest approach to a sculptured Greek goddess I've seen in a living woman. She's very tall, very pale and golden, with wide brows and big gray eyes like Trilby. I wonder what she did before she went to war—for she's gone to war just as truly as any soldier. I'm sure in the peaceful years she must have spent a lot of time in being loved.

IT IS now generally recognized by eminent physicians and medical scientists that a host of the most aggravating ills that afflict men and women of today are directly caused by our sedentary habits. The large intestine, or colon, is no longer able to eliminate promptly the body's waste matter in which virulent poisons are formed and absorbed by the blood.

Auto-intoxication with all its consequences is the result—headaches, back-aches, dizziness, lassitude, indigestion, high blood pressure, kidney and liver disorders, skin diseases, and many more serious maladies.

The sole service rendered by the colon is to receive from the digestive organs the body's waste matter and to eject it. When it fails promptly and regularly to perform its duty, processes of putrefaction and decay proceed rapidly in its contents and poisonous toxins are formed and released into the blood by absorption through the mucous membranes.

Professor Virchow many years ago discovered, in making hundreds of post-mortem examinations of the colon, that intestinal congestion prevailed universally, regardless of the cause of death. Other eminent physicians of today report exactly the same condition.

From these facts it can readily be seen that the colon can rightfully be regarded as the seat of nearly all ailments. It is in fact a very hotbed of disease, comparable to a garbage can in the home. Professor Metchnikoff, the famous director of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, regarded colon poisons as the direct cause of premature death.

One of the first warnings of auto-intoxication is constipation and indigestion. Victims of chronic constipation are multiplying with remarkable rapidity. Many of us suffer from constipation without even knowing it, yet it is due to this condition known as intestinal congestion that so many of us are far below par physically and mentally most of the time.

If we were able to live outdoors and to exercise vigorously every day, our colons would be able to function properly; for exercise is the greatest and most satisfactory colon stimulant known.

To most of us this is not possible. We have neither the time nor the inclination to take vigorous exercise. Instead we dose ourselves with laxative drugs, mineral waters, and other nostrums, with the result that while we get temporary relief we not only aggravate the condition, but find that repetitions of the same dose later fail to produce results.

But relief, even when obtained, is not sufficient. To maintain health and efficiency it is absolutely of paramount importance to create and maintain day in and day out freedom from intestinal poisons

and this is impossible with laxatives.

There is a new way, however, to keep the colon sweet and clean—a way which has the same effect as vigorous exercise, yet without the inconvenience or time-consuming features of exercise. And the results are even better because the treatment is localized.

The principle upon which this new method is founded is the same as that used in massage. We all know that massage has the same effect as exercise—it stimulates the nerves and strengthens the muscles. Colon massage as practiced by osteopaths has proved wonderfully effective.

This new method of massaging the colon involves the use of a device called the Kolon Motor—a mechanical masseur, the face of which is shaped to fit over the colon when placed against the abdomen. You merely put the Kolon Motor on a door or wall, lean up against it and turn the handle for a few moments. The face rotates with a scientific waving motion which immediately stimulates the colon and causes proper functioning. A couple of minutes in the morning each day is all that is required, and unless your experience is different from the hundreds of other users you will feel like a new person after the very first application.

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Martin's Method, Incorporated, Dept. 402B, 105 E. 30th St., New York, has prepared a booklet called Colon Cleanliness, which they will be pleased to send gratis to all readers of this magazine. In this booklet the Kolon Motor is clearly illustrated and its application shown. It also contains a scientific discussion of auto-intoxication, and explains why and how the Kolon Motor produces such assured results. Letters from well-known physicians relating their experience with the Kolon Motor also form a part of the book.

There may be some who scoff at the idea of colon hygiene and its direct relation to health and efficiency, but the wiser ones will either write or send the coupon below for this free book and learn what this wonderful device is accomplishing for so many others.



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Shear Nonsense

The Quick and the Dead.

The poetic gift is humanly balanced upon occasion. Edwin Markham dearly loves a joke, for example: "The automobile," he recently interpolated, while making an impassioned address on poetry, "is rapidly dividing mankind into two classes, the quick and the dead."

He Couldn't Afford It.

A negro who had an injured head entered a doctor's office. "Hello, Sam! Got cut again, I see." "Yes, sah! I done got carved up with a razor, doc." "Why don't you keep out of bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound. "Deed I'd like to, doc, but I ain't got 'nuff money to git a divorce."

No Second Offense Likely.

The old miser in the story who dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the plate at church, mistaking it for a nickel, was not the man to give up easily. Accordingly he sought legal advice. But the lawyer gave him no comfort. "You have no case," he declared. "You were guilty of contributory negligence."

Not Permeable by Moisture.

An old book of sermons in the Boston Public Library has these lines on its fly-leaf:

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Tho' all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry.

Death Had No Terrors for Him.

Murphy, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*, was making his first trip across the Atlantic, and he felt unspeakably awful. He failed to connect the fact of his being on the briny ocean for the first time with his agony. The doctor came to him as he tossed about in his berth. "Cheer up, man," he said heartily. "I know you're feeling rotten, but you're not going to die." Murphy opened horrified eyes. "Not going to die?" he wailed. "Faith, doctor, I thought I was! That was the only thing that kept me alive."

Removed.

During the lesson one afternoon a violent thunderstorm arose, and to lessen the fright of the children, the teacher began telling of the wonders of the elements.

"And now, Jimmy," she asked, "why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Because," said Jimmy, confidently, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more."

A Job for the Heavy Cop.

A policeman, with more than usual avoirdupois and expanse of shoe leather, had just passed a little terrace with a bit of garden in front when a small boy ran after him.

"Hello, kiddie!" said the arm of the law, genially; "what can I do for you?"

"Mother sent me out," answered the youngster, "to ask you if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two. It's just been graveled, and we ain't got a roller."—*The Truth Seeker*.

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